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# RHODE ISLAND: A STATE FOR SALE

## WHAT SENATOR ALDRICH REPRESENTS—A BUSINESS MAN'S GOVERNMENT FOUNDED UPON THE CORRUPTION OF THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

THE political condition of Rhode Island is notorious, acknowledged, and it is shameful. But Rhode Islanders are ashamed of it. There is the shining truth about this state. Not many American communities are so aware of their political degradation, none has a healthier body of conservative discontent; and the common sense of this good-will, unorganized and impotent though it is, makes the Rhode Islander resent the interest of his neighbors. "Our evils are *our* troubles," he says; "they don't concern the rest of you. Why should we be singled out? We are no worse than others. We are better than some; we want to set things right, but can't. Conditions are peculiar."

This is all wrong. The evils of Rhode Island concern every man, woman, and child in our land. For example:

The United States Senate is coming more and more to be the actual head of the United States government. In the Senate there is a small ring (called the Steering Committee) which is coming more and more to be the head of the United States Senate. The head of this committee is Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, who has been described as "the boss of the United States," "the power behind the power behind the throne," "the general manager of the United States." The fitness of these titles is a question of national politics, and all I know to the point in that field is what everybody knows: that Senator Aldrich, a very rich man and father-in-law of young Mr. Rockefeller, is supposed to represent "Sugar," "Standard Oil," "New York," and, more broadly, "Wall Street"; our leading legislative authority on protective tariff, he speaks for privileged business; the chairman of the Senate finance committee, he stands for high finance. These facts and suppositions, taken together with the praises I have heard of him in Wall Street and the comfortable faith he seems to inspire in business men all over the country, suggest that we have in Senator Aldrich the commercial ideal of political character, and — if not the head — at least the political representative of the head of that System which is coming more and more to take the place of the passing paper government of the United States.

What sort of a man is Senator Aldrich? What school of politics did he attend, what

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school of business? What kind of a government is it that forms the traditions and perhaps the ideal of the most powerful man in our national legislature? What kind of a government does he give his own people in his own state? In brief, what is the System that he has produced and that has produced him? These are questions of national interest, and Rhode Island can answer them. Mr. Aldrich is the senior senator for Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

And Rhode Island throws light on another national question, a question that is far more important: Aren't the people themselves dishonest? The "grafters" who batten on us say so. Politicians have excused their own corruption to me time and again by declaring that "we're all corrupt," and promoters and swindlers alike describe their victims as "smart folk who think to beat us at our own game." Without going into the cynic's sweeping summary that "man always was and always will be corrupt," it is but fair while we are following the trail of the grafters to consider their plea that the corrupt political System they are upbuilding is founded on the dishonesty of the American people. Is it?

It is in Rhode Island. The System of Rhode Island which has produced the man who is at the head of the political System of the United States is grounded on the lowest layer of corruption that I have found thus far — the bribery of voters with cash at the polls. Other states know the practice. In Wisconsin, Missouri, Illinois, and Pennsylvania "workers" are paid "to get out the vote," but this is only preliminary; the direct and decisive purchase of power comes later, in conventions and legislatures. In these states the corruptionists buy the people's representatives. In Rhode Island they buy the people themselves.

The conditions are peculiar. As the Rhode Islanders say, their state is peculiar in many ways. But it is American. The smallest of the states, it is one of the biggest in our history. Poor in soil, it is rich in waterways, and the Rhode Islanders, turning early from agriculture to manufacture, made goods which they sent forth from their magnificent harbor to all the world in ships that brought home cargoes of wealth. One of the New England group of colonies, Rhode Island was founded as a refuge from the Puritan intolerance of Massachusetts. One of the "Original Thirteen States," it was the first (May 4th, 1776) to declare its independence of Great Britain, and the last (May 29th, 1790) to give allegiance to the United States. So the American spirit of commercial enterprise and political independence has burned high in Rhode Island. There is nothing peculiar about that, and there is nothing peculiar about the general result of the corruption of the state.

Rhode Island is an oligarchy. But so were Wisconsin and Illinois and Missouri, and so are New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. The oligarchy is the typical form of the actual government of our states. There is one peculiarity about the Rhode Island oligarchy, however. It is constitutional. The oligarchies of other states were grafted upon constitutional democracies. Rhode Island never was a democracy, and in that peculiarity lies the peculiar significance of this state to the rest of us.

Rhode Island has a restricted suffrage. Many a good American thinks that if we could "keep the ignorant foreigner from voting," and otherwise limit the suffrage to persons of property who would have a direct, personal, financial interest in government, we then should have good government. Should we? Rhode Island can answer that question. Again, many "thinkers" have thought that it was the wicked cities with their mixed populations which have degraded and disgraced us, and that if we could but devise some scheme of representation by which the balance of power could be given into the honest hands of the good old American stock out upon the healthy countryside, we then should be saved. Rhode Island has such a scheme. The significance to the rest of us of the story of Rhode Island lies in the fact that its essentially typical condition was reached under extraordinary circumstances, which some "leading citizens" in other states think would correct their evils.

"Leading citizens" have made Rhode Island what it is. They always have ruled there. I have called the state an oligarchy. It used to be an aristocracy. "Freeholders" and their eldest sons alone participated in the colonial government under the charter of Charles II, and after the Revolution, when all the other states adopted constitutions, Rhode Island went on under its royal charter of 1663 and an "unwritten constitution" till 1842. I cannot stop to describe this "landed aristocracy" in an American

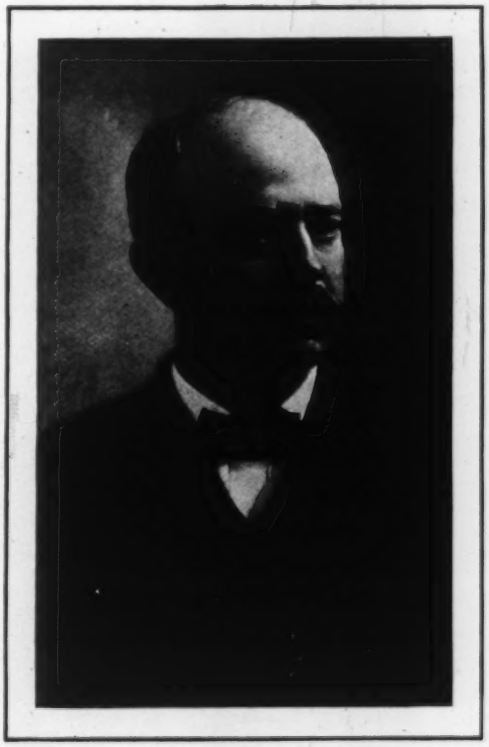
state. It is sufficient that it closed with the Dorr Rebellion. The abuses were so intolerable that the people, the patient American people who have submitted to Croker, Quay, Cox, and other despots, rose in open revolt.

The next experiment was a "commercial aristocracy." The constitution of 1842 "extended" the suffrage from holders of real to those also possessed of personal property — if they were native born. The "foreign vote" was restricted as before to real estate holders till 1888, when personal property qualified a foreign-born as well as a native voter. The "mob," which owned nothing and paid no taxes, was allowed to vote, but only upon registering four months before election and then not "upon any proposition to impose a tax or the expenditure of money." These registered voters, for example, cannot vote for members of city councils.

The most effective restriction of the suffrage, however, was established in the constitutional scheme of disproportionate representation. The governor, elected by a majority (now by a plurality) of the voters of all classes, was made a "pure executive"; he has no veto. All legislative powers were lodged in the General Assembly of two houses. The lower branch, the house of representatives, is limited to 72 members no matter what the population may be, and while each town shall have at least one representative, no city may have more than one-sixth of the membership. This is undemocratic enough, but the senate, says the constitution, "shall consist of one senator from each town and city in the state."

Here is the crux of the situation. A town in Rhode Island is what is known to most of us as a township. There are thirty-eight "towns and cities" in the state. Their population in 1900 was 428,551. Of this total, 36,027 lived in twenty towns. Thus less than one-eleventh of the people of the state elect more than five-tenths — a majority — of the senate. Providence with 29,030 qualified voters has one senator; Little Compton elected one, one year, by a unanimous vote of seventy-eight. There are fourteen such "towns" with less than 500 qualified voters; there are twenty with less than 2,000 each. Thus was the sovereignty of the state put into the hands of the "good old American stock out in the country."

What happened? The "best people" continued to rule. The "best people" of the period after the new constitution were manu-

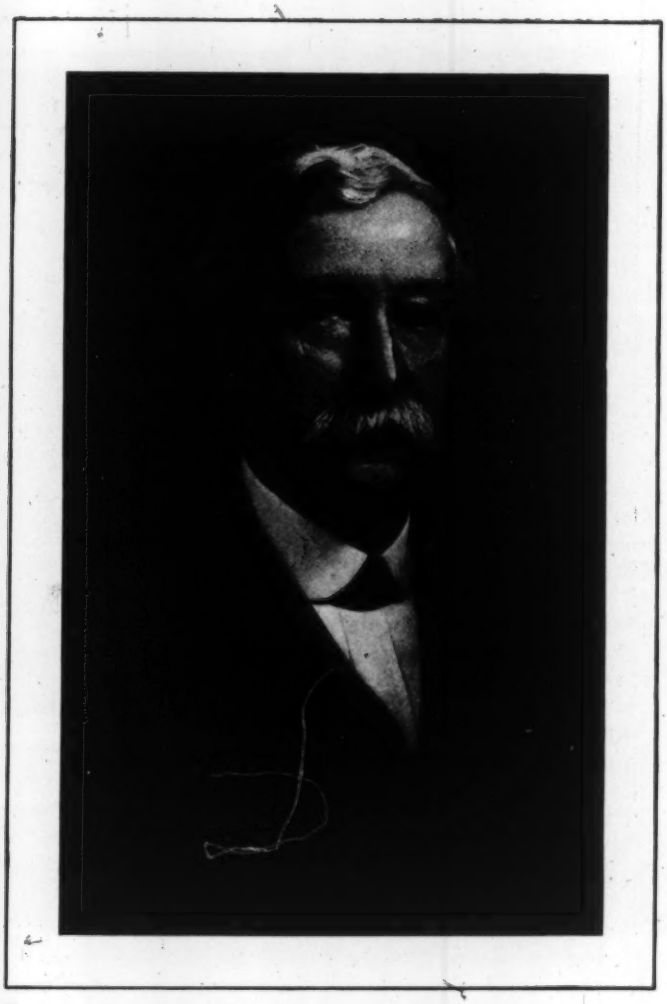


"KING" CHRISTOPHER E. CHAMPLIN

*The "Democrat" who is the "Republican" leader of a "Republican" senate of Rhode Island*

facturers, but their fine old houses stand to-day as witnesses not only to their wealth, but also to a refined taste. There can be no doubt that they came as near forming a real aristocracy as commercialism can produce. They certainly were just the kind of men that many theorists say should have control of government. Well, they got control in Rhode Island. How? With money. Aristocrats though they were, they were business men first, and they went after the key to control in a businesslike way. They bought up the towns. The "best people" sent offers of bribes to the good people of the countryside, and the good people took the bribes and let the best people run the government. It was a commercial aristocracy that corrupted the American stock in Rhode Island and laid the foundation of the present financial and political System of corruption in the state.

This class ruled till well down into the eighties, and its leader, Senator Henry B. Anthony, "discovered" and promoted Nelson W. Aldrich, his successor, who represents the System, and General Charles R. Brayton,



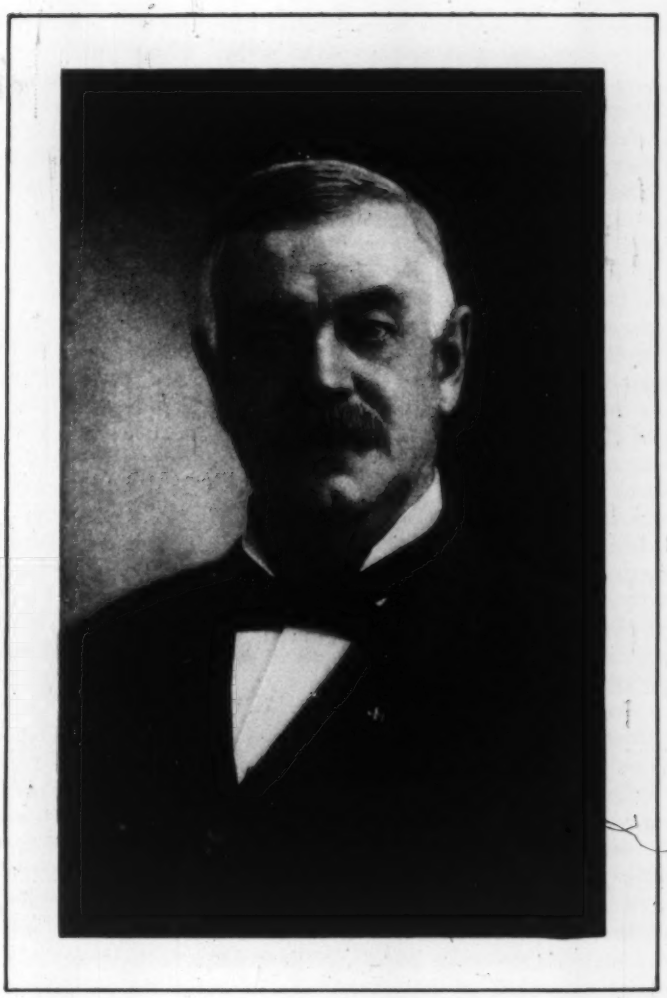
DR. LUCIUS F. C. GARVIN

*The Democratic governor, who represented a majority of the people in an office emptied of all power*

the boss who developed and directs it. Since Anthony's time, the latter-day business man — he who makes, not cotton goods, but money — the captain of finance, has succeeded to the control, but he has not disturbed the foundation stone of the System. He also rules with money. He, too, sends bribes to the towns of Rhode Island, and to him also the good "country" American has surrendered his sovereignty. There is no doubt about this. The corruption of the voters of the towns of Rhode Island is so ancient and so common that Governor Lucius F. C. Garvin addressed in March, 1903, a "Special Message concerning Bribery in Elections to the Honorable, the General Assembly," etc.:

Gentlemen:— . . . That bribery exists to a great extent in the elections of this state is a matter of common knowledge. No general election passes without, in some sections of the state, the purchase of votes by one or both of the great political parties. It is true that the results of the election may not often be changed, so far as the candidates on the state ticket are concerned, but many assemblymen occupy the seats they do by means of purchased votes.

In a considerable number of our towns bribery is so common and has existed for so many years that the awful nature of the crime has ceased to impress. In some towns the bribery takes place openly; is not called bribery, nor considered a serious matter. The money paid to the voter, whether two, five, or twenty dollars, is spoken of as "payment for his time." The claim that the money given to the elector is not for the purpose of influencing his vote, but is compensation for time lost in visiting the polls, is the merest



GENERAL CHARLES R. BRAYTON

*The blind boss who "delivers" Rhode Island*

sophistry, and should not deceive any adult citizen of ordinary intelligence. It is well known that in such towns, when one political party is supplied with a corruption fund and the other is without, the party so provided invariably elects its assembly ticket, thus affording positive proof that the votes are bought and the voters bribed. . . .

This startling official arraignment had no appreciable effect within the state. It was too true. But the message attracted outside attention, and Mr. Edward Lowry, of the *New York Evening Post*, and Mr. Waldo L. Cook, of the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, made investigations so thorough and reports so complete that, though I went over the same ground with more time and more deliberation, I found nothing to correct and little to add to their facts.

Nine of the towns are absolutely purchasable; that is to say, they "go the way the money goes." Eleven more can be influenced by the use of money. Many of their voters won't go to the polls at all unless "there is something in it." But there need not be much in it. Governor Garvin quoted a political leader in one town who declared that if neither party had money, but one had a box of cigars, "my town would go for that party — if the workers would give up the cigars." In another town one party had but one man in it who did not take money, and he never voted. A campaign marching club organized for a presidential campaign paraded every night with enthusiasm so great that the leaders thought it would be unnecessary to pay for votes in this town;

few of the members voted. Another time, when no money turned up at a state election, one town, by way of rebuke to the regular party managers, elected a Prohibition candidate to the Assembly.

Both parties buy votes, and though the practice seems to have destroyed completely all loyalty to the state, some loyalty to party remains in most of these towns. But even this sentiment is mercenary. The Democratic leader of a Democratic town told me that he has to pay something always. "For instance," he explained, "my town is all right. The Republicans can come in there with more money than I have, and I still can hold it. Suppose they have enough to pay ten dollars a vote and I can give but three; I tell my fellows to go over and get the ten, then come to me and get my three; that makes thirteen, but I tell them to vote my way. And they do. And the Republicans do the same in their solid towns when we go in to outbid them." Another instance stated to me by a campaign manager was the experience of a "respectable business man" who lived in a town that usually "went wrong." The manager wanted to carry that town, and he asked the business man to do it. "I offered him a few hundred dollars," he said, "and he wouldn't take the money at first; said it would be of no use among the kind of men he could influence. But I got him to try it, and after election when he came to report he had learned something. He had spent most of the money, and he was astonished at the character of the men who took such money. 'Why,' he said, 'they took it as easy as you please.' They asked why we hadn't done that before. They said they were willing to vote our way, if only we would make it interesting!"

This "respectable business man" discovered the most depressing development of the Rhode Island practices — the kind of voters that take bribes. They are Americans; others, too, but the worst of these rotten boroughs are the "hill towns," so called because they lie back away from the harbor and river and "big cities," up on the hills. There is the American stock pure; too pure, some apologists say; the hill towns are called degenerate. Maybe they are. The population of many of them has decreased slowly, but pretty steadily, for a hundred years. "The most courageous of the people have gone out," you hear, "and little new blood has gone in." But that only proves the point. These pure Americans are corrupt. Another consideration to be weighed is, that the temptation has been severe and long. With so much power to bestow, their votes have been eagerly sought, as very valuable. But this accident only explains, perhaps, why other, more populous, districts elsewhere are not corrupt; they have not been tried. It is cheaper in Providence to bribe the opposition leaders, and in Missouri and Wisconsin to wait and buy the select men of the people, not the people. Where the people are tempted, in the country "towns" of Rhode Island, the people sell out.

And Rhode Island proves the willingness to buy. The respectable business man, who was astonished at the standing of the men who sold, was ready enough to buy, and he did buy, and he had no astonishment for his own conduct. Bribe-giving is "not so bad." Some men who talked to me of their vote-buying, knew and said, and one of them plainly felt, that it was a shameful practice, but they all regarded it as necessary. Governor Garvin referred once publicly to a "district judge" who so regarded it, and so notorious is this case that a dozen men named the judge to me. The Democrats, who, being out of power, stand for reform and a new constitution, do not see how they can get control long enough to make the needed changes without more money than they can raise in the state, and the hope of some of the leaders is that an exigency will arise, say in national politics, which will enable them to collect enough "outside capital" to buy up the state for their party.

Bribery, bribery of the people, is a custom of the country in Rhode Island; it is an institution, and, like the church or property, it is not safe to attack it. This may sound preposterous, and there is a public opinion against the custom, but the country clergy, as Mr. Lowry showed and as Bishop McVickar of the Rhode Island diocese of the Episcopal Church confirmed, do not denounce bribery from their pulpits; they do not dare. The Bishop declared that the country clergy could not "speak out without coming to financial grief and ruin," and he proposed "doing something, so that no one will dare threaten local ministers with the loss of their positions." What does the Bishop mean by such language? "It is an outrage on our civilization," he added, "that young men of the church with high ideals

should be put under the ban of the power of political immoralities and forced to acquiesce in evil for the sake of their families."

The good Bishop was pointing, when he spoke thus, at the System, of which this bribery institution is the cornerstone. Back of the vote-buyers are the most powerful interests of the state, the friends of "all that is," and even Bishop McVickar has been unable to do the "something" to free the clergy. The head men in the churches, the leading citizens in the state, the captains of finance and industry, won't let the clergy "preach politics"; they may preach the Gospel, not morality, not practical morality.

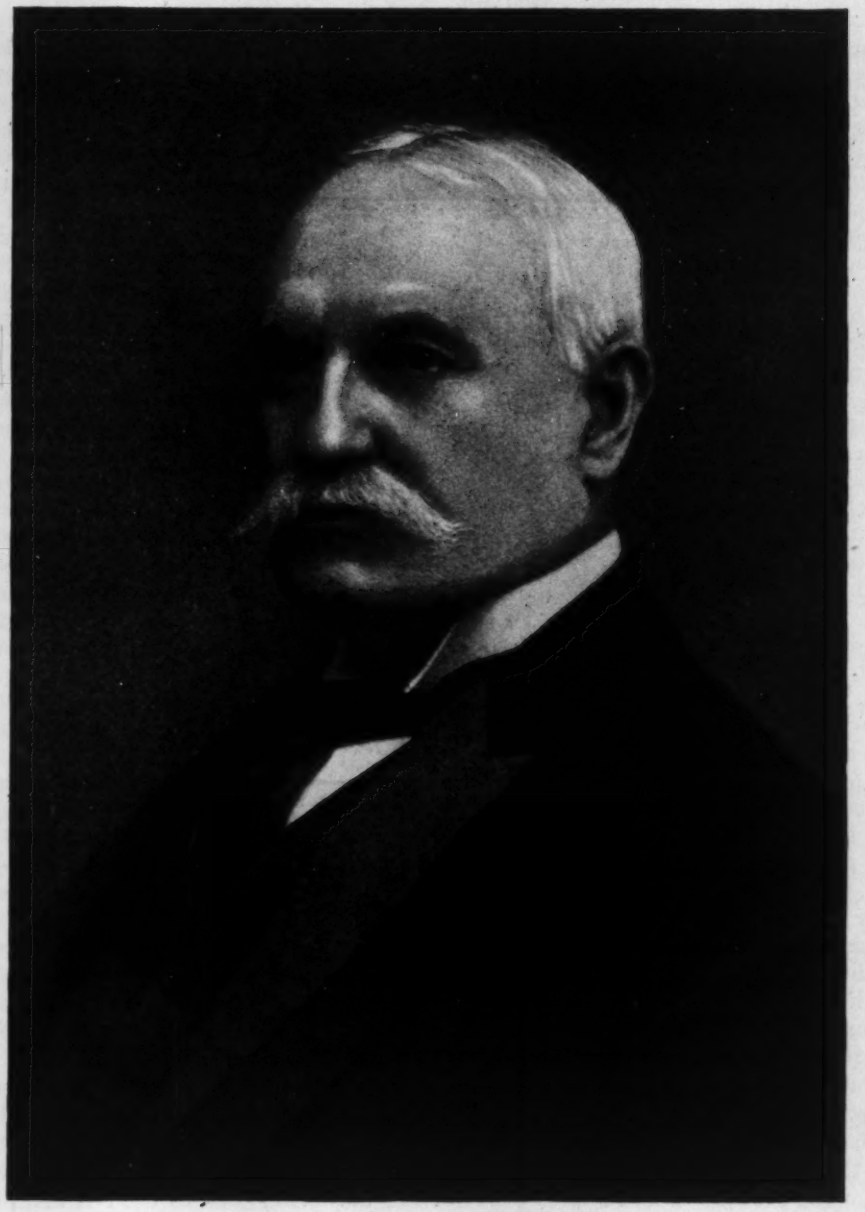
MARSDEN J. PERRY
*Rhode Island's first Captain of Industry*

What is this precious System that can compel the respect, of silence at least, even from the Church? It is just such a typical financial political organization as we have seen in other states, only plainer; as General Brayton, the boss, says, "bad, but not a bit worse than in many other states. Because Rhode Island is small you can see things better, that's what makes the difference." But that is a most encouraging difference to those who want to see things better. Business men are back of the politicians that rule most corrupt states; in Rhode Island they are in plain sight, and everybody knows them and their operations. Here, also, there are politicians to "do the dirty work," but the very politicians in this state, are not of the "low-down" sort. They are not "Irish immigrants"; the Irish are in opposition here. Nor are they saloon-keepers and keepers of disorderly houses, gamblers, and the "scum of the earth." So purely a business government is this that the officers and legislators, the bosses and the leaders, are typically native-born citizens of professional and business occupations. General Brayton himself comes of a fine old Rhode Island family, with a revolutionary record and a line of sons reaching from the Supreme Court bench to Congress; the boss went to Brown University and served with credit in the Civil War. Though he had himself admitted to the bar apparently only to enable him, as a St. Louis grafter put it, "to take fees, not bribes," none the less, the boss is a lawyer.

And he is a "character." He is old now, blind, and some of his political friends said he was mentally weakened. I think they feared his candor; though, when I called, his relatives, after consulting with him, said he felt that he had better not talk, they put the refusal on other grounds. It is better so, for whereas I make it a rule to treat such interviews as confidential, Mr. Lowry had his for publication, and here it is, a remarkable outline of the Rhode Island government by General Brayton himself:

"There is a lot of talk of bribery here, but . . . I don't think there is much outright vote-buying done; the voters are paid for their time, because they have to leave their work and come down to the polls. Sometimes that takes all day. The Republican party shouldn't be blamed for the present state of affairs. The Democrats are just as bad, or would be if they had the money.

"The manufacturers in the state are really to blame for present conditions. If they would only hang together and wanted to do it, they could clean out the state in no time at all. They give to the Republican campaign fund in Presidential years, but usually when you go to them to get money for state elections, they say: 'Oh! we'll take care of our town;' so in that way all of the towns in the state are peddled around, each manufacturer caring for his own town. Some of them haven't treated the party just right. The Republicans have never passed any legislation that would bother them, like the ten-hour law and things like that, until there was such a strong demand from the labor people



U. S. SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH

*The "boss of the United States," who is head of the Rhode Island System: a business man in politics*

and the citizens that the party had to do it."

"What is your share in the forming of legislation and the passage of bills?"

"I am an attorney for certain clients and look out for their interests before the Legislature. I am retained annually by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, and am usually spoken of as 'of counsel' for that road. Of course, I don't have anything to do with damage suits or matters in relation to grade crossing.

As every one knows, I act for the Rhode Island Company (street-railway interests), and I have been retained in certain cases by the Providence Telephone Company. In addition to these, I have had connections, not permanent, with various companies desiring franchises, charters, and things of that sort from the Legislature. I never solicit any business," added General Brayton, without a smile. "It all comes to me unsought, and if I can handle it I accept the retainer."

"What is your power in the Legislature that enables you to serve your clients?"

"Well, you see, in managing the campaign every year I am in a position to be of service to men all over the state. I help them to get elected, and, naturally, many warm friendships result, then when they are in a position to repay me they are glad to do it."

The elected governors of Rhode Island are called "administrative mummies." They have sat for years without power and without homage in the state-house, while across the hall in the office of the High Sheriff, Boss Brayton was the state. He directed the General Assembly. His word was law. He did not have to "dicker, trade and buy," there was no "addition, division and silence" for him. He handled the campaign funds of "the party," and with them the voters were bought at the polls. The legislator returned by the electors, came bought. When the time for local caucuses was approaching, the party leaders came down to Providence to get money for expenses from Brayton.

"How much do you think you'll need?" he would ask.

"Oh, say $500."

"Five hundred dollars to carry that town! Who's your man for senator?"

The leader would tell him. If the local candidate suited Brayton a bargain was struck as to the amount; if not, he would say pointedly: "I guess there isn't any money for you this year."

The leader then had to go back and pick out another candidate, or, perhaps, Brayton would give him a suggestion which the "other fellows" would have to "agree upon." At any rate, Brayton had to be satisfied or the party got no money for expenses.

When the General Assembly met he directed its labors, and his masterfulness is unprecedented. A good-natured, generous man, he adopted a cross, surly tone, which, alternating with kindness, made men fear and like him too. Not at all vindictive, he punished severely as a matter of policy. If a member of the legislature disobeyed him, he would say, "That man sha'n't come back," and that man rarely could be renominated and reëlected. He was very open, and hundreds of anecdotes are told to illustrate his methods. The *Springfield Republican* reported two, which are well known. Once, when the house of representatives was in prolonged session, Brayton became hungry. "D—— it!" he exclaimed, "who is that fool talking in the house? It's lunch time and past. Sheriff, go in and see that the house adjourns." The house adjourned. Another time, this conversation was overheard between the angry boss and a most humble Republican floor leader:

"D—— it, can't I have a little bill passed when I want it?" said the boss.

"But, General, I didn't know you were interested in that bill."

"Well, I am, and I want it passed right away."

That little bill was passed right away.

"Where's Senator ——?" said the boss in his blindness one morning when he arrived in the state-house.

"In the senate," said some one.

"Get him," said Brayton. "Bring him here. I want him to lead me out to (let us say) drink."

Such was the discipline of a coarse man made peevish by too much power. The only wonder is that men put up with it. But Brayton could reward too. He had "success" as well as "failure" to bestow. The General Assembly "elects" judges, sheriffs, and fills most of the offices in between. It is the road to success, and Brayton has made it a rule to send on to these higher offices, even to the Supreme Court of the state, men who have served him in the General Assembly, thus controlled and thus disciplined. The law allows legislators to serve as district judges while sitting in the legislature, and they do. The effect on the courts of all this is not for me to discuss (it is said to be "not so bad as you would think"). The effect on the legislature is to make it absolutely subservient to the boss, who really appoints to all these offices and thus controls all the patronage of the state. More than that, he has business to give — business that is not political. It puzzled me at first to find that there was so little bribery in a legislature so corruptly devised. The pay of senators and

representatives was small, and some of them served for years without the reward of promotion to the bench or any other office. The chairman of a most important committee explained it all frankly to me. There was some bribery, he said, but it wasn't typical. When he first opened his law office, a small corporation offered him $5,000, besides his fee, if he could put through the legislature an amendment to their charter. William G. Roelker, the senator at the head of the committee that would decide, said it should not pass. The young lawyer did not know Brayton, but he went to him and told him all about his business.

"I told Brayton," he said, "just how it was; that I wanted that $5,000, and after talking a long time to me, the General said he'd see about it; for me to come the next day. I went at the appointed time and Brayton was out. I was 'hot,' till a friend of mine came up and said my bill was through. Brayton had done it before he said he would, and when I offered to divide the five thousand with him, he nearly threw me out of his office. But he threw me into politics all right. He knew he was putting me under obligations forever; oh, he was shrewd all right. But wouldn't you go the limit for a man that gave you your first lift like that?"

I have heard thoughtful Rhode Islanders say that by such methods, by a cynical tone with young men and sneers at their college education and high ideals, by assisting them in "crooked business" and getting his corporations to employ the "good fellows" and ignore the "fools," General Brayton has corrupted more of the youth of the state than any man that ever lived in it — Brayton and his business backers — the men and interests he *says* he represents.

For Brayton was the front, not the head of the System. Say what you will about the "boss," no one man can do what any American boss has done without the powerful backing of the "vested interests" of a community. Brayton had great personal power; he "organized" the Republican party; he systematized the corruption of voters; he chose legislators; he organized the General Assembly and ran it; he has gradually altered the government of the state. But he did not do this for his own uses. Brayton is not rich. He says himself that he took "fees" for legislation, but they were fees, not fortunes. The New Haven Railroad's annual retainer was only $10,000. His fee for an ordinary bill was $500. I know of one company that paid him as high as $1,000, but that was for a piece of legislation, worth, in Missouri, for instance, at least $25,000. Like the voters of Rhode Island, like the local leaders, like the legislators, the boss of Rhode Island was cheap. "I often told him that," said one of his lieutenants to me when I had expressed this opinion, "and now that he is getting out, we'll raise some prices." Brayton was a bad and an able man, but he was a tool, and he realizes it now: "I have been the scapegoat of the party for twenty years."

Who are "the party" in Rhode Island? As I have said above, they are and they always have been the "leading business men" of the state. First the old aristocracy, then the old manufacturers, and Brayton's growl because they would not let him spend their bribery funds in their own towns, is an echo of a past relationship. Then came the railroads, and the annual retainer of $10,000 is what the scientists would call a rudimentary vestige of their interest. After steam comes electricity, and it is the electric railway men who are at the head of the government now. For, as General Brayton explained to Mr. Lowry, he serves others "with the understanding that when their interests conflict with those of the Rhode Island (street-railway) Company, the street-railway people are to have first call." So the Brayton government is a business government. The cost to the character of the people of the state is heavy, but never mind; Rhode Island has what honest business men of this country have long honestly said we ought to have in all states and all cities and in the United States, a business government — of the business men, by the business men, and for the business men. What have the Rhode Island business men done with it?

The old aristocracy, we have seen, drove the people to revolt. The old manufacturers sought a high protective tariff and they got it. The railroads sought rights, privileges and property, and they got them in the way they preferred, by bribery, not by a fair contract with the state. This is what Rhode Island's older business rulers did with political power. Now for the "trolley crowd"; what have they done with it?

They financed it. They organized it into a company which they are selling to outside capitalists.

"They" are Marsden J. Perry, William G. Roelker, and the Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich. Perry is the business man. He began life a poor boy, had some sort of connection with a theatrical show, till, entering the chattel mortgage business, he made himself a banker, promoter and, finally, Rhode Island's first captain of finance. He is really an able man, dangerous, but only because he is spoiled by power. Roelker is the lawyer. Counsel to corporations, he was after money, and when they all got that, he retired to play at Newport. Aldrich is the politician of the group. He also began life humbly, as a clerk and bookkeeper, first in a fish market, then in the wholesale grocery business, and in this he worked up to a partnership. Thus he was a business man originally — he is yet, for that matter — but business men in Rhode Island do not neglect politics, and Aldrich became alderman, legislator, speaker of the house, congressman and, finally, senator. Having served it step by step, this leader of the United States Senate may truly be said to be a product, as he now is the supreme head, of the Rhode Island System.

There were others concerned with these three men, but they, representing the business, the law, and the politics of the state, conceived and carried to success a scheme to buy up, equip with electricity, and not only run, but finance, the old horse-car lines of Providence, Pawtucket and, later, of the state. The first steps were taken in secret, but I understand that the plan originated with Perry. He was getting interested in public utilities and had put a lighting deal through the (business men's) city council of Providence. While he thus was in touch both with finance and politics, he had neither the capital, credit, nor political power needed for such a scheme as this. You don't have to have money for big as you do for small business; influence will do, financial and political "pull." Aldrich had both. As the highest representative of political power in the state, its senior senator should have been the man most to be avoided and feared. His duty, if he took any part at all, was to see that the interests of the state were protected. But that is a moral, not a practical, view to take of business and politics. Aldrich, as the senator for Rhode Island, had gone to Congress as the representative of protected, that is to say, privileged business. Indeed, it was as the representative of manufacturers of his state that he felt bound to make himself an authority on tariff legislation. And it was as such that the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee came in touch with Wall Street, the trusts, and the so-called monied interests. It was natural for a Rhode Islander to think of him for such business as Perry had before him. And Aldrich joined Perry; he became a partner in his scheme; he delivered Brayton and Brayton's System; and, besides the actual government of his state, Senator Aldrich brought, to back the scheme, capital from out of the state.

One of the explicit charges against Senator Aldrich was offered as an explanation of the scandalous campaign to elect about this time (1892) a legislature to return him to the United States Senate. It was repeatedly made by Col. A. K. McClure, the editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, and never denied by Mr. Aldrich, who, however, says he never denies such things. Colonel McClure declared that Aldrich, as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, added to the House tariff schedules one mill — worth $3,000,000 a year to the Trust — to the duty on sugar. "When this bill came to the Senate," said Colonel McClure in his Boston speech, "there was no open demand for an increase, but Senator Aldrich had a battle in Rhode Island, and it was a battle royal for cash. He had to be reëlected to the Senate, and he gave an additional one-tenth of one per cent. to the sugar men, and the sugar men fought that battle in Rhode Island and reëlected him."

Just as Providence people were wondering where the money for that campaign came from, so they wondered who the men were in the railway deal and where that money came from. The street-car stock was bought up at advancing prices, and Brayton's legislature was turning out bills to enable willing city councils to grant franchises. Evidently they were powerful men, but all was a mystery till in 1893 the United Traction and Electric Co. was organized. Then Senator Aldrich appeared as president; John E. Searles (sugar) as vice-president; F. P. Olcott (Central Trust Co.), treasurer; and Perry and Roelker as officers, directors or stockholders in the subordinate companies; and the money proved to have been loaned by what is known in New York as the (Central) trust company of the sugar crowd. The promoters issued $8,000,000 of bonds to pay

for the property they bought and to equip it with electricity, and $8,000,000 of stock, which they divided among themselves, they and their outside backers, eight in all.

But they were not yet through. Considering their inexperience in such business, Aldrich, Perry & Co. displayed unusual foresight. The scheme, still to be executed, was to gather practically all the public utility companies in and around Providence into one great parcel, "The Rhode Island Company," and, way back in 1891, their first legislation was a general act providing that any town or city might grant exclusive franchises. In 1892 the General Assembly passed special acts for such exclusive franchises to the street-railway, gas, and electric light companies. These franchises were to be for twenty years; they might just as well have had them for ninety-nine years, but it is amazing to see how often these public utility political business men all over the country have been satisfied with short-term grants. Apparently they thought only of a quick turn for cash. Perry, Aldrich & Co. made this mistake. It is said that they discovered it when they began to approach Philadelphia capital to sell out. Down there the captains of political industry had grants for 999 years, and they pointed out the defect in the Rhode Island charters. By that time it was late.

Opposition was developing to this abuse of the powers of the state for private exploitation. The public, especially in Providence, began to ask questions and make demands. These demands were very moderate, and they seem finally to have resolved themselves into one—for a transfer system. Now, any expert street-railway man knows that transfer tickets wisely given increase traffic and profits, but President Aldrich was not such an expert. He was a "power behind a power," and he declared that the company could not pay interest on the bonds and dividends on its (watered) stock if the transfer privilege were granted. The absurd public continued, none the less, to regard this private business as a public convenience, and the cry was still for transfers. The company, which had got so much for little or nothing (a graduated tax of from three to five per cent. of the gross receipts), seeing that it might have to yield, looked about for something to get out of the public for the transfer privilege. Why not an extension of its twenty-year franchise? A bill was put through the ever-ready General Assembly providing that a new contract, for transfers, etc., might be entered into by the companies and the City of Providence "for a term of not more than *twenty-five years from the date of such contracts.*" The trick was seen, and the public, having no effective representation in any branch of the government, resorted to mass-meetings to prevent the city council from entering into the new agreement. The city council, composed, mind you, of business men, not of typical aldermen, and elected by a restricted suffrage, was a part of the state System; it had been put up to ask for this bill; it had asked for it; and now failed to clinch the bargain only through fear of the extra-legal expression of the public will.

The next scheme appeared in an act (General Assembly, 1896) which provided for transfers at certain valuable central sites, which the city was to give to the company. This was no more preposterous than giving away miles of streets, but the public, again by sheer indignation, beat its own government. The transfer controversy went on for years, till 1902, and then the legislature required the company to give transfers, but only so long as five-cent fares were paid. The agitation for three-cent fares had arisen in other places, and the Rhode Island Company, under the guise of giving "free transfers," fixed the fare at a nickel forever. That was the purpose of the act. And the effect of the "free transfers" was a sudden upward leap of earnings!

Meanwhile the company had been extending its lines, procuring franchises, privileges, and unlimited rights in all the cities and towns that it cared to "tap." I know no councils so "respectable" and I know few grants more ridiculous in their terms. That of Bristol, which is typical, gives the company every license, excepting that it is subject to police and health regulations which the town authorities shall prescribe. This sounds almost "socialistic" in Rhode Island, but a characteristic clause is added: "with the consent of the company."

But Aldrich, Perry & Co. were in this business to sell out, and they had to have a perpetual franchise. They got it, and the act by which they got it is the "smartest" piece of legislation that I know of anywhere. "An act to increase the revenues of the state" is the title. The company, having failed to pay to the City of Providence the

increased tax due, was being annoyed by public clamor, and irresponsible persons were beginning to take up the franchise tax notion. To head off all such dangerous radicalism once and forever, the company's legislature put a state tax of one per cent. on the gross earnings of all street-railway companies, this to be "in lieu and satisfaction of all other taxes, excises, burthens or impositions by or under the authority of the state." As in the Bristol franchises, as in the Providence transfer act, as in practically all such corporation legislation in this state, the law, however, was to become binding only when each company had given its consent.

But all this is by the way. The masterpiece of legislative treason — for it is no less — in this act, is the rest of this consent clause; which says that when the company has agreed, the act "shall be binding and in full force between the state and such assenting company, and shall not be altered or amended without the consent of both parties." Governor Garvin characterized this as an "irrepealable law." It is a contract between United States Senator Aldrich as the state and President Nelson W. Aldrich of the Street Railway Company, by which without the consent of his company his state cannot tax his company or alter or take back its franchise. It passed, and is believed by the company to be what Boss Brayton calls it, a "perpetual franchise."

With this legislation, these remarkable men passed for themselves also a charter, a sort of omnibus grant to lease, buy, etc., etc., all gas, electric light, street-railway, etc., etc., corporations in the state. This also was irrepealable, unlimited, etc., etc.; it was for a company to "hold" the public utilities in the state, and the name thereof was, fittingly, The Rhode Island Company. Even Pennsylvania capital could ask no more than the Rhode Island captains of industry, politics and law had to offer, and the deal was going through when a gross error was made.

There had been some outcry at the doings of the legislature of 1902, and to pacify the workingman, a ten-hour law was enacted for street-railway conductors and motormen. The company consented and notice was posted on the car barns. Suddenly the notice came down and Aldrich resigned the presidency of the company. It is understood that the "Philadelphia folks kicked; said they'd agreed to buy an eleven-hour road and they wouldn't take a ten-hour road." The law was mandatory, but that didn't matter to the Rhode Island Company. They refused to obey the law. There was a strike. The men "had recourse to lawlessness," especially in Pawtucket. This was anarchy. The company was breaking a law itself, but that wasn't anarchy. Anarchy arises where other people break laws and injure *my* property. The company demanded police protection, such police protection as it had in Providence, where the state controlled the city police. Not satisfied with the conduct of the Pawtucket police, they had deputy sheriffs appointed and the militia called out to enforce the law (against the men). Thus the company won the strike, but the law that caused it stood. The courts were asked to declare it unconstitutional, but the courts could not see it so and the company was in a bad fix. It was not without resources, however. Rhode Island has among its other preposterous institutions a post-election session of the legislature. The General Assembly meets in the winter, and having done all it dares, adjourns till after election day in the fall; then the expiring body, no longer answerable at the polls, does what the "power behind the power" directs. After the election of 1902 the General Assembly which had passed it unanimously killed that ten-hour law and threatened to take from the city and give to the state the control of the Pawtucket police!

Aldrich, Perry & Co. were in a position now to proceed with their business, and they moved fast. We need not follow them. It was all a matter of high finance. By a complicated process of stock transfers, leases (for 999 years) and "sales," all among themselves, but through the medium of several underlying operating and holding companies, they managed to develop a total capitalization of $39,160,200, while they still left the control of the property in the Rhode Island Company, with a capital of $2,000,000. Perry is president of this company, but the famous U. G. I. (the United Gas Improvement Co.) of Philadelphia owns it. What the promoter's profits are I can't reckon, and the brokers to whom I applied in Providence declared they couldn't; they said they didn't understand it all. This much is certain, however: Aldrich, Perry, and Roelker made fortunes out of it.

They made these fortunes out of their political power, but, as one of their defenders

said, they did it without breaking a law or committing a crime. But how could they commit a crime? They were above the law. It was their law; they made it. True, they disobeyed the ten-hour law, but that was "necessary," and exceptional. As in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, the System was so perfect that all they had to do, if they wished to commit a wrong, was to pass a law to make it right. This might take time, but wherever they could afford the time, they were patient. See how they waited, three or four years, for the irrepealable law that gave them their perpetual franchises!

Of course, they abused the law; they abused their legislative powers in the General Assembly, but they did this in the interest of business. "This is a business country, and the government is there to help business." Is it? An ex-official of the United States Treasury Department, who now is a prominent banker, said that to me once, and it is a common view taken by business men of the corruption of government in the interest of business. But is that what "the government is there for"? I think not. I think that it is this legitimate, business graft, not police blackmail, which is the chief cause of our political corruption, but this is no place for "academic" reflections. The point is that this must be the view taken of political power by Marsden J. Perry, one of the typical captains of industry of the United States, and by Nelson W. Aldrich, the head of a state and of the United States Senate. Let us say, however, that because the chosen people of Rhode Island sold out at from $5 to $25 a vote the sovereign power of the state, their financial and political representative had a right to sell a part of that power to outside capital for some $40,000,000.

The next question is, what did they do with the rest of their power? They ruled; how did they rule? Suppose that it was right for them to rule and, ruling, to grant themselves extraordinary privileges. We hear that we cannot have the services in politics and government of able business men without paying for it. Let us put this forty millions down as fair pay for the privilege Rhode Island had of being governed by the ablest business men in the state. What have the business rulers of Rhode Island given in return?

The old manufacturers, having got what they wanted, a protective tariff, gave loyal allegiance to — what? To the state, to the United States? No, to "the party," to the Republican party. They let Brayton do as he pleased with the state. So with the railroad. The New York, New Haven and Hartford has "about all that it wants," but for "protection" in those bribe-bought rights, for license to break or "beat the law," it supports the System. That is the way it continues to pay the people of the state, by helping to keep the state corrupt.

And as for the Aldrich-Perry Trolley Crowd — their wants were very large and they were so exacting and so jealous that General Brayton often complained to his lieutenants about them; some people declare that the eleven-hour labor law was due to one of his revolts. And we have seen that he had to condition all his contracts for legislation with the understanding that the street-railway had first call. However, the street-railway did not want everything. What of the rest? Brayton could do what he would with what was left. They didn't care apparently. And that was Brayton's business, to sell the rest. A man could go to Rhode Island and, if he respected the rights of the Trolley Crowd, he needn't pay any attention to the rights of the people of the state. Rhode Island was, and it is, a state for sale. In other words, these business men's business government was a government of boodle. Having their "legitimate graft," they let the rest be held for sale to other business men who applied with — fees. Incredible? What else did General Brayton mean when he said that in addition to his regular retainment by the steam and electric railways, he had "connections, not permanent, with various companies desiring franchises, charters, and things of that sort from the legislature"?

Senator Aldrich declared to me, in the face of all this, that his government of Rhode Island was "good government." Now, he means what men of his class usually mean by the term: an administration, convenient and liberal to business, but strict with vice and disorder, and free from scandals and petty police graft. The senator does not know whether this is true or not, nor does he care enough to inform himself. He is an inordinately selfish man, so selfish that in all the time I spent in his state I did not find, even among his associates, a single warm personal friend of the man. And as for the government of Rhode Island, General

Brayton summed up his recent attitude toward that when he told Mr. Lowry that the senator took no active part until "about a year or two before it comes time for him to be elected again; then he gets active."

It is true that in some of the cities and towns of Rhode Island petty graft has been neglected. At one time or another this evil has appeared among them, but the small business men selected for the council of Providence, for example, by a restricted suffrage have offended chiefly on the side of supine indulgence toward larger business graft. Just now, however, the trains are laid for the development of this wretched business in this city, and a man who has the confidence of Mr. Perry, and is in the pay of Senator Aldrich, is at the head of it; his patrons may not know it, but I believe they don't care, for the same man is corrupting Democratic leaders and wrecking the opposition organization; getting it to put up tickets so bad that the Republicans can win. The Democratic city of Pawtucket is subject to the corrupt control of the Third Ward Democratic gang in combination with one branch of the local Republican organization, and when a Republican leader of another branch pleaded last fall with the state organization to cut loose from this connection, the answer he received was "not this year." "This year" a legislature was to be elected to return Aldrich to the Senate.

The worst case of "good government," however, is that of Block Island. This ocean community has a population of 1,396, almost all descended from the sixteen original families that settled there. They always have had a "king." The reigning king is Christopher E. Champlin, state senator and a "Democrat." But Champlin "stood in" with Brayton, and this is what Brayton's business system permitted Champlin to do to his own people in his own town:

The chief business of the Block Islanders is that of hotel keeping. Champlin owns one of the largest hotels. Most of the traffic and most of the hostelries are at the eastern end of the island; Champlin's hotel is at the other end. Near it is the "Great Salt Pond," which the senator proposed to make a harbor of by opening a breach to the ocean. The United States government said it was not a feasible scheme; the channel could be made, but the sand drift of the seashore would close it. The state authorized the town to undertake the work, the state to pay part, the town the rest with money loaned by the state from school funds. Year by year, fresh appropriations had to be made to keep open the breach, till the state had spent $129,123.90, the town $52,000. Mr. Edward M. Sullivan, a young lawyer whom Governor Garvin appointed a commissioner to investigate the situation, reported that "the harbor is used exclusively by excursion steamboats and island craft," for which there was already a haven. "Some local interest more influential than the demands of coastwise commerce . . . actuated those appropriations. The opening of Great Salt Pond was manifestly designed by its promoters, who are the principal owners of the land and its vicinity, to transfer the business center . . . to the head of Great Salt Pond . . . Each of these appropriations was made in the closing hours of the session . . . and were not included in the appropriation bill of the committee of finance of any year. No report of the expenditure was made by the town council or the state committee . . . There has been no public bidding or competition for the work, which has been done throughout by one contractor," etc., etc.

Besides this work, Champlin received state authority to build an electric railway line between the two ends of the island. Champlin made the town borrow at four per cent the money on which the road was to pay four per cent. The town pays its interest; but the horse-cars, which are all there is of the electric railway company, have never made any accounting. Also, in much the same way, he had the town vote a steamboat, which he ordered of such a draft that it could enter his but not the town harbor. The town passed the legal limit of indebtedness, and the citizens were worried, but Champlin "owns" the council of five members — his brother, his father-in-law, another relative, and two loyal followers of his. The "town" voted his measure, and it might as well, for if it failed to the legislature would. Brayton's General Assembly enacts special legislation so freely that I had almost forgotten to mention this absurdity explicitly. Besides the police of Providence and Newport, the state has taken the election machinery and many other local offices and functions from municipalities that have "gone Democratic," and where it has set up bi-partizan boards, Republicans select the Democrats and thus use this power to corrupt the

minority organization. The General Assembly, corrupt itself, is a corrupting upper council for every municipality in the state, as Block Island illustrates: a majority declared, six years or so ago, under the local option law, for absolute prohibition on the island, but Champlin put through the General Assembly a special act permitting the sale of liquor on Block Island. Again, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals arrested a street-car driver for driving the pitiful horses that draw the miserable cars of the Champlin line. The General Assembly passed a special act which prevented such interference by the society in this one town!

They will tell you in Rhode Island that Block Island is an exceptional case. It isn't. It is typical; on a small scale it is like the case of Providence. But suppose we grant that it is extraordinary — it happened, it was possible. Doesn't it show that if you or I should go to a small town of Rhode Island, get political control, and send ourselves to the General Assembly, we could do what we would to our town? If we delivered to Aldrich, Perry, and Brayton the things that are Cæsar's, couldn't we have our Salt Pond, our poor little street-car line, and our great public debt? "Ah, but," they told me at first, "Champlin is a Democrat, and the Republican party cannot be blamed for his misdeeds." Champlin, the Democrat, was repudiated by his own party, and the Republican party took him up. He fought for his place in his party, and while he was making the contest for his "good Democratic standing," with a group of his own party for him, this man was the regular Republican leader in the Republican state senate!

Both parties betray the common interests of this state. Political-financial, the System is bi-partizan too, especially in the Democratic municipalities where, as in Providence, certain Democratic leaders sell outright to the Republicans; or where, as in Pawtucket, the worst elements in both parties combine to graft upon the city; or as in Bristol, where they trade, the Democrats sharing the council and giving the Republicans the legislative delegation. Colonel Colt, the great manufacturer and financier, controls Bristol, and when he ran on the Republican ticket for governor a year ago the Democrats, who used to carry the town, put up no legislative ticket. There are many exceptions among both "organizations" and leaders, but they are indeed exceptions. Generally speaking, the people of Rhode Island are represented only by individuals and they can do nothing but protest. One of these protestants was Dr. Garvin, but he was governor of the state and powerless.

This country doctor is the most singular figure in American politics. A New Englander reared down South, he attended a Friends' school, and traces of all these influences are marked in his character. A single-taxer, a socialist, an advocate of the "popular initiative for constitutional amendments" — this sweet-tempered radical who has stood for every reform that looked in the direction of democracy, marched, unmoved by ridicule, abuse or defeat, without a sign of anger or of pain, straight into the confidence of a majority of the voters of this conservative New England community.

When the slowly rising discontent in the state approached the height of a majority, the Democratic party nominated Dr. Garvin, and his party, with help from independent Republicans. Prohibitionists, Socialists — all the opposition to the System that usually scattered, voted for him. He was elected in 1902 and again in 1903. He was elected as a protest, however, and that is all he has been. He could not be governor in fact; General Brayton was that. As we have seen, the gubernatorial chair never had amounted to much more than an empty honor for "safe men." No veto power went with it, and the appointive power was really wielded by Brayton in the interest of the machine of the System. A governor like Dr. Garvin would have made his own appointments, but Brayton and the System had seen Governor Garvin coming. They rifled the office before he got into it. When this Aldrich-Perry-Brayton Company foresaw that the people might elect a governor to represent the common interests of the state, they had the appointive power transferred to the senate. They left it so that a "safe" Republican governor, obedient to them, may seem to appoint, but not a "dangerous" Democrat like Dr. Garvin. The governor's nominations go to the senate, which may confirm or reject or ignore them; and, if it ignores them for three days, this senate, constituted as we have seen, may proceed to make its own appointments. The United States Senate in its dignity is sensitive about the independence of the (upper) legislative branch of the government, and it is jealous of any encroachment by the executive. Its

leader, Mr. Aldrich, comes honestly by his senatorial sensitiveness; where he comes from, the executive, representing a majority of all the voters, is something which the senate, representing the System, ignores, overrides and insults, and, as for encroachment, that is a sacred prerogative of the legislative branch.

Such, then, is the government of Rhode Island. Such is the System that has developed with a restricted suffrage, with the balance of power against the cities, with business men conducting both politics and government. What is the matter? What is the cure? The earnest reformers think these very features which other reformers yearn for are the cause of the Rhode Island troubles, and that the constitution, "which did it," must be changed. A new constitution is indispensable to Rhode Island. Theoretically it is unjust, in practice it is tyranny, to maintain a government controlled by the purchase of twenty country districts which poll less than one-eleventh of the vote of the state. But the old constitution did not "do it." This instrument facilitated, it did not produce, the System, and a new constitution will not destroy it. Other states, with constitutions as ingenious as the best that the reformers in Rhode Island can hope for, have developed essentially the same System. The Enemies of the Republic will overcome any obstacle that is merely constitutional, legal, or mechanical.

The trouble lies deeper, and the cure must cut deeper. We have blamed our laws and our constitution long enough, and in turn we have charged our disgrace to our foreign population, to the riffraff of the cities, to our politicians, to our business men. And now, in Rhode Island, the American farmer is the guilty fool and his fellow culprits are American captains of finance, law and politics. Are they alone at fault? I cannot see it so. It seems to me that, in one way or another, we all are at fault. The provision of the Rhode Island constitution which lodged the dominant power out in the country, simply pointed to the farmer as the first man to corrupt; and he proved corruptible only because the strain came hardest upon him. His power should be spread out over the whole population, but then the pressure will bear hardest upon the political representatives of the people, and we know from other states that the representatives will sell, if there are offers to buy; and we know that the business representatives will offer to buy. And we know that we all will condone or submit, for some consideration — cash or protection, office or friendship, party loyalty or comfort. The best hope of Rhode Island, for example, should be in the leadership of the old manufacturing families, and the best of this aristocratic class have voted for Dr. Garvin. But would they if his office were not powerless? They told me, these gentlemen, that Aldrich did not represent them or their state. "He may represent our corrupt towns and your own New York," they said, "but he doesn't represent Rhode Island!" Yet Governor Garvin was defeated this year (by some 500 votes) because a Republican President had to be elected, and a legislature to return to the United States Senate the arch-representative of protected, privileged business!

Aldrich does represent Rhode Island, and that is what is the matter with Rhode Island, and that is what is the matter with Aldrich. And he represents the rest of us, and that is what is the matter with all of us. Rhode Island will have reform when we all have reform; when we are all willing to make sacrifices for the sake of our country and our self-respect: when the American farmer will give up his two or thirty dollars "pay for time lost in voting"; when the business man will be content to do a little less "business"; when the manufacturer will risk his unnecessary protective tariff (the graft, not the protection); when the captains of finance will be content with honest profit; when the clergy will face "the loss of their position," and "financial grief and ruin," rather than "be put under the ban of political immorality, and forced to acquiesce in evil." The Republican hope of compelling the other fellow to quit "within the party," is stupid; reform within a party so degraded and so happy as "the party" in Rhode Island is impossible. The Democratic party may prove a good engine for the work ahead, but the notion of those of its leaders who think to restore pure, representative democracy by buying up the people for a year or two, is American corruption carried to the limit of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy. There is no reform but reform, and reform begins at home.

# THE OLD MAJOR

## BY

## FLORENCE TINSLEY COX

ILLUSTRATED (FRONTISPIECE) BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

ABOUT our house there was a garden, with round beds of blooming plants, and a shady apple-tree or two to break the glare of the summer sun. In one corner the hollyhocks grew, and along the path to the gate purple flags appeared each spring in uneven rows, like isolated bands of soldiers marching on a common enemy. There were dandelions in the grass, and a lilac bush by the front door. Here I used to play, in a bright pink sunbonnet, and little black slippers which buttoned with a band about my ankle. Secretly I considered myself rather beautiful, and as for my conquests, they stretched down the street and around the block. There was the grocer's boy, and the elderly lady from over the way, who wore one kind of hair in the morning and another kind in the afternoon, and ordinary strangers passing through the town, and, last of all, but first in my estimation, the old major.

Every day at the same hour he passed the house, leaning on a cane. When the sun was bright he stepped along quickly with an alert carriage of the head, but there were cloudy days when his step was slow and feeble, and even his smile lost some of its usual charm.

"Hello, little girl," he said in a ponderous fashion, the first time that he saw me perched on the gate. "Hello! Hello! Hello!"

The hellos reached a long distance, and grew very gruff at the end, but there was a twinkle in his eye, and he had a beautiful bright star on his watch-chain, with which I longed to play.

I gravely put out a small hand to him.

"My name is Rhoda," I said in a burst of confidence. "I live here in this house. I was six years old yesterday."

"Were you!" he replied, evidently much impressed. "That's very old, very old."

He went on slowly down the block, but when he turned on his way back, he stopped again at the gate to discuss my age.

"Six, was it?" he questioned. "Well! Well! Perhaps you can tell me what time it is."

I shook my head, with a fascinated look at the gleaming star.

"I haven't a watch."

"But you don't need a watch," he answered. "See here."

He stooped down painfully, grasping the fence for support, and picked the snowy seed-ball of a dandelion plant. Then he straightened up slowly, and blew at the feathery toy.

"One, two, three, four, five! Five o'clock. Time for the old major to go in out of the damp."

Then he turned away from me and went on up the street, his cane digging little holes in the path, and he himself forgetting all about the child whom he had left still perched on her gate. I had not entirely passed from his memory, however, for when he came to his own gate far in the distance, he took off his hat and gallantly waved it to me before he went in out of the damp.

"Mother, I love the old major!" I said one day.

"What major?" my mother asked, looking up from her work with a smile.

She was making small ruffled skirts and aprons with pockets. She could make the most beautiful things, all out of her own head.

"What major? Why, my major. Mother, has the old major any little girls or boys that I could play with? Oh, I should so like to play with his little girls and boys!"

"Major Daniel Clark hasn't any little girls or boys. He lost them all, dear. He is a very lonely man."

"Didn't he ever find them again, mother?"

"No, dear. Never again."

Now, I was very good at finding things. I found grandmother's spectacles ten times a day, even when they were only lost in her soft, white hair. And once I found mother's thimble when little brother Dick had it in his mouth, and it was just going down red lane. Norah said that I had a pair of bright eyes, and my very father, when he wanted his slippers, could think of no one so trustworthy to send as I. To find little girls and boys would be quite easy, for they were much larger things. I had only to ask all the girls and boys who came past my gate if they belonged to the major, and, when the right ones came, we would run, hand-in-hand, up to that distant door and go in. He would be so pleased, and never lonely again. And, perhaps, just suppose that he would be my friend forever and ever!

I was waiting on my gate the next day when he came by.

"Oh, Major!" I cried excitedly, nodding my head at him. "I'm going to find your little girls and boys for you!"

"My little girls and boys?" he asked, perplexed.

"Yes. The ones that you lost so long ago."

He turned quite suddenly on his way, so quickly that I thought that he was angry, but when he came back he stopped at the gate again. He took my face softly between his hands and looked down deep into my eyes, into the little circles where there were pictures.

"When you grow up, always remember that the old major loved you," he said hurriedly, and then went back toward the house from which he had come out so shortly before.

We were great friends after that. We held long conversations over the gate, about my dolls, and the hobby-horse which had lately come to live in the hall. We discussed the best way to raise children, and how convenient it would be if aprons could only be made to button in front. We both had original ideas on things, and often differed, but none of my new clothes ever seemed quite real to me until the major had admired them, and pinched my cheeks with that air of gallantry which showed that I was a woman. He brought me presents, very wonderful things; bright pebbles which he picked up on the street, willow whistles, and a tiny basket carved from a peach-stone, which I hung on a ribbon about my neck. I gave him flowers, and once, when no one was looking, I let him kiss me in the shadow of the pink sunbonnet.

If the major and I met thus on the sunny days, when it rained there came a blank in my life. Then he could not go out at all, but must stay shut up in his house until the weather cleared again. There was something the matter with the major which made this necessary. In some unaccountable way he was different from other people, and to be different from other people was sad, and was, moreover, a thing which never happened in our family.

Now, grandmother had a little red brick house that stood on her mantelpiece which aided me a great deal in the stormy times. A little man and woman lived in this house who were never of the same mind, and carried their lack of sympathy to such an alarming extent that they used separate doors, and, as far as I could see, had never met in the course of their lives. For, as sure as the man with the umbrella came out of one door, the little lady with the roses in her bonnet gathered up her skirts and scurried in as if she were afraid to meet him. With her went the sunshine and the blue look to the sky, and the rain came down heavy and fast. But if the old man went into his house, the old lady sprang out, with a smile on her face, the rain stopped falling, and the sun came out. Then, by and by, the major would walk down the street, and stop to chat awhile.

I used to run into grandmother's room every morning to look at that house.

"Grandma," I cried eagerly, "has the little lady come out to-day?"

Then I took my stand soberly in front of the mantelpiece, and regarded the two figures with much attention.

"Grandma," I said once, "do you think that they can be relations?"

Grandmother took up a stitch in her knitting without replying.

"Because, if they are," I went on indignantly, "I think that they ought to be ashamed!"

"Ashamed of what, Rhoda?"

"Why, of the way that they act. They don't even look at each other! And, grandma, I think that he's the worst. He goes in with such a click when she comes out. He's so afraid that she'll say something to him."

Grandmother looked up over her spectacles:

"Now that I come to think of it," she said. "they've acted that way for forty years."

"I wonder why he don't like her?" I went on musingly. "Is it because she's got flowers in her bonnet and he hasn't? Look, grandma, she's coming out very quietly. She's going to catch him this time. Oh, he's gone in with a click! And he never said a word."

"We'll have fair weather now, Rhoda."

"And my major will come out, grandma."

"He's my major!" little Dick cried.

"He's my major," Beatrice asserted.

"No such thing!" I said, turning on them angrily. "He belongs all to me. Don't he, grandma?"

Grandmother did not answer, but I knew that he did. When the twins came, hand-in-hand, down the path to see him, he would pat their fat arms through the spokes of the gate, but it was always I to whom he wished to talk, for I was more of his own age, and not a baby like them.

"Baby yourself!" Dick said, when I mentioned this, and slapped me, but it made no difference.

Sometimes the lady from across the way would come over to walk with the major. They were old friends, and had a great deal to talk about. I remember seeing her shake her finger at him when she found him leaning on my gate.

"So you're trying to turn another woman's head!" she cried gaily.

He wheeled upon her with that sudden straightening of his shoulders that would come so unexpectedly.

"Did I ever turn yours, Kitty?" he asked, with a mischievous smile.

"Dozens of times," she cried. "Dozens of times!"

Then she took his arm, and they went up and down in the bright sunshine, up and down, while the major would thump his cane upon the ground with that gruff laugh that always seemed merrier than other people's. His white hair was smoothly brushed, and his black hat was set on jauntily, and his kind eyes shone as if he were young again. I noticed that the lady from over the way always wore a black silk dress and her best, curly, brown hair whenever she came to walk with the major, and, also, a battered silver bracelet which looked as if it had been chewed. The major would glance at it and laugh.

"I took castor-oil to buy that bracelet," he said once, with his twinkle.

It sounded funny, but I knew just what he meant. I had made dollars and dollars myself taking castor-oil, except that time when Auntie May mixed it so cunningly with lemonade that it went down and down to the very dregs, and I never discovered until then how I had been cheated out of my just dues.

"So that was it!" the lady from over the way exclaimed, patting the bracelet. "I always knew that there was something curious about it."

"It was harder than leading a regiment into action," the major answered soberly, and then broke into a gleeful laugh. "I wouldn't do it for you now!" he cried.

First she threatened him with the bracelet. Then she took his arm again, and they went on in the sunshine, talking of all the many people whom they had known in their lives. Her touch on his arm was very light, guiding and sustaining, rather than dependent, but the old major thought that she leant upon him.

I was not jealous of the lady from over the way. I felt that we shared the major between us, and then it was always at my gate that he stopped first. It was here that he told me about a trip that he was intending to make.

"I'm going off to the city for a week," he said.

"Are you, Major?" I questioned sorrowfully, for a week had seven days in it, and even a day was a long, long time. No wonder that my eyes were full of tears.

"There, there," he said. "Bear it like a woman."

I was not a woman, but sometimes the major used to forget. I thought that it was because I looked so tall when I stood on my gate.

He put out his kind old hand, and smoothed my hair.

"What shall I bring you from the city?" he asked. "A new doll? What would you like best of all, Rhoda?"

I considered the question. There were so many things that the major might bring from the city. There were little doll-babies, or picture-books, or cups and saucers, or hooples with bells. Then I had an inspiration. I leaned forward in a glow of excitement.

"I should like — Oh, Major! Will you really give it to me? I should like the

littlest watch in the world. With a star! With a star, just like yours!"

"You shall have it," he answered promptly, as if there was nothing unusual in such a grand request. "Now, remember, if all goes well, I'll be at the gate a week from today. And I'll have that watch right here in my pocket."

"And I'll bring flowers!" I cried joyfully. "All the flowers that you love best, Major."

"Good-by," he said, with a sudden touch of emotion.

"Good-by," I answered, rather tearfully, for even the watch could not reconcile me to his absence.

He turned to go, and came back again.

"Pray for the old major," he said in a husky whisper.

Through my tears I saw him go up the block, a little slower than usual, as if he did not want to go. At the gate he stopped and waved his hat to me, as he had done on that first day, and squared his gallant old shoulders before he passed into the house. I always wished that I had kissed him before he went.

It was not hard to pray for the major, for I believed in the efficacy of prayer. When the elastic bands became loosened in the black doll, Topsy, and she lost her wool and her legs at the same time, I went down solemnly on my knees on the floor, and prayed for them to grow together again. And they did, in the night. And when I lost my little front tooth, I prayed to God and he sent me a new one! So it was not hard to pray for the major. But somehow or other I did not like to do it before my mother. It seemed such a secret sort of a prayer. I waited until I was safe under the covers, and she had taken away the light. Then I climbed out of the bed, in the big darkness, and went down on the floor. I prayed to God to bless the old major, and bring him back safely to me. I said it over twice so that God would not forget.

"So the old major has gone to the city," my father said at the breakfast table. "I can remember him when he was in the pride of his strength, a magnificent figure on horseback. He never rose as high in the service as he should. He made powerful enemies, and slipped into the background."

"It's twenty years since his wife died," my mother's soft voice added. "He has lived alone in that big house ever since. Think of it, Robert!"

"Such is the heart's fidelity," father answered, with his face turned toward hers.

"When he comes back we must make more of him," mother said.

It was a very long week, but even long weeks have a way of slipping by at last. I played about the house and the garden with the twins, but I never went near the gate, not until the day dawned which was seven times from last Friday, and was Friday again, bright and clear, the very day for the major's home-coming. There were so many flowers in the garden that morning, such especially large ones. They knew, too, that the major was coming home, and had put on their prettiest dresses in his honor.

It was quite a puzzle to me what I should put on. I had a closet full of dresses. There was a beautiful blue silk one, too good for anything but church, which matched a little blue parasol. And there was a lovely white one with a lace flounce, which went with my scalloped petticoat. My third best dress had roses and buttons on it, and the fourth best was covered with brown spots, like cough drops. I loved my little dresses, and it was so hard to tell which dress should come out, and which must stay shut up in the closet, with nobody to admire them.

"Shall it be the cough drop dress, mother?" I asked uncertainly.

"It's such a wonderful day, and the sun shines so bright, that I think you might put on the white dress with the lace flounce," my mother said, with that smile which meant that she was laughing with me, and not at me.

"And my little black slippers?"

"And your little black slippers."

"And, mother, you remember the time that I was your little flower girl? And you put roses in my hair so it looked like a crown? I'd like to be the major's little flower girl."

My mother lent herself to the pretty idea. She crowned my head with roses. There were roses at my throat, and a big, floating, pink sash swept down my back, and there were roses in my hand for the major, one bunch to give him with a kiss when he came, and another to give him with my love when he went.

Grandmother shook her wise head when she saw that toilet.

"If she were my child," she said, "I should dress her in brown gingham down to her heels, and tie her hair with shoe-laces."

I gasped, and mother laughed.

"She's vain," grandmother went on severely. "Suppose she should grow up a poppet!"

I carried that awful name out with me as I climbed upon the gate, and stared out bashfully at the street. I was afraid to think how beautiful I might be.

The grocer's boy came by, my own particular grocer's boy. Stricken with sudden admiration for my charms, he put down his basket and expressed his sentiments.

"Say, you are a daisy!" he said.

"Go away, Jakie," I answered, with embarrassment. "I haven't time to play with you now. Go away! I'm busy."

He was quite crushed by my new haughtiness, and lingered about, thinking that I would relent, but all my smiles and flowers were waiting for that bent figure which I loved so well.

An hour slipped by, but still the major did not come. My crown grew heavy on my head, and the flowers wilted in my hot hands. The lady from over the way came to ask me questions. She had on her ugliest hair, and there were tears in her eyes.

"What are you doing, Rhoda?" she asked, with an anxious look. Then she seemed to divine. "You are not watching for the major!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered wearily.

"Doesn't your mother know, child?" she cried. "But, then, he never told any one. They found that there must be an operation, and he was not strong. There was no one whom he loved there at the end. He died, as he lived, all alone. Oh, poor old man! Poor old man! Let me go by, child! Let me go by!"

She thrust herself in the little gate, wheeling me back against the fence, and went up the path to our house.

Then, in hardly a moment, Norah came out and led me in, and proceeded to take off all my pretty things, and put on a common dress, quite an old one, with a darn on the sleeve.

"I don't want that dress, Norah," I protested. "I want my white dress. I want to see my major. I want to be his little flower girl."

I went in where my mother sat, with the lady from over the way, and explained the situation through my tears. Mother was very tender with me. Somehow I felt that she herself was sorry about something, for she dropped a tear on the wilted roses which I still held in my hand. Together we went out into the garden. Together we gathered all the flowers that there were — the big ones and the little ones — and formed them into a great bunch. It was for the major. I danced with sheer delight, knowing only too well how the kind face would light up when he saw all the flowers which he had admired so often made a present to him. I added buttercups, and dandelions, and bits of feathery grass, while mother watched me with a sad smile, and said never a word.

The lady from over the way cried very hard on our front steps, but afterwards she dried her eyes and took my flowers to the major.

He did not come the next day, or the next, though I watched at the gate, and then something strange happened. I was told not to go into the garden.

"Not this morning, Rhoda," my mother said. "Grandma and I are going out, and you must stay in the house. When we come back you may go out."

She dressed herself very quietly that day, all in dark things, and she and grandmother did not look joyful, as they always did when they went out together.

"I'd like to go, too," I said wistfully

Then Norah coaxed me.

"'Ah, stay and play with your Norah," she cried. "Sure you'll not be after leaving your Norah alone in this big house!"

I always liked to play with Norah when her work was done, and she had time to be sociable. That day we played blindman's buff together — she, and I, and the twins. Norah was the blind man, and she was the longest time catching us, and when she did she could never tell who it might be. She would guess quite impossible people — the grocer's boy, and the lady from over the way, and her own very mother in Ireland, and she never once, by any chance, thought that it was Rhoda, or little Dick, or Trixie.

"Sure, you're too big to be Trixie!" she cried, when we told her who it was.

That day, when the blind man was out of breath, and his feet were sore from walking hundreds of miles, I climbed up on the window-sill and watched the people going along the street. There were a great many of them, many more than usual. Suddenly there was the sound of a fife and drum in the

distance, and a long line of carriages came into sight, and one was filled with beautiful flowers, and one was draped with a torn old flag.

"Come, quick, Norah!" I cried eagerly. "It's a procession!"

"It's the old major's," Norah said, coming, with the twins in her arms, to look over my shoulder.

I had known, somehow, that it was the major's, for everything nice belonged to him. I was so proud to think that my major should have all that big procession, with the lovely flowers and the music in front. I looked for him in every carriage, that I might wave as he went by. He was not there, but other people were, my mother and my grandmother, and the lady from over the way, and men with gold braid on their coats come to grace the major's procession.

"Is it all his, Norah?" I asked.

"Sure, dear."

"I am so glad," I cried. "Oh, I'm so glad!"

I clapped my hands in my delight, and was quite angry with Norah when she dragged me hurriedly away from the window.

That night my mother took me in her lap, and told me that the old major had gone to heaven. I had heard of heaven before. It was where I came from, and the twins, away back in the early days. Heaven was a nice place, and now, as the major's home, it acquired a new charm. But there was one drawback.

"Sha'n't I ever see him again, mother?" I asked.

"Never again, Rhoda."

"But, mother, it's a children's place," I urged anxiously. "And the major is old, quite old. He won't like it there, mother."

"The major has gone to heaven to be a little child again," my mother said, with a sob.

Then she put a blue velvet box in my hand. Inside there was the littlest watch in the world, and on the back of the watch there was a star in blue stones. It was the last thing which the old major bought before he went to heaven.

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# A MAN AND A BROTHER

## BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

MISS HELEN KERR'S horses were impatiently pacing the pavement in front of Mrs. Ventner's five-o'clock tea. Another of Miss Kerr's belongings, Mr. Thomas Champney, was doing likewise to Mrs. Ventner's front steps; and for a diametrically opposite reason. The horses were impatient because Miss Kerr hadn't come out earlier; Mr. Champney, because she had come out so soon. Little attention had he had from her that afternoon. Several other men had divided that little. The Several were prone to such afternoon teas as Miss Kerr attended. Nevertheless it was inconsistent in Mr. Champney to revile them in his gloomy mind. For he had the habit himself in its most virulent form. And at this particular tea he had thought, by coming late, to outlast the Several. This naïve bit of strategy was now blasted by Miss Kerr's departure before the group had left. Therefore said Mr. Champney viciously:

"Piffling beasts! Haven't they got any homes of their own?"

"I hope so," said Miss Kerr cheerfully. "I have, at any rate."

"I'm fully aware of that by the pertinacity with which you cling to it," muttered the young man.

"That sounds like a recommendation," remarked the girl. "'Quiet, retiring, and devoted to her home.' Don't you think I'd make a good governess or companion, Tom?"

"Companion? Don't I!" said the young man fervently.

The girl flushed a little. "When I'm in need of a testimonial I'll come to you. Oh, Tom, do cheer up," she cried. "You look as if you'd lost your last friend."

"I'm going to lose him," he said. "I'm going to take him up into the Northwest, or down into Mexico, and lose him for an indefinite period. My last and best friend — myself," he added.

"I'm not so sure about that," said the girl gravely.

"No: you're not," he said quickly. "And that's why I'm going. It's just because I know there's no chance for me. Isn't there any chance, Helen?"

"If you think you've made a good choice of a place — " began the girl indignantly; but he broke in:

"Oh, I'm more alone with you here than I've been able to get for a month past. Helen, sometimes I've thought — I've been almost sure that you cared a little. Do you?"

"I'll answer that question if you insist," said the girl steadily. "But I advise you not. You won't like the answer."

"I'll take it," said the man doggedly.

"Very well, then. I do care a little." She was very lovely as the warm color rose in her face. "But I'm ashamed that I do care — ever so little."

"That is rather hard." He spoke quietly, but she winced at the pain in his voice.

"You brought it on yourself."

"I know. Will you tell me why?"

"Because — because — oh, because you have never had one thought beyond yourself, have you, Tom?" The conclusion was almost laughable in its combination of accusal with appeal.

It failed to amuse the young man, however. "Do you mean that I ought to go in for fussy philanthropics — Settlement work, and that sort of thing?" he demanded.

This was a tender point, for Miss Kerr's latest Settlement protégé had forsaken the institution, taking Miss Kerr's watch as a souvenir. Therefore it was with some asperity that the girl retorted:

"No, I don't. You'd be as selfish there as — as —— "

"As I am everywhere else," he supplied. "Don't hesitate on my account. Well, tell me how to get out of myself. I'll take up any line you suggest, if you're at the other end of it."

"Yes! that's just it," she flashed back at him. "Because you want me — for yourself."

"Well, Great Scott! What *would* I want you for — an investment?"

"Your hateful jokes only prove what I say," she retorted. "Oh, Tom, can't you see? You'll do anything that I say, not because it's the right thing to do, but because there's a — a reward for it. It isn't what I want you to do, it's what I want you to be. Oh, I believe I'm talking like an idiot. I don't mean to preach to you."

"I'm on the mourner's bench already," said the young man, with suspicious meekness.

"If I've roused your sense of humor, it is as high a sense as I ever have roused in you," she said bitterly. "The trouble with you, Tom Champney, is that you never have and never will give one thought or effort to making the world better or easier for any individual but yourself."

"No," he admitted slowly. "I don't care a hang for my fellow-man. I'm not going to pretend I do. And my interest in my fellow-woman seems to be unreasonably concentrated."

"You haven't got the instinct of helpfulness or charity or outreaching," pursued the girl impetuously. "It isn't in you. Did I say ashamed? I'd be afraid to care for a man that had no more place in the scheme of things than you had. As long as I live I'll never, never —— "

"Wait a moment, please." He was very white, and his voice was thin and strained. "You are going to have a chance to say that later. I sail to-morrow. May I come up this evening to say good-by — and one or two other things? Oh, I'm not going to beg," he added indignantly. "But there are some things that I want you to understand."

"We're out this evening," she said after a pause. "I'm going around now to pick up mother and drive her home. If you care to

*"'Oh! I'm more alone with you here than I've been able to get for a month past'"*

walk up you'll get there shortly after we do. But it isn't the slightest use."

"I did not venture to suppose," he said as he closed the door of the coupé on her, "that I could either raise or lower myself in the opinion of Miss Kerr."

Fifteen minutes later Miss Kerr was bitterly attacking Mr. Champney's character to her mother, in the hope of eliciting from that mild and timid gentlewoman some adequate and longed-for defense of his character. All that she got was an almost tearful:

"I always thought Tom a most kind-hearted young man. He's so nice to Tibbsy." Tibbsy was Mrs. Kerr's favorite companion — a Willoughby pug.

"Oh, yes; he's good-natured," said the girl contemptuously. "It's the easiest way, I suppose. But good-nature isn't — isn't — If I had ever seen him, only once, naturally and spontaneously forget himself in favor of somebody — anybody else, it might — I might —— "

"Helen, dear, I wish you wouldn't be so — so fragmentary. Are you sure you're well?"

Miss Kerr lapsed back among her cushions, with her eyes tight closed — for a reason — as the smooth coupé rolled on, and the mad cherub that drives the blind steeds of chance guided a strange vehicle for the rescue of Tom Champney.

## II

Champney swung out into the Avenue at a brisk pace and turned up. To all appearances his spirit was as unruffled as his apparel. His progress was not swift, in spite of his pace, for he was held up at almost every block by some acquaintance. One wanted to tell him a new story; another stopped him to ask his advice on an investment; a third thought a drink would be good for him; a fourth wanted sympathy for a hard-luck story in stocks; while a fifth told him the first news of a highly important event. "Yes, by gad, the very first to know it except Caroline and myself, and we want you for best man —" and Tom Champney took it as unflinchingly and rejoiced in his friend's happiness as heartily as if envy were an unknown quantity. Had Kelen Kerr followed his progress she might have had a qualm of doubt as to her judgment. A man to whom other men naturally gravitate in joy or woe may be nearly all that is bad; but one good quality he must possess — that of fellowship.

In the Eighties Champney turned off and his pace lagged. He was thinking hard. Suddenly his consideration was interrupted by a tumult just in front of him.

Four straining horses were hauling a load of dirt up from a cellar excavation, while the driver exhorted after his kind, and a huge, two-fisted Irish boss danced excitedly on the sidewalk. Slowly the wagon came up and, as it hung poised on the point of the greatest strain, one of the horses went down upon the slippery asphalt. At once the load began to settle back, imminently threatening a plunge, disastrous to horses and wagon alike. The thick-shouldered boss threw himself upon one of the rear wheels, his two hundred pounds of muscle tense in restraint. The weight was too great; not by many pounds, for it was very gradually that the big man's grasp passed from spoke to spoke. Hard-gripped breath burst from him in a groan, and with it a hoarse, involuntary cry for help, appealing to whatever powers might be:

"Git a holt, here, somebody!"

It struck full in the face of Champney. For a young man, going to his execution as a gentleman should, in the most correct of coat and gloves, a mud-weighted wheel is an appalling object. Champney hesitated. The protruding eyes of the boss met his. The man's face was purple. The veins stood ribbed out sharp on his forehead.

"Ye dom dood!" he groaned in the panting despair of a hard-fought defeat, and at the words Champney tackled upon the opposite wheel.

For a moment the issue swung loose in the winds of chance. The boss's teeth grated. The "dood's" hat rolled lamentably in the mire. Then, both together, they put all that was in them upon the effort, and the wheels rose, inch by painful inch, until they jolted over the coping and settled safe, while the horses stood panting and trembling above their fallen comrade.

Ruefully the young man recovered his hat, and was to have gone on, but the big Irishman ran around to him.

"Hould hard a bit!" he cried. "I'm sorry I called ye a dood. Begobs, I belave ye're a 'longshoreman!"

"That's a fair apology," said Champney, smiling.

"Wait, thin; wait, thin." He dashed into the excavation whence he immediately reappeared, bearing the guerdon of gratitude,

*"'Here's yer watch. I bid ye good day'"*

a pail containing still a generous drink of beer.

For one brief second Champney held back. But he was committed to the enterprise: the spirit of the thing was on him.

"Here's luck," he said briefly, lifted and drank.

The circumference of the pail shut from his sight a passing carriage, which had been held up by the averted accident. From its window peered a face flushed with laughter, a very lovely face, which withdrew hastily as Tom handed the pail over to his new acquaintance.

"May William Twohey get aven with ye some fine day, me boy," said the boss courteously. "An' he generally doos; friends or inimies."

Then as his helper walked away he observed ruminantly:

"There's a dom good Mick spoiled."

But instantly his sense of justice asserted itself.

"An' not half-spoiled, at that," he added.

Tom had just turned the corner when Mr. William Twohey leaned over and plucked from the mud a watch. He looked fixedly at the face of it, which afforded him no information beyond the indubitable fact that it was 4:45. Then he looked in the back of it, and blinked admiringly at the face that looked back at him.

"Kape your eye on the job," he admonished his men and, seizing upon his coat, made up the street and around the corner. In the next ten minutes, sundry estimable patrons of the Fifth Avenue promenade were scandalized at being held up by a florid son of labor who inquired earnestly:

"Did yez pass a husky young dood wit' a plug hat an' his front covered wit' mud? Yez did not? Well, which way was he goin'?"

## III

"Miss Kerr is waiting for you in the library, sir. You're to go right up, sir. Can I brush you, sir?" said the old butler, looking amazedly at the usually immaculate Champney.

"Give me the brush, Brand." Tom's unscientific methods served the double purpose of distributing the dirt and rubbing it in. What was the difference, anyway, he thought gloomily, as he went upstairs.

Ordinarily Champney was not oppressed with self-consciousness, but he entered the library with the conviction that his gait and expression were those of a melodrama villain. That Helen should be so coolly at ease, under the circumstances of the meeting, struck him as wanton favoritism of Fate toward the Eternal Feminine. He came forward (striding, he felt sure) and began abruptly:

"Helen —— "

"Why, Tom!" she cried, with a twinkle of laughter in her voice. "What a mess you're in!"

"Oh, I know!" he said impatiently. "I bumped against something on my way here."

"Something! I should think so! An avalanche, by the looks of you."

"Do you want the details?" he asked, with impolite patience.

"Come over to the light where I can estimate the damage to your feelings." She caught daintily at his sleeve.

"If you're playing for time, Helen," he said slowly, "you ought to know better."

The girl sniffed the air suspiciously.

"Tom Champney, you've been drinking! Beer, I think," she added consideringly.

"Well, good heavens!" cried the now exasperated young man. "I never knew that you were an abstinence advocate. If that's one of the reasons why you are ashamed of me —— "

"Don't," said the girl, with a quick catch in her breath. "I—I didn't mean that."

"Didn't mean it!" He took a step forward quickly, but her hand was up.

"Yes. I did mean it, too, Tom." She broke off quickly. "Tell me where you got it."

"Got what?" His tone was a gasp of bewilderment.

"That beer."

"This may be fun for you, Helen," he began angrily, "but —— "

"Oh, yes, I know the rest of it," she rippled. "I only asked — because — well, to establish my right, early."

He stared helplessly.

"Have I got to do all the talking?" demanded the girl, with a little quiver in her voice. "Don't you understand?"

"No," said Tom, his jaw setting in square rigidity. "I *don't* understand. Unless you are playing with me."

"When I said those things to-day I meant them. But I've seen something of you

since then, and I know you — you're not what I thought you."

Tom's face did not soften.

"You're making it dreadfully hard for me," faltered the girl.

A deep voice arose from below.

"Tell 'um it's William Twohey. No; I don't know his name. He knows mine. Tell 'um it's William Twohey."

Inarticulate murmurs from the butler.

"Give 'um William Twohey's respects an' tell 'um he wants to see 'um. Yes; the young buck wit' the der-r-ty coat, an' no shame to him. I tracked 'um *by* it."

More murmurs from the butler.

"Ye will not? Then up I go."

"Show Mr. Twohey up, Brand," called the girl.

"Hope I don't introod," said Mr. Twohey elegantly, as he reached the door. Tom's set face relaxed as the huge bulk swung into the room.

"Stuck again, Twohey?" he asked genially. "Want another 'lift'?"

"If I do, it's the right place I've come to," responded the boss promptly.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Twohey," said Helen hospitably.

"Good day to you, mem. I don't know you, do I now?" He looked at her intently.

"Don't you? But I know you. You're working on a job with a friend of mine."

Twohey meditated aloud in tones of wonder. "O'Brine, Dady, McHugh, Peters; no — sure it's none of them." The list failed him.

"Oh — ha," he said, grinning. "It's him you mean?" pointing to Tom.

Tom turned a deep red. The girl nodded.

"An' it's me that had ought to knowed you, too," pursued the boss. He brought the watch from his pocket and looked at the face in the back. "Sure," he said emphatically.

"I've something to thank you for, Mr. Twohey," said the girl. "There was a friend of mine whom I sorely misjudged. I — I — thought he was selfish. Then — then, you gave him a job, and — and — I've changed my mind."

"Helen!" said Tom under his breath.

"Oh, well," observed Mr. Twohey sapiently, "it's a gra-and thing fer a gurrl to know her man's got a day's work in his back anny day. A gra-and thing."

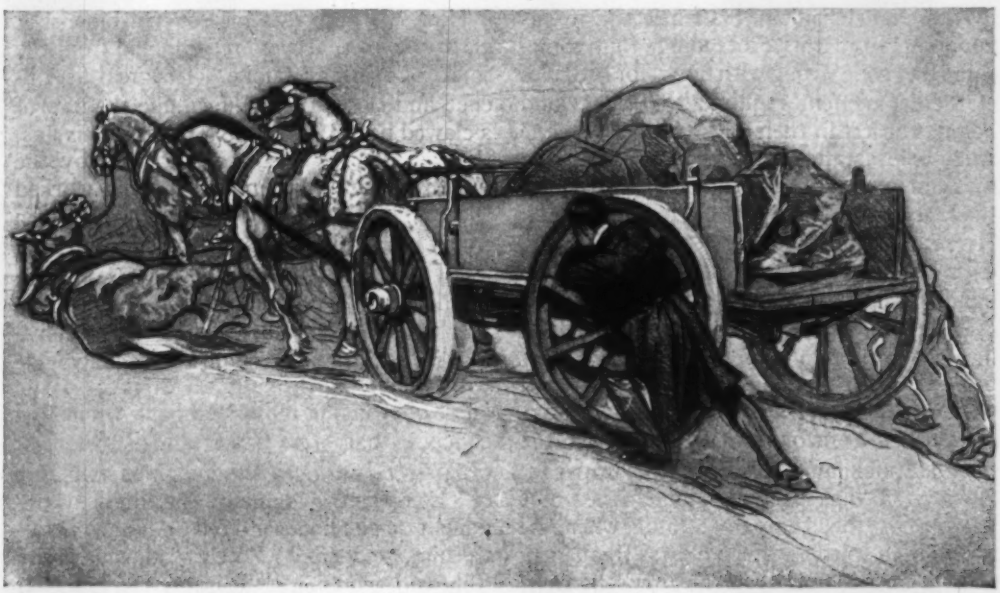
The girl's eyes sought the floor. Tom moved toward her.

"Be jabe," cried Mr. Twohey tactfully, "there will be the divvle to pay wit' me away from my job at five o'clock. Here's yer watch. I bid ye good-day."

Tom walked over to Helen.

"So it was Twohey and Twohey's job that established me as a man and a brother, was it?" he asked in a shaking voice.

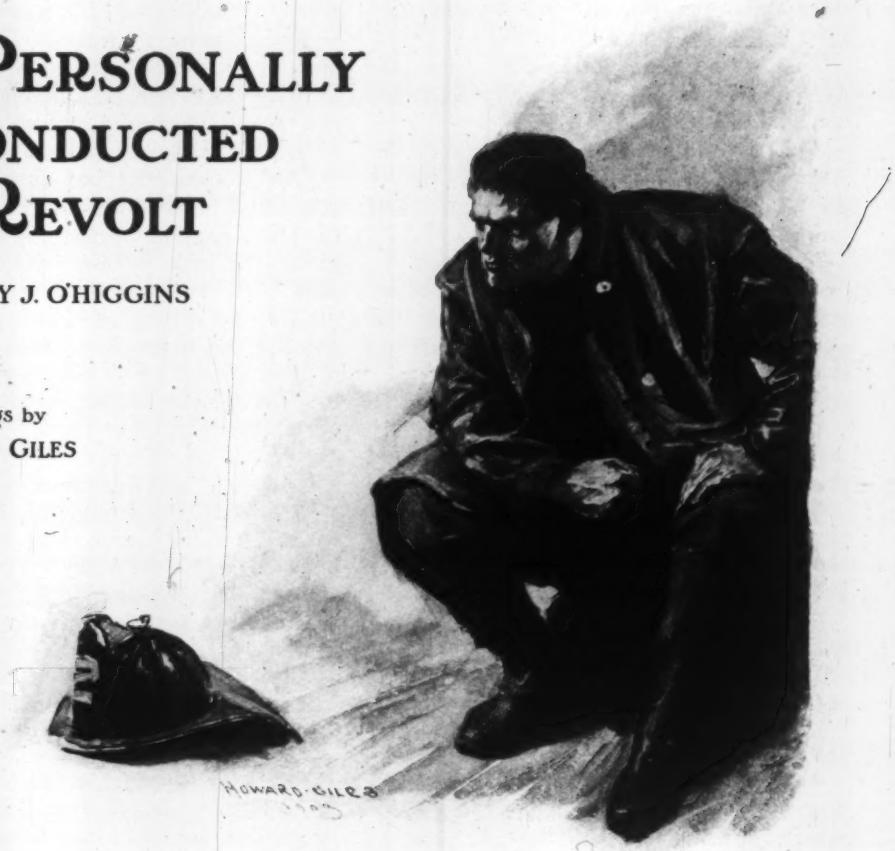
She stretched out her hands to him. "A man," she said softly, "but not a brother."



# A Personally Conducted Revolt

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

With Drawings by HOWARD GILES




WHEN Corrigan, in his rubber coat and fireman's helmet, came into the bunk-room of the truck house and sat down heavily there on the side of his white cot, it was apparent, from this proceeding, that something had gone wrong with him; for the rules of the department required that coats and helmets be left in their allotted places on the truck below stairs. But when he uncovered his head in the light of the gas-jet above him, the fact of the matter was startlingly plain. His face was drawn up, white and quivering, with the anger and menace of a clenched hand.

Usually he was good-humored, though he had a villainous dark eyebrow that bridged his nose, and a blue-black jowl of bristles that seemed to be always in need of a razor—for which reason the men had nicknamed him "Black" Corrigan. He was a big, grinning man, the best sparrer in the company; and when he was in high spirits—which he was frequently enough for the temper of the crew—he went around among them dabbing and feinting open-handed at their caps and their noses, his mouth open and his tongue out, playfully.

Now, his eyebrows met over a bloodshot glare of eyes that were red-rimmed from the smart of heat and smoke. His great fist opened and closed on his knee, like the paw of a clawed beast. And when he licked his lips, that had been dried and cracked by the fire which he had been fighting, he worked them free of his teeth with the grimace of a snarl, his whole face twitching, his eyes set and glassy.

They were the eyes of a man hypnotized, and he was, in fact, just such. He was fighting, in his fancy, through a savage struggle with Lieutenant Scully, a soul-satisfying affair of swinging blows and back-wrenching clinches, that grew fiercer and fiercer as it progressed, until, to the imagined applause of "Long Tom" Donnelly, he threw his opponent on the floor, and fell on him to throttle him, and cried: "Yeh wud, wud yeh? Yeh wud, wud yeh?" as he choked him. It

was a struggle that was no sooner ended, in the lieutenant's insensibility, than it began again, like a series in a cinematograph, and threshed itself out with redoubled fury. And it was a struggle that increased Corrigan's thirst for revenge with a mirage of the appeasement of it, carrying him beyond any consideration of the duties of his position, or the discipline demanded by his uniform, or the penalty to be exacted from insubordination.

He could hear the crew, down-stairs, rearranging the apparatus and returning the horses to their stalls; but the sounds stood back, like a circle of spectators, from his fisticuffs. When he heard Captain Meaghan come upstairs to his room, he looked up from the prostrate Scully for a moment to shake a fist at the passing thought of the foreman, and then began again on the enemy with a word and a blow. It was not until he heard the voice of Scully himself, using the desk telephone to report the fire to headquarters, that he woke to the realities, and passed his hand across his face and looked blinkingly around him for the aid and counsel of his backer, Donnelly. The room was empty. He arose unsteadily to throw off his rubber coat, trying in vain to swallow a burning dryness that stuck in his throat; and he found himself very hot and thirsty. He stood for a moment glowering at the captain's door, and then turned, with his hands still clenched so that they ached, and stumbled down the aisle between the rows of cots, to get a drink in the bath-room.

When the other men came to their beds, they heard him splashing in the tub. They knew that he had not asked the necessary permission to put himself so beyond answering an alarm. "He's fired," O'Neill said.

"Long Tom" Donnelly answered, with a soulful profanity, that if he was not yet fired, he soon would be; and furthermore that the scabby meekness of the crew would see him go without daring to raise a murmur. "You've took more from Scully than a bunch o' niggers," he told them. "You've let him drive you like a lot of muts. He's been puttin' it all over you fer months—puttin' it all over you an' rubbin' it in—an' you've done nuthin' but sulk." In his unprejudiced opinion they were the poorest crew of mean-spirited and condemned dogs that ever handled a hook.

O'Neill invited him to distinguish himself among them by taking the initiative. He replied by inviting O'Neill to betake himself to the everlasting punishment which he deserved. He would not raise a finger for them, he said. Not a finger! And with that announcement, he began to strip off his "turn-out" of rubber boots and trousers, and prepare himself for bed.

Now Donnelly was one of the oldest members of the crew, and a man who, with little achievement of his own, imposed respect on his fellows by his superior contempt for the works of others. He had the power of the born critic, and the prestige. Before Lieutenant Scully came to the company, his influence among the men had been communicated to the officers, whom he treated with indifference and obeyed without enthusiasm. But Scully had slighted him from the first, and had marked him out for special enmity as the time went on, suspecting—and rightly, too—that Donnelly was the sly instigator of half the difficulties which he was having with the men. Donnelly, for his part, had pretended to be blind to this animosity, and had borne it with a disdainful composure that was designedly irritating. It was not until Scully began systematically to harass Corrigan that Donnelly came out among the men as the acknowledged enemy of the new lieutenant, and showed a friendship for Corrigan that rapidly became a whispering intimacy. The crew believed that he had even egged Corrigan on to the outbreak which had occurred at the fire.

Naturally, in the circumstances, they had looked to him for leadership in this crisis, and his contemptuous desertion of them at once excited and depressed them. They stood around in the dim light of the bunk-room, muttering subdued grumblings of disgust and discontent that were ominous of a gathering storm, but of a storm that was still distant and uncertain. One man vented a sudden spite on his innocent boots, which he threw at the wall beside his bed. O'Neill, who had sat with his chin in his hand, staring at the floor, heard Corrigan slushing the water about in the tub, looked up as if he were about to speak, and then slowly sank back on himself again, spitting mutinously on the floor. The others had a manner of waiting for a blow to rouse them; they made no move to "turn in," beyond sitting down on the sides of their cots.

They saw Lieutenant Scully come out of the captain's room and go down-stairs.

*"'He's been puttin' it all over you fer months'"*

And then, suddenly, Captain Meaghan threw open his door and called, "Corrigan!" —and they all drew themselves up for the climax. He was standing against the light that shone from his desk; and they stared at him as if measuring in him the authority against which they had been incited to rebel.

"Where's Corrigan?" he cried; and he got no answer.

It was plain that trouble was afoot. He had seen numerous signs of its approach for some weeks past. Notably, the men had twice responded tardily to the call of the "jigger," and a rival company had taken the two fires from them in their own district. He had been officially censured for that slowness, and (having put the blame on a new horse) he had consulted his lieutenant, to which officer he had been accustomed to leave the actual handling of the men. Scully blamed his predecessor, Connors, for being lax with them; "and they're sore," he had said, "because I've been tryin' to tune them up." Captain Meaghan had replied loftily: "Pick out the first man that balks, an' send him to *me*." And now Scully had reported Corrigan for insolence and disobedience of orders at the fire.

It would be necessary to make an example of the big Irishman to discourage the others. "Donnelly," he called. "Come here." And "Long Tom," rising from his cot, slouched indifferently across the room in his underclothes.

The captain went into his office. Donnelly followed him.

"Where's Corrigan?" he asked, turning at his desk.

Donnelly answered stolidly: "Takin' a tub."

Meaghan frowned at him. He wished to ask an explanation of the trouble among the

men, but the majesty of office would not let him bend to it. "Who gave him leave?" he demanded threateningly.

Donnelly raised a sandy eyebrow at him, with an expression of his yellow face that asked if *he*, then, was supposed to be in charge of the house.

The captain flushed. "Tell him I want to see him," he said, in a gruff attempt to recover his dignity.

Donnelly went out obediently with the order, but he did not deliver it. He turned at his cot to see that the captain was not watching him, and finding that the eye of authority was elsewhere, he lay down. He did not answer the questions of the men. He closed his eyes and watched the captain's door under stealthy lids.

Captain Meaghan seated himself at his desk and lit a black cigar. He smoked an inch of it, with long pauses between puffs, leaning forward in his swivel chair as if his shoulders weighed him down, and staring at a bundle of reports in a pigeonhole with the vacant eyes of an ox. When he looked up at the clock, a muscle tightened in his jaw, his eyes puckered and he closed his lips tightly on the cigar. In a while he began to puff at it again, with an irritated impatience.

He exploded, at last, in an oath, pushed back his chair and strode to the door. "Donnelly!" he shouted, and began to walk up and down the carpet in a rage.

The innocent Donnelly stood calm in the doorway. The captain plucked the cigar from between his teeth. "Tell Corrigan *I* want him," he ordered, hoarsely. "Tell him *I* want him—*here—now*;" and emphasized the words with two heavy blows on the desk top.

Donnelly turned an expressionless back on him and departed—to his cot again.

Two minutes passed. Three minutes passed. Captain Meaghan chewed at his cigar. Five insolent minutes—three hundred contemptuous seconds—ticked placidly on the clock.

He flung himself at the door and yelled: "Donnelly! Donnelly! Tell that —— Corrigan that if he don't come here in two shakes I'll yank him out of that bath an' trun him in the street." His voice echoed through the building in a roar.

Donnelly went, with a thin-lipped smile, to the bath-room, and was met at the door of it by Corrigan, who came out with a towel around his middle, dripping and unclothed. The water trickled down from his hair over a face that was knit in a white passion. O'Neill whispered; "We'll stand by yuh." Corrigan brushed him aside.

He walked boldly into the captain's office, leaving a wet trail behind him. "W'at d'yeh want?" he growled.

Meaghan glared and swallowed and mouthed his cigar, fighting down a rush of anger that swelled in his neck; and Corrigan, breathing hard, watched him under beaded eyebrows. The towel began to slip from his hips; he held it with his hands.

The captain controlled himself to ask: "Where've you been?"

Corrigan said: "Takin' a bath."

Meaghan stuck out a venomous forefinger at him. "You *were*," he cried. "You were, were you. Well, I'll fix you for this. What d'you mean by comin' in here without your clothes on you? S'welp me, I'll kick you out o' this like a dog."

Corrigan bared his lower teeth. "That's it," he snarled. "Like a dog! There's been about enough o' this dog business between you an' Scully. There ain't no dogs in this crew, an' there ain't goin' to be treated like none, see?"

Captain Meaghan threw aside his cigar and stood back from him, the veins dilating in his forehead.

"'Twas bad enough," Corrigan went on thickly, "afore Connors lef'. Yeh made yerself too much of a nigger driver then. An' since Scully come in with yeh, it ain't fit for no man—not for no man. It's about time yeh let up. We ain't goin' to stan' for it."

Meaghan, in his helplessness, browbeat him with all the epithets of abuse that his rage could recollect. Corrigan waved the towel at him, contemptuously. "Y'ol' bullhead," he sneered. "Yeh're both nuthin' but a pair o' bullheads."

Meaghan rushed at him. Corrigan sidestepped and flicked the wet towel in his face; and the tail of it, cracking like a whip-lash, struck the captain across the eyes and blinded him. He went past, inarticulate, into the arms of Lieutenant Scully, who had hurried upstairs at the noises of the quarrel and came running in to clinch with the infuriated captain and hold him.

The crew, rushing into the room and surrounding them, gave "Long Tom" Donnelly an opportunity to hook Corrigan out of the jostle by the elbow and return him grimly to

his bath. "Keep stripped," he said. "An' wet," he added. "There's a fight comin'."

Lieutenant Scully cleared the office and shut the door on the men, while the captain, with a hand over his smarting right eye and blinking wildly with his left one, stamped around the room sputtering profanity. The lieutenant judged it the part of wisdom to pretend that he did not understand the situation. "Somethin' in your eye, sir?" he asked politely.

Captain Meaghan did not hear. He had stumbled against the waste paper basket, and he stopped to kick it across the room. The scraps of torn paper rose like a flock of frightened birds. Scully watched them settle. "Somethin' in your eye, sir?" he repeated with delicacy.

The captain turned on him, snorting with pain and rage. "What?" he yelled. "You —you— Where's that —— Corrigan?" and broke into an unintelligible abuse of Corrigan, the crew and the silent Scully. "What've you been doin' to them?" he cried from the midst of a confusion of oaths. And again: "Don't you know no more about handlin' men?" And finally: "The whole —— company's up."

Scully faced the storm with a thoughtful narrowing of his eyes. "They'll hear you out there," he warned him.

"He hit me," Meaghan roared.

"Who?" Scully asked.

"Corrigan — *Corrigan* — CORRIGAN!" he bellowed.

The lieutenant stood with his back to the door, and settled his face in a sympathetic frown to hide the jubilant thought that he had his situation well in hand. The quarrel was the captain's now. The men would have old Meaghan to deal with: and behind Meaghan was the authority of the whole department to crush them down.

He himself had had trouble from the day of his arrival at the house. He had succeeded the popular Connors in charge of the company, and whereas Connors had acted as a buffer between the tyranny of the captain's over-exacting discipline and the uniform independence of the crew, Scully had taken his cue from Meaghan's manner and had played the minor autocrat with the men. After struggling for a month against their covert intractability, he had decided to provoke some one of them to open hostility; he had picked on Corrigan as the least formidable among them, and had persecuted him with every form of official oppression. The result was excellent—from his present point of view. He relaxed the anxiety of his forehead.

The captain continued to thresh about the room in a speechless frenzy. He threw his cap from him; he tore off his coat; he flung aside the desk chair that got in his way; and he worked himself into a greater rage with every attack on the defenselessness of these inanimate victims of his wrath.

He rushed finally at the door. Scully barred his way. "Hold on now, sir," he said. "You don't want to——"

"Wha-a-at!" Meaghan choked.

"You can fire Corrigan," he advised. "You can't fight him. He's too big a man. Better leave this business till to-morrow."

The captain exploded again. Was this all Scully knew about handling men? Corrigan had struck him—*him!*—his captain. The whole company would laugh at him. His authority was threatened. It was not a matter of discharging a man. It was necessary to awe a whole company.

Scully did not move. "You'd better leave them alone for the night," he advised, and his politic manner set him aside as a disinterested mediator in the quarrel.

The captain cursed him for a chicken-hearted fool. "It's all your doin'," he shouted. "Connors didn't have none of it. You come in here an' stir up trouble with the boys, an' then you leave *me* to settle it."

Now Scully had a poor opinion of his captain as a man at once too simply direct in his methods and too violently blusterous. He shrugged his shoulders at this with an insolence that was not wise. The captain caught him by the collar, whipped him aside, and, with a threat of "I'll have *you* fired anyway," burst open the door.

"Long Tom" Donnelly, who had stood listening outside, stepped back from the expression of Meaghan's face. "Where's Corrigan?" the captain demanded. "In the bath," Donnelly answered promptly.

Meaghan went straight to the bath-room and kicked open the door of it. "Come out of that," he ordered with a volley of oaths.

The desperate Corrigan's reply came in the shape of a cake of soap that was thrown from the shoulder with the full strength of an arm of muscles and cut the air like a bullet. Meaghan turned his head to avoid it, throwing up his elbow. It struck him hard, under the ear.

*"'Hold on now, sir'"*

He howled in a horrible cracked voice of rage and charged blindly through the doorway. And he was met by a fist of knuckles on the point of the jaw, with a blow that threw him back, stunned, into the waiting arms of "Long Tom" Donnelly.

Corrigan stalked out, unclothed, but dry. He looked down at the captain with a quivering nostril. "Where's Scully?" he said.

Donnelly whispered, in a hoarse exultation: "In the office—in the cap'n's office." O'Neill cried: "Give it to him!" And Corrigan leaped for the captain's room, like an Indian.

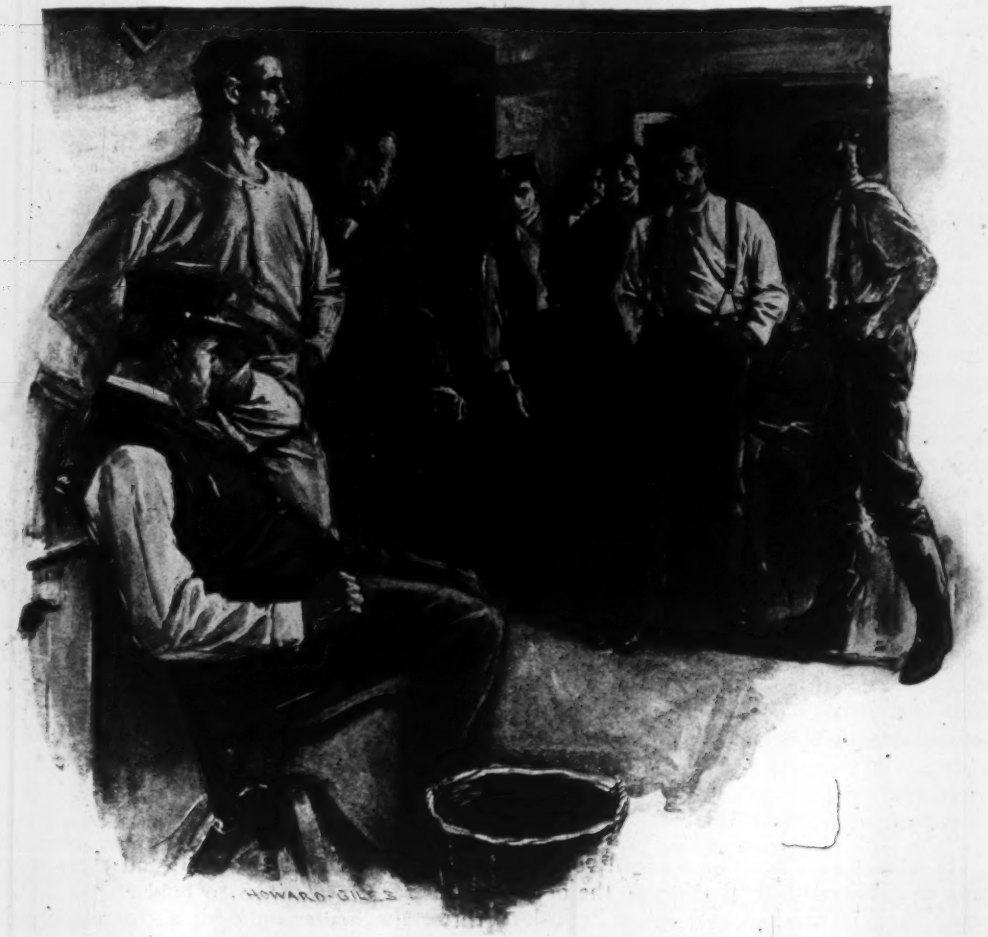
The end of the encounter was inevitable. Scully was the smaller man, and there was not a rag on Corrigan to hold a grip. He threw the lieutenant with a throttle hold, pinned him face down on the floor, and began to spank him with an open hand. "Yeh wud?" he panted. "Yeh little scut, yeh! I'll learn yeh."

The ring of men around him craned their necks and grinned apprehensively—with side glances over their shoulders at the door—like boys in malicious mischief. It was not only their revenge; it was so ridiculous a degradation of the lieutenant that they knew he would never be able again to face them with an order. "Gad," Corrigan cried, "if yer mother'd give yeh more o' this little

man, 't'ud be better for yeh," and laid on his slab of hand like the flat of a shovel. Scully, with his face ground into the carpet, ceased to squirm and struggle.

"Give'm a slipper," O'Neill called.

From the door, some one cried: "The cap'n's comin';" and the men closed in swiftly to separate the sated Corrigan from his victim, to lift Scully and bend him into a chair as if he had been a dummy, to hustle Corrigan behind the door and to shove into line on either side of the entrance like a crew of mutineers come to the ship's cabin with their grievances



*"I didn't think you'd 've stood aroun' an' seen me hurted'"*

"Long Tom" Donnelly supported Captain Meaghan in to them with a touching solicitude, and helped him to his chair. The dazed officer sat down heavily and put his hand across the back of his neck. Donnelly clapped his hat on him as he might have done on a drunken man. "Boys," Meaghan said under the peak of it, "I didn't think you'd 've stood aroun' an' seen me hurted. I've stood by you, many's the time. I've kept you out of harm's way in buildings that's killed whole crews—an' you know it." He lifted his face to them on a careful neck. "If you'd come to me with this trouble—whatever it is—an' *I* don't know yet—I'd 've fixed it for you—an' you know *that*, too."

The men shifted on their feet and cast their eyes around uneasily for a spokesman.

"I didn't touch Corrigan," he went on, "an' I wouldn't've if he hadn't struck me in the face here with a towel, without—without cause, either."

"Cap'n," Corrigan cried, shouldering

through the men, "I didn't mean to hit yeh. I didn't mean to. An' I wudn't've said what I did, neither, if I hadn't been crazy raw. That's the truth, now. I wasn't—I didn't know what I was sayin'. Scully'd got me so sore I was crazy. I wudn't've done it. No, I wudn't. I wudn't've done it." He shook his head with a sideways nod of affirmation. "That's right, an' I want to say I'm d—d sorry I did do it, what's more. But Scully ——"

The men muttered a hoarse chorus of assent. That was the root of the whole trouble. Scully——

"He's been pickin' on me, an' poundin' me an' chasin' me aroun' like—like the devil. An' down at the blaze, there, jus' because he saw I was done out an' about choked, he ordered me in again where there was more men thin enough as it was—an'—an' then that's how it was. An' when I knowed I was goin' to get fired anyways, I didn't care what I did. Donnelly there'll tell yeh if that ain't right."

Donnelly, thus appealed to, turned an impartial eye on Scully, who sat bending forward in a far corner, with a handkerchief to his nose. "This ain't my quarrel, Cap'n," Donnelly said. "I got nuthin' against the lieutenant, an' I don't know what *he's* got against Corrigan. But I *can* say this, Cap'n, if any man treated me in the way he did to Corrigan, I'd 've killed him—that's what I'd 've done—if I was strung up for it nex' minute." He met the captain's startled look with a solemnity that was convincing beyond words.

The men endorsed the statement with an unanimous and confused approval. Scully jumped up in angry protest.

"That'll do," Meaghan cried, in the manner of a magistrate. "I'm conductin' this."

The lieutenant fell back with a contemptuous snort that brought the captain flaming around on him instantly. "An' I can tell *you*," he said, "that you're suspended here, now. Not on account of what's been said here neither, but for what I've seen of you t'night——"

Scully interrupted him by swaggering past him to the door with his handkerchief to his face. Meaghan scowled him out and remained scowling thoughtfully after he was gone.

"Corrigan," he decided, "I'm goin' to report you to be fired." He got up with an air of authority. "Donnelly, I want to see you. You stay here. The rest of you men go to bed."

Corrigan spoke up. "All right, Cap'n. I'm not kickin'. I'm sorry I hit yeh. That's a fact. If I'd been right, I wudn't 've done it. Well, good-by, sir." The captain turned his back on him without an answer, and sat down at his desk. The men filed out moodily.

Corrigan stopped at the door to add: "Yeh needn't be afeard but what I'm gettin' the worst of it. I got to get out to-morrow an' look for a job. An' I've put in the best years of my life in the department, at that. I'm not much good for anythin' else. I'm sorry I hit yeh—for your sake—an' the wife an' the kids," he muttered to himself.

Captain Meaghan spun his chair around to him. "Darn you," he cried. "Go to bed an' shut up, will you? I got to see Donnelly yet, ain't I?"

"All right," Corrigan answered meekly. "I'm not kickin'. I'm done. Where's my pants?"

Now as it happened, the interview with Donnelly lasted so long that it was interrupted by another alarm of fire—on which "Long Tom," still in his underclothes, came bounding out of the office to get his boots and trousers from beside his bed. He saw Corrigan, in the adjoining cot, sitting up with his chin on his knees. "What are you doin' there?" he cried.

"I'm fired," Corrigan answered sourly.

"Fired!" Donnelly said. "Did *I* tell you you was fired? Get down to your place on the truck an' keep your mouth shut. I'm runnin' this trouble."

Corrigan hesitated for one moment of staring blankness, and then leaped for his clothes with the yap of a dog released from his chain. And that was the end of "Long Tom" Donnelly's personally conducted revolt. Lieutenant Scully elected to get himself transferred to another company, and Corrigan heard the last of his discharge in a gruff warning against losing his temper, which Captain Meaghan gave him privately. The affair, by the tacit consent of all parties, was never reported to headquarters; for, as Donnelly said astutely: "If a man on'y makes noise enough in a house sometimes, they don't want nuthin' but jus' to keep the windows shut."

*"'Yes, sir. I was thinking that I would bring in ten millions next Thursday'"*

# THE GOLDEN FLOOD

BY

EDWIN LEFEVRE

AUTHOR OF "WALL STREET STORIES"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH

## PART I

### THE FLOOD

THE president looked up from the underwriters' plan of the latest "Industrial" company — capital stock, $100,000,000; assets, for publication, $100,000,000 — which the syndicate's lawyers had pronounced perfectly legal. Judiciously advertised, the stock probably would be oversubscribed. The profits ought to be enormous.

"What is it?" he asked. He did not frown, but his voice was as though hung with icicles. The assistant cashier, an imaginative man in the wrong place, shivered.

"This gentleman," he said, giving a card to the president, "wishes to make a deposit of one hundred thousand dollars."

The president looked at the card. He read on it:

**Mr. George Mitchell Grinnell**

"Who sent him to us?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. He said he had a letter of introduction to you," answered the assistant cashier, disclaiming all responsibility in the matter.

The president read the card a second time. The name was unfamiliar.

"Grinnell?" he muttered. "Grinnell? Never heard of him." Perhaps he felt it was poor policy to show ignorance on any matter whatever. When he spoke again, it was in a voice overflowing with a dignity that was a subtle rebuke to all assistant cashiers:

"I will see him."

He busied himself once more with the typewritten document before him, lost in its alluring possibilities, until he became conscious of a presence near him. He still waited, purposely, before looking up. He was a very busy man, and all the world must know it. At length he raised his head majestically, and turned — an animated fragment of a glacier — until his eyes rested on the stranger's.

"Good morning, sir," he said politely.

"Good morning, Mr. Dawson," said the stranger. He was a young man, conceivably under thirty, of medium height, square of shoulders, clean-shaven, and clear-skinned. He had brown hair and brown eyes. His dress hinted at careful habits rather than at fashionable tailors. Gold-rimmed spectacles gave him a studious air, which disappeared whenever he spoke. As if at the sound of his own voice, his eyes took on a look of alert self-confidence which interested the bank president. Mr. Dawson was deeply prejudiced against the look of extreme astuteness, blended with the desire to create a favorable impression, so familiar to him as the president of the richest bank in Wall Street.

"You are Mr. — " The president looked at the stranger's card as though he had left it unread until he had finished far more important business. It really was unnecessary; but it had become a habit, which he lost only when speaking to his equals or his superiors in wealth.

"Grinnell," prompted the stranger, very calmly. He was so unimpressed by the president that the president was impressed by him.

"Ah, yes. Mr. Williams tells me you wish to become one of our depositors?"

"Yes, sir. I have here," taking a slip of paper from his pocket-book, "an Assay

*"'Ruin stares us in the face — you, and me, and everybody'"*

Office check on the Sub-Treasury. It is for a trifle over a hundred thousand dollars."

Even the greatest bank in Wall Street must have a kindly feeling toward depositors of a hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Dawson permitted himself to smile graciously.

"I am sure we shall be glad to have your account, Mr. Grinnell," he said. "You are in business in — " The slight arching of his eyebrows, rather than the inflection of his voice, made his words a delicate interrogation. He was a small, slender man, gray-haired and gray-mustached, with an air of polite aloofness from trivialities. His manners were what you might expect of a man whose grandfather had been Minister to France, and had never forgotten it; nor had his children. His self-possession was so great that it was not noticeable.

"I am not in any business, Mr. Dawson, unless," said the young man with a smile that deprived his voice of any semblance of pertness or of premeditated discourtesy, "it is the business of depositing $163,648.67 with the Metropolitan National Bank. My friend, Professor Willetts, of Columbia, gave me a letter of introduction. Here it is. I may say, Mr. Dawson, that I haven't the slightest intention of disturbing this account, as far as I know now, for an indefinite period."

The president read the letter. It was from the professor of metallurgy at Columbia, who was an old acquaintance of Dawson's. It merely said that George K. Grinnell was one of his old students, a graduate of the School of Mines, who had asked him to suggest a safe bank of deposit. This the Metropolitan certainly was. He had asked his young friend to attach his own signature at the bottom, since Grinnell had no other bank accounts, and no other way of having his signature verified. Mr. Grinnell had said he wished his money to be absolutely safe, and Professor Willetts took great pleasure in sending him to Mr. Dawson.

Mr. Dawson bowed his head — an acquiescence meant to be encouraging. To the young man the necessity for such encouragement was not clear. Possibly it showed in his eyes, for Mr. Dawson said very politely, in an almost courtly way he had at times to show some people that an aristocrat could do business aristocratically:

"It is not usual for us to accept accounts from strangers. We do not really know," very gently, "that you are the man to whom this letter was given, nor that your signature is that of Mr. George K. Grinnell."

The young man laughed pleasantly. "I see your position, Mr. Dawson, but, really, I am not important enough to be impersonated by anybody. As for my being George K. Grinnell, I've labored under that impression for twenty-nine years. I'll have Professor Willetts in person introduce me, if you wish. I have some letters —" He made a motion toward his breast pocket, but Mr. Dawson held up a hand in polite dissent; he was above suspicions. "And as for my signature, if you will send a clerk with me to the Assay Office, next door they will doubtless verify it to your satisfaction. I can just as easily bring legal tender notes, I suppose. In any case, as I have no intention of touching this money for some time to come, I suppose the bank will be safe from —— "

"Oh," interrupted Dawson, with a sort of subdued cordiality, "as I told you before, while we do not usually take accounts from people of whom we know nothing in a business way, we will make an exception in your case." That the young man might not think the bank's eagerness for deposits made its officers unbusinesslike, the president added, with a politely explanatory smile: "Professor Willetts' letter is sufficient introduction. As you say you are not in business —" He paused and looked at the young man for confirmation.

"No, sir; I happen to have this money, and I desire a safe place to keep it in. I may bring a little more. It depends upon certain family matters. But that is for the future to decide. In the meantime, I should like to leave this money here, untouched."

"Very well, sir." The president pushed a button on his desk. A bright-looking, neatly dressed office-boy appeared, his face exaggeratedly attentive.

"Ask Mr. Williams to come in, please." The office-boy turned on his heels as by a military command, and hastened away. It was the bank's training; the president's admirers said it showed his genius for organization down to the smallest detail. Presently the assistant cashier entered.

"Mr. Williams, Mr. Grinnell will be one of our most valued depositors. We must show him that we appreciate his confidence in us. Kindly attend to the necessary details." Mr. Dawson paused. Perhaps his hesitancy was meant as an invitation to Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell to vouchsafe further

information of a personal nature. But Mr. Grinnell said, with a smile: "Many thanks, Mr. Dawson," and Mr. Dawson smiled back, politely. As the men turned to go, he took up the underwriting plan and forgot all about the incident. It was a Thursday. It might as well have been a Monday or a Tuesday; but it was not.

Mr. Williams called up Professor Willetts on the telephone, who said he had given a letter of introduction to George K. Grinnell. He described Grinnell's appearance, and added that Grinnell had been one of his students, and was quite well up on metallurgy, but was not, so far as the professor knew, engaged in active business. He thought Grinnell had some private means. The Assay Office people had identified Grinnell and his signature. It was not much information, but it was enough.

On the following Thursday, after the close of the business day, Mr. Dawson, reading over some routine memoranda submitted by the cashier, found his gaze arrested by a line that told of the deposit of $151,008 by "George K. Grinnell." He sent for the cashier.

"What about this $151,000 deposit by George K. Grinnell?" he asked

"He deposited an Assay Office check, the same as he did last week."

The president frowned. He was puzzled.

"If he should happen to make any further deposits of this character, tell the receiving teller to say I should like to see him, please."

"Very well, sir."

The president turned to his desk again, and promptly forgot the incident — forgot it for exactly one week. On the following Thursday, shortly before noon, Williams, the assistant cashier — a short, stout man, with an oleaginous smile — approached his feared chief.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dawson," — the assistant cashier's habitual attitude before the president was one uninterrupted apology for existing at all — "Mr. Grinnell is here."

"Grinnell? Grinnell?" mused the president, frowning.

"He has just deposited $250,000 — an Assay Office check, the same as last Thursday. You said if he should —— "

"Yes, yes, I know," said Mr. Dawson sharply. "Tell him to be kind enough to come in." He muttered to himself: "That makes half a million in gold in a fortnight. H'm!" When Mr. Dawson *h'm-med* to himself it meant business — usually, woe to the vanquished!

He rose to greet the *h'm*-compelling depositor.

"How do you do, Mr. Grinnell?" He smiled with a cordiality that was more than mere affability and extended his hand. The president's grasp was firm. Wall Street said that his soul had been in cold storage some thirty thousand centuries before it came down to earth to animate the body of Richard Dawson. But Mr. Dawson, just as there are men who endeavor to seem honest by habitually looking you straight in the eyes, believed that strong pressure must indicate genuine friendliness in a hand clasp.

Mr. Grinnell smiled. There was not the faintest trace of hostility in the young man's smile; but it was not a fatuous smile, nevertheless.

"The cashier said you —— "

"Yes; I told him to ask you to be good enough to see me. I hope I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all. But I fancy *you* are very busy."

The president smiled in self-defense.

"Mr. Grinnell," he said, with a sort of quizzical joviality, "you have been a source of some — I'll own up" — with the amused smile of men when they confess to an essentially feminine sin — "curiosity. I tell you frankly that I'd very much like to know more about you — what you are doing, what you have done, what you intend to do. In the past fifteen days you have deposited with us a half-million in gold." He again smiled; this time interrogatively.

"Mr. Dawson," the young man answered, very seriously, though not in the slightest degree rebukingly, "really I can add nothing to what I told you when I first had the pleasure of seeing you. As I said then, I have not the slightest intention of disturbing the account, not to the extent of one cent, so far as I can see now. Indeed, you may safely assume that this money will remain untouched for an indefinite period. I'd rather keep the money here than in a safe-deposit vault. Still," with a smile for the first time, "if you think I'd better transfer my account to the Eastern National, or the Marshall National, to save you further —— "

"Oh, my dear Mr. Grinnell!" in a tone that conveyed to a nicety his shock at being misunderstood, "I merely wished to learn more about you from a natural business

curiosity. We certainly are satisfied if you are."

"Well," Grinnell said, smiling again, "I am twenty-nine years old, single, an orphan, a graduate of the School of Mines. I live with my sister at 193 West 38th Street, and I believe in a republican form of government under a Democratic administration."

"My dear Mr. Grinnell," said the president, with a look of regret to hide his annoyance, "pray do not imagine for an instant that I had any desire to pry into your personal affairs. You know, we like to take an interest in our depositors, just as we wish our depositors to take an interest in us. Your bank president should be your business father confessor. The time may come when we may be of use to you. I shall be glad to give you my best advice, should you ever care for it. And, Mr. Grinnell," with a smile, paternal to the last eighth, "I am a month or two older than you. I have had some experience in many lines of business, excepting that of Mr. George K. Grinnell," who did not accept the subtle invitation to confide. Then, with a final smile, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder: "As for your account, Mr. Grinnell, may it continue to grow! We can stand it if you can."

"I am glad to hear that; very glad indeed. I may take you at your word. Being young, I am, of course, very wise, Mr. Dawson. But I have hopes of getting over it. When my account becomes really respectable, I, doubtless, shall be more than glad to avail myself of your advice. I shall value it highly."

"It is yours at any time, Mr. Grinnell," said the president, shaking hands. He did not show any surprise at the intimation of greater deposits in the future. It was as well that he did not. On Thursday of the following week, Mr. George K. Grinnell deposited an Assay Office check for $500,000 lacking a few cents. It made a million of gold bullion which the young man had sold to the United States Assay Office, and of which he had deposited the proceeds in the Metropolitan National Bank. The president did not forget the incident when the cashier sent in a memorandum, but promptly summoned the official.

"Mr. Grinnell has become quite a depositor, I see," he said.

"Every Thursday he comes with an Assay Office ——"

"Yes, I know. It seems to be a habit with him. If he should come in next Thursday, or at any time, let me know at once. Don't ask him to come into my office, but let me know he is here, at once. Has he drawn any checks on us?"

"No, sir; not one."

"If he does, let me see it."

"It is — er — rather curious," ventured the cashier.

"Not at all," said Mr. Dawson curtly. The cashier left him without another word.

The advent of the strange depositor was curiously awaited by the tellers to whom the cashier had spoken. The cashier himself offered to bet his assistant that Grinnell would not deposit more than $500,000. The fat assistant decided to lose a five-dollar hat to his superior, and then to ask that same superior for an increase in salary. He bet that Grinnell would deposit a million.

"You see," he said, with a look of intense astuteness, that his device of intentionally losing the bet might not be too obvious, "he deposited first a hundred thousand, then a hundred and fifty; then two-fifty; then he doubled and deposited five hundred thousand. I think he will double again and deposit a million."

"Millions don't grow on bushes. I'll take the bet," remarked the cashier stingingly. His subordinate covered a chuckle of success by a woeful smile of self-depreciation. But his exultation over the increase in salary to follow the artistic loss of a five-dollar hat did not endure long. Grover, one of the receiving tellers, on Thursday hastily sent him word that Mr. Grinnell had deposited $1,000,000, and was being delayed at the teller's window on a pretext of attending to some clerical detail. The assistant cashier straightway walked into the president's room.

"Mr. Grinnell is outside, sir. He has just deposited one million."

"Very well, Mr. Williams."

The president walked out of his private office, through the corridor, into the main office of the bank. On one side there was a long, marble counter, surmounted by a bronze railing, having windows barred like those of a jail, behind which were imprisoned the tellers and the clerks; on the other, the plain walls, with the long panels of polished marble, and the high, little upright desks over the steam radiators at which the customers made out the deposit slips or signed checks. It was not unlike a church, this temple of Mammon, known in Wall Street as

"Fort Dawson." It had a look of austerity that impressed people. The clink of gold was aristocratically inaudible; the clerks habitually spoke in whispers, and outsiders felt this and lowered their voices instinctively. A bank which tolerated boisterous humor would have been not quite safe enough. This one repelled levity, and attracted deposits; it had nearly $150,000,000 of other people's money. Great was Dawson and his golden fort!

The president walked, hatless, through the corridor as though he were going to another department and met, quite accidentally, Mr. George K. Grinnell, who happened to be there.

"How do you do, Mr. Grinnell? I'm glad to see you," he said cordially. There was no pretense about his cordiality; the man had on deposit two millions. But it was not this particular man's deposit which caused the busy clerks to make mistakes in adding their rows of figures; they were accustomed to the fluctuating, semi-fictitious millions of the great stock-gamblers. It was that Mr. Dawson should be so cordial to any man.

"I am very well, thanks," said the young man. "So are you, I can see."

"You have good eyes. Well, what have you done now?" asked the president playfully.

"Deposited a little more." It was said calmly, not with theatrical nonchalance.

"How much?" The president, naturally, was asking for information he could not be expected to have.

"A million this time."

The president put his hand chummily on his customer's shoulder. "Young man," he said, in mock seriousness, "when will this nefarious work cease?"

"I'll stop when you tell me you'd rather I went to some other bank," answered Grinnell, smiling.

The president shook his head as if in despair.

"You are incorrigible. Well, come early and often. Drop in on me whenever you feel like it; glad to see you at any time."

"Thanks, Mr. Dawson," he nodded, smilingly, but Mr. Dawson felt non-committally. Mr. Dawson thereupon became serious. He could not help it, try as he might. He drew the self-possessed young man aside.

"My dear Mr. Grinnell, it is a great deal of money to have idle and, naturally, it is impossible for me to think it businesslike. If you contemplate employing it in the near future, of course, it alters matters. But, if we are to allow you interest on it, why ——"

"Mr. Dawson, pardon me for interrupting you. As I said to you before, I have not the slightest intention of disturbing this account for some time to come. I am not bothering about investments. They can wait. And I am willing to waive the interest. This may be unbusinesslike, but I am engaged in —ah — other matters, of greater importance."

"Yes?" with an inviting inflection.

"Yes; I am in love."

Both laughed. Then the discomfited president said jovially: "I don't blame you, then. Love before business, by all means." And with a final warm hand-shake, he passed on. But he resented what he considered the jocular evasion of the young man.

On the following Thursday, Mr. George K. Grinnell deposited two and a half millions — an Assay Office check in payment of gold bars weighing 120,543 ounces three pennyweights.

The president was disturbed. It was one thing to mystify the Street, and quite another to be himself mystified. He did not love such mysteries. They might be dangerous if left unsolved. He sent for the bank's chief detective, a man of much experience and ingenuity; really a confidential agent.

"Costello, on Thursday there will probably come to deposit some money with us a young man by the name of George K. Grinnell. He lives up-town somewhere. Ask Mr. Williams for his address. Learn all you can about him. Stay here all day Thursday. I'll come out and talk to him. Report at once whatever you may learn."

"Yes, sir. For the preliminary work I'll put John Croll on the case. Then I'll take it up myself. Have you any reason to suspect anything wrong, sir?"

"I have no reason to suspect anything. I wish to know who and what he is, what he does, and, especially, you must watch the Assay Office. He deposits large amounts of gold there. I want to know where that gold comes from. Find out all you can from the Assay Office people. See the truckman. Probably it comes from some mine. He brought me a letter from Professor Willetts, of the Columbia School of Mines. Say nothing to anyone of this."

"Very well, sir."

Thursday came. A stock operator, famous for his keen reading of conditions, which came from his possession of a marvelous imagination, combined with logical reasoning power, walked into the bank, and was impressed by the vaguely uneasy something in the air. He at once called on his friend, and occasional accomplice, Dawson. The president assured him that he had no news; wherefore, the imaginative plunger reasoned: "If it were good news he'd let me know, because it would help him to have me know it. The news, whatever it is, must be bad," and left the bank hurriedly. A few minutes later the stock market became very weak — the suspicious gambler was selling stocks to be on the safe side. But the president paid no attention to the whirring ticker in the corner. He was waiting for the arrival of Mr. George K. Grinnell. At one o'clock the president was angry. At two o'clock tne clerks began to call the bets off; they had a pool on the amount Grinnell would deposit. At half after two Mr. Grinnell walked in, wrote out his deposit slip very deliberately, and presented it, with a check and his pass-book, at the receiving teller's window.

"You are late, to-day, Mr. Grinnell," incautiously said the teller.

"Oh, you expected me?"

Grover was made uncomfortable. "You see, Mr. Grinnell, you've been coming here on Thursdays so regularly that we've — " He stopped abruptly as he looked at the slip, and the Assay Office check for five millions of dollars. He credited the amount on the pass-book very slowly.

Mr. Dawson came out of his private office. One of the clerks, who had been stationed at the door, had notified him of Mr. Grinnell's arrival.

"How do you do?" said the president cheerfully. "You are a little late to-day."

"So the teller was just saying."

The president was annoyed, exceedingly, that Grinnell should have learned that his arrival had been expected; but he explained smilingly: "Well, you have been so punctual on Thursdays that, I fancy, we've grown rather into the habit of looking for you. What have you done to us to-day?"

"Five!" There was a curious suggestion of defiance in the young man's tone.

"Five millions?" incredulously.

"Yes." Grinnell looked at Mr. Dawson calmly.

"Well, Mr. Grinnell — " The president paused.

"Well, Mr. Dawson?" returned the young man.

"Really, really," said Dawson, more excited than any of the clerks remembered ever to have seen him, "this is most extraordinary. It's — most extraordinary! Won't you please come into my office a moment?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Dawson."

They faced each other by the president's desk. Dawson did not know how to begin. Perceiving that the silence was becoming embarrassing, he said: "Kindly be seated, Mr. Grinnell," and himself sat down. In some curious way, no sooner was he in his chair than he felt calm, self-possessed. It was his throne. There, seated, he heard the speeches of men as from a height. Mostly he had heard suppliants for his mercy or for his favor. It had given him, through the sense of mastery, a great confidence in himself. It returned to him as he leaned back in the chair.

"Let us speak with perfect frankness. You have now on deposit in this bank ——"

"I'll tell you exactly," said Grinnell, consulting his pass-book. He added the figures with the tip of a lead-pencil. "Exactly $9,537,805.69."

He looked at the president. Mr. Dawson bowed his head, as though thanking him for the information. There was a pause. Then the president went on, slowly: "That is a great deal of money, Mr. Grinnell, to have deposited in less than two months. It is more ready cash, with one, or possibly two exceptions, than any individual has on deposit in any one bank in the United States."

"Indeed?" There was genuine astonishment in the young man's voice. Dawson felt it unmistakably.

"Yes."

"But there are so many very rich men."

"Yes; but their riches are not in the shape of hard cash at the bank. The interest on that sum at the current rate is more than a thousand dollars a day. It is what makes your case so remarkable — a young man, unknown in the business world, the possessor of a vast fortune in gold. It is bound to excite extraordinary interest."

"Then I am glad," said Grinnell, almost apologetically, "that I did not deposit more."

"What?" He was startled out of his bank presidentness, and stared at the young man with quite human amazement.

"Yes, sir. I was thinking that I would bring in ten millions next Thursday."

"Good heavens!"

"You see," explained the young man, very earnestly, "I thought that since this was the bank with the greatest deposits, after I had, as it were, accustomed you to this sort of business, it would be less noticeable than if I went elsewhere."

Mr. Dawson rose.

"This cannot go on. I *must* know where this money comes from!" He glared at the young man menacingly. His face had grown pale. Grinnell rose deliberately. He looked at the president so seriously as to produce the impression of a frown, though there was none on his face.

"Mr. Dawson," he said, in a voice that betrayed displeasure, "as I told you before, I have no intention of disturbing this account. As far as I can see, it will remain here indefinitely. I do not ask you to allow me interest. Should I change my mind, I will give you ample notice. If you wish me to relieve you of this burden, which you appear to regard as excessive, I beg that you will say so, and I shall go elsewhere. I bring this money here because I feel it will be safe. My private affairs, I am sure, can be of no interest to anyone. You have but to say the word and we part — the best of friends."

The president drew in a deep breath.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said with an attempt, not over-successful, at contrition. "You may forgive me, but I never shall forgive myself. But are you sure, Mr Grinnell, that you can tell me nothing of your — er — fortune? Remember, I have no desire to pry into your private affairs." He had a way of being polite, as though his very thoughts were punctilious. Wall Street distrusted his self-possession. People who have others completely in their power, and are self-possessed, are too dangerous for comfort.

"Well, Mr. Dawson, that happens to be one of them," said the young man. "So, you see, I can only regret that I cannot answer you."

"I will not press you, Mr. Grinnell. Ah! of course, I would hold in the strictest confidence anything you might see fit to tell me." He smiled. His smile, often, was that of a diplomat at a reception. His attitudes, the absence of nervous gestures, the poise of his head, all bespoke self-control. But he could not always control his eyes. When he was not sure of his expression he half closed his eyelids, and spoke very gently.

Grinnell shook his head. The president, at a loss for words, held out his hand.

"You've forgiven me?" said Grinnell smiling, as in relief.

"Mr. Grinnell," with a mournful shake of the head, "that is unkind of you."

"Oh, but I mean it! Good morning, Mr. Dawson."

The president escorted the young man to the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Grinnell. By the way, are we to expect you again soon?"

"Next week, if I live," and with a final smile that gave his serious face the indeterminately youthful look of people who have a keen sense of humor, Mr. Grinnell left the Metropolitan National Bank, faithfully "shadowed" by Mr. John Croll, formerly one of Pinkerton's "star" men and general sleuth.

Croll reported daily to his chief, Edward Costello, who in turn submitted a written report to Mr. Dawson. The young man had gone straight to his house, 193 West 38th Street, a four-story-and-basement brownstone front, purchased by George K. Grinnell on March 8, 1899, from Mary C. Bryan, widow of Mitchell J. Bryan. He had staid indoors all day. In the evening went out for a walk, accompanied by a fox terrier, and returned at ten o'clock. On the following morning at 8:30, accompanied by the same dog, took a long walk in Central Park; returned at ten. Did not leave the house until five o'clock, when he went to the office of Dr. Coster, the well-known eye-specialist. Returned to his house and took the customary walk in the evening. He lived with his sister, very quietly, according to the domestics of the neighboring houses. They paid no social calls and received none while under observation. The household supplies were purchased from shops in the vicinity, and paid for always in gold. On Monday, at 10 A. M., two heavy trucks owned by William Watson drove to the house and took each a load of bullion bars, painted black to disguise their nature, and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds each, which the men brought out through the basement entrance, and carried to the Assay Office. Mr. Grinnell drove in a public hansom behind them, accompanied by a powerfully built man-servant, who lived in Mr. Grinnell's house. A second trip was made. The

daily movements of Mr. and Miss Grinnell, of the two women servants, and the body-guard then were given in detail. They revealed absolutely nothing. On Thursdays, it had been learned, Mr. Grinnell went to the Assay Office, shortly after midday, and received a check for the gold bullion deposited on the previous Monday. The clerks there had been requested by Mr. Grinnell not to give any information, but Mr. Grinnell's name — an undecipherable signature — appeared several times on the register of certificates for the payment of bullion deposits. By crediting him with various amounts instead of one lump sum, no comment was excited, nor had the interest of the newspaper reporters been aroused. But they said at the Assay Office it could not go on unnoticed very much longer, unless Mr. Grinnell took bars instead of checks for his gold. They thought it an unusual case; but the employees of the Federal Government are not supposed to have any imagination during business hours. It is against the rules.

On Thursday Mr. Grinnell sent in his card to Mr. Dawson before calling on the receiving teller. He was admitted at once.

"Good morning, Mr. Dawson. I have brought you — " he took two bits of paper from his pocket-book, fingered them uncertainly, and finally returned one to his pocket. He went on: "Ten millions."

"Is that all to-day?" The president not only was not nonplussed, but actually smiled. He was a great man. Even his enemies acknowledged it.

"That's all. You see, I've been depositing a little every week in the Eastern National Bank. But I've decided to increase it to a million a week, and I wanted to ask you if the Dry Goods National also is to be trusted."

"Great heavens, man! When are you going to stop? Where is the mine? Can't I buy stock in it?" The president spoke jocularly. He had, on hearing the young man's words, determined to solve the mystery if it took fifty thousand dollars. It had ceased to be merely a mystery. It had become a menace. This made him calm.

"I don't own a share of mining stock. Do you think mines are good investments?" But the young man asked this altogether too innocently.

"*Your* mine would be." The president gazed fixedly at the spectacled eyes. Grinnell hesitated.

"I'll deposit this, then." he said. "Good morning."

But Mr. Dawson, thinking of disturbing possibilities, did not answer. The young man with his deposits of nineteen and one-half millions — and more to come — troubled the president. With that much cash, Grinnell already was a potential disturber of finance. With much more he could be infinitely worse — to the public and to the great moneyed interests. He could call suddenly upon the bank for his entire account, some day when money was tight, and stock pools needed it as a man's lungs need air, as a man's heart needs blood; and the stock-market would be convulsed, and guiltless millionaires suffer. Or, he could mistakenly lend it at such low rates of interest as would "break" the money market, and help fools or gamblers, but grievously reduce the banks' profits. Or, he could so misuse it as to foil some stock-market plan of Mr. Dawson's, or of his associates. There was no limit to the possibilities of mischief from an unknown but even greater supply. Money is a commodity, governed, like all other commodities, by certain conditions. Fancy a man who suddenly announces — and proves it conclusively — that he has an unknown number of millions of bushels of excellent wheat; imagine the effect not only on unfortunate bull gamblers on the Board of Trade, but also on thousands of hard-working farmers. But the young man's case was far worse. It was not alone his possession of much money; it was his having the gold itself! Money is only money, but gold is more: it is the measure of value. To disturb that was to disturb finance, commerce, and industry. The working-world would cease to labor, cease to breathe. In what would a millionaire's affluence or a laborer's poverty be measured; in what would men buy and sell, pay and be paid, if the young man's supply of gold should be so great as to disturb the value measure of civilized people? No world-disaster in all history could compare with this!

Dawson's mind, keen, imaginative, was made feverishly active by the stimulus of fear. Clearly, there was but one thing to do — important, urgent, vital! — to learn all about the young man, and the source and extent of his wealth; to make him an ally; to share in that wealth; and, in the meantime, to reduce to a negligible minimum the possibilities for mischief against the bank

which that young man and that wealth had created.

The last check for ten millions would not go through the Clearing House but, in order to arouse no suspicions as to the unusually heavy Treasury operations with the New York banks, Mr. Dawson would send the check to the Sub-Treasury and get gold certificates. The amount would be put in as a special deposit. It would not appear in the regular bank statistics, and would be locked up in the vaults, which would keep, for publication, the reserve down and money rates up — a favorite practice of this king manipulator of the money market — as well as strengthen the bank against Mr. Grinnell, should the young man suddenly decide to withdraw several millions at once. He attended to this and other business details and then sent for Costello.

"I must have the full history of Mr. Grinnell. Don't come to me without it. It is of the utmost importance. Go to work at once. I'll see Professor Willetts myself. Drop everything else. Spare no expense and use any means. Understand? Report at once anything you may discover, however trivial."

Costello was impressed. He had worked, in his life, on cases involving enormous sums, ingenious swindles, thefts and defalcations which had never appeared in the newspapers, the unprintable side of vast financial deals. But never before had he been dazed, as now, by the suppressed excitement of the man, steel-nerved and ice-hearted, who presided over the destinies of the greatest bank of America, of a power so vast that it was scarcely second to that of the Government of the United States.

The bank's detective staff, the existence of which was unsuspected by the world at large, was marvelously well organized. Mr. Costello's reports were lengthy. Summarized, they told the president something like this:

George K. Grinnell was under the strictest surveillance, his daily movements being given in detail in the reports of John Croll and William F. Kearney; but they afforded not the slightest clue to the young man's business. His daily walks in Central Park with his fox terrier — once with his sister — helped the investigation no more than the fact that he spent most of his time indoors. The furniture of the first floor of the house was described at great length by Mr. Kearney who, in the guise of a book agent, memorized it (*Report D*). Mr. Grinnell had three servants — one man and two maids. Every delivery wagon, and every person that had called at 193 West 38th Street had been shadowed — they were all tradespeople. One wagon was from Wilkins & Cross, the dealers in chemical and laboratory supplies. The driver, John C. Plummer, who was interviewed by Kearney and then by Costello, vouchsafed the information that Mr. Grinnell had a chemical laboratory, and for years had purchased supplies from the firm. Lately the supplies had consisted chiefly of crucibles, charcoal, coke, bone-ash, fire-clay, and other articles used by bullion refiners. Plummer was promised $250 for a complete transcript of Mr. Grinnell's purchases from Wilkins & Cross from the first, which he agreed to obtain, and was now at work on. The biographical data, obtained from divers sources, most ingeniously, showed that George Kitchell Grinnell was born in Middletown, New York, on January 1, 1873. His father was Frederick Hobart Grinnell, a druggist, who died in 1898. His mother died in 1889. He had one sister, two and one-half years younger; name Ada. The father left property valued at about $40,000, chiefly real estate in Middletown, New York. So far as friends of the family knew, it was all the property owned by George Kitchell Grinnell and his sister. The rents were collected and remitted to New York by Frederick Kitchell Carpenter, attorney-at-law, a first cousin of Grinnell. By Middletown people, George K. Grinnell was believed to be an analytical chemist in New York, with a fairly lucrative practice. Grinnell entered the School of Mines, Columbia University, 1891; was graduated in 1895 with the degree of Bachelor of Metallurgy. According to his professors he was a good, but not exceptional student. But had improved with age, one of them said, and was very well up on radium — perhaps better than anyone else in America excepting the professor himself. Was popular among his fellow-students, according to some of his classmates; was president of his class in his junior year; was an editor of the *Columbia Spectator* two years. After leaving college, spent a year in Middletown, in his father's pharmacy. In October, 1896, came to New York City. Was employed as assayer in the laboratory of Bangs & Wilson, 35 John Street. Left there the following year to return to Middletown, his father being ill. Was considered a competent and careful assayer and analytical

chemist. A fellow employee and he were interested in an electrical furnace. But no patent had ever been taken out in either of their names. Remained in Middletown until after his father's death. In 1898 came back to New York. Lived at Mrs. Scott's boarding-house, 169 West 48th Street. Purchased the house, 193 West 38th Street, in March, 1899, from Mary C. Bryan. His sister came from Middletown in the fall of 1899. They had lived there quietly ever since. On Monday two trucks — the same he had employed for some weeks — came twice and took bars of gold bullion to the Assay Office. He had deposited to date gold valued at $36,807,988. He had accounts, also, at the Agricultural National and Eastern National Banks, but there nothing was known of his business. His deposits at all these banks had been in the shape of Assay Office checks, and also in Assay Office bars, which made them think he was a mining man.

Professor Willetts could not tell Dawson much. He knew Grinnell as he had known hundreds of other students. He had never heard that Grinnell was wealthy, certainly not wealthy enough to be a worthless student. He remembered having recommended Grinnell to Bangs & Wilson as a good assayer. The young man's graduating thesis had been on electro-metallurgy. He was a pleasant enough chap. The president, on hearing Willetts' words, felt it wise to say nothing of Grinnell's enormous gold supply. The less people talked about it the better it might be for the bank, if things did not go right afterward.

On Thursday, shortly after midday, Mr. Grinnell sent in his card to the president. Mr. Dawson greeted him at the door.

"Come in, Mr. Grinnell."

"How do you do, Mr. Dawson?"

"I am worried, Mr. Grinnell. Very much worried." The president looked it. He always made it a practice of looking the way he said he felt. This time he did not have to act.

"Indeed? I'm very sorry to hear it," answered Grinnell — with a very good simulation of concern, the president thought.

"You will be sorrier to hear, Mr. Grinnell, that you are the cause of my worry."

"I?" The astonishment was not so great as a sort of uneasiness, which did not escape the older man.

"Yes, Mr. Grinnell, you. Have you deposited any more —— "

"Oh! I can withdraw it, if you don't care to have it."

"How much?"

"The same as last week." Grinnell said it diffidently, uncomfortably, as if he felt guilty of taking undue advantage of the president's kindness.

"Ten millions?" Mr. Dawson gasped slightly.

"Ye-es, sir," doubtfully. He evidently would have denied it if he could.

The president took a cigar and contemplated it a long time. A boy entered with a card. The president said sharply: "I can't see anyone." He threw the unlit cigar on the desk.

The office-boy hesitated; then, with a pale face said, "It's Mr. Graves."

"I'm not in, hang it!" shouted Mr. Dawson, whose voice, habitually, was so carefully modulated. "Go away!"

He arose and walked up and down the room. From time to time he snapped his fingers with a sharp sound. Grinnell looked on uncomfortably. At length Mr. Dawson ceased his walk, picked up his cigar, inserted it, very deliberately, into an amber cigar-holder, and lighted it. He faced the young man and said with composure: "That makes thirty millions of gold in two months."

"Twenty-nine and a half," corrected Grinnell, as if in self-defense.

"In round numbers, thirty millions. You have, also, on deposit in other banks, some six or seven more."

"I — I think," said Grinnell dubiously, "that it is less than seven. Let me see," eagerly, as if anxious to show that he was not so black as Mr. Dawson would paint him. "It's — it's —— "

The president waited.

"It *is* about seven," confessed Grinnell regretfully.

"Mr. Grinnell, I don't know whether you are familiar with finance." The president spoke quietly, twirling his cigar-holder, and looking at the ashes critically.

"Not v ry " hastily apologized the young man.

"You will pardon me for telling you that through ignorance of the responsibilities of your position you can inflict serious injury to the entire business community — injury, Mr. Grinnell, which, reduced to dollars and cents, might be many times thirty millions."

"I think," said Grinnell, a trifle dubiously, "that I can see ways in which vast sums of money would do harm if wrongly used."

"*Unwisely* used, Mr. Grinnell. And now, in view of this, I should be grateful to you from the bottom of my heart, if you could enlighten me as to how this gold came into your possession." He looked at the young man anxiously.

"Mr. Dawson," Grinnell answered, with a determined earnestness, "that is something I must refuse to discuss. I am sorry."

"Not so sorry as I. But I'd be even more grateful if I could know how much more gold if any, you have, not on deposit with any bank?"

"At this moment?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't tell, exactly."

"Approximately?"

"Really, I don't know, Mr. Dawson. I may as well tell you frankly that this subject ——"

"Is of great importance to me, sir, as the president of this bank."

"By withdrawing the account, then, I ——"

"You would not help the situation which you have created, Mr. Grinnell. Have you much more gold?"

The young man looked straight into the president's eyes. He said: "If it will relieve your mind, I can assure you that I have not much more."

"Everything is relative. What do you consider much?"

"What do *you?*"

"Say, twenty or thirty millions more."

"Oh, no! I haven't thirty millions more."

"Have you twenty?" persisted the president.

"Twenty?" The young man thought a moment. "No, I haven't."

"Ten?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Dawson," the young man said, as if jumping at a decision, "I'll deposit fifteen millions more in this bank and then I'll stop. It will give me forty-five millions, and I'll never bother you again; unless," he added, almost pleadingly, "you let me."

The president started electrically.

"You mean," he said sharply, "that you can get more?"

"You asked me how much more I had at present and I told you."

"I beg your pardon; you didn't tell me exactly. I should have asked how much more in all you expect to have."

"Mr. Dawson," ignoring the president's last words, "it seems to me that if I scatter the deposits among other banks in the city, I can't do much harm. In fact," he added, brightly, as if at a new idea, "I could open accounts with banks in Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, and other cities, where they would not be noticeable. And even in Europe. You could transfer some of the funds I have here to the big cities there, and then I could deposit an equal amount here, so that my account with you would never be above forty-five or fifty millions, and ——"

"My God, man! Don't you know that —" He checked himself abruptly. He went on very quietly. "Am I to understand that your supply is not exhausted?"

"I won't deposit any more of it here," said Grinnell conciliatingly.

"How much more is there in the mine?"

"There is no mine," answered Grinnell. The president felt he spoke the truth.

"Do you make it, then?"

Grinnell laughed. "That would be funny, if you thought I made it." The condition of the president's nerves was responsible for the wild thought that lodged in his mind.

"You are a chemist, a metallurgist? And you have studied the phenomena of radium?"

"Yes." Grinnell looked surprised, but not exactly guilty, the president admitted to himself.

"Have you discovered a method for changing other metals into gold, or for extracting it out of sea-water?"

Grinnell laughed again. "I am glad," he said, "that you are not worried now."

"Oh, but I am!"

"Mr. Dawson," said the young man, once more serious, "I am not such a very rich man as rich men go to-day. You, yourself, if what I read in the newspapers is true, have more than I."

"I wish I did."

"So do I. You probably would know how to deposit your money properly. At any rate, I can name a dozen men who have over fifty millions, and ——"

"I doubt it."

"And half a dozen who own over a hundred. The Waldorf family certainly do. Mr. Angus Campbell, of Pittsburg, is said to have three hundred. Your friend, Mr. William

Mellen, of the International Distributing Syndicate, is supposed to have five hundred at least. Why should a fortune of even a billion dollars raise a rumpus these days? It was inconceivable a few years ago, but it does not seem out of the way now. I realize perfectly how the sudden increase in the gold supply of this country could produce an inflation that might, in the end, prove highly detrimental to general business. As I understand it, certain financial laws cannot be disturbed with impunity, however praiseworthy the financial law-breaker's motives may be. But a billion dollars would not make such an awful lot, especially if it should be turned into circulation gradually."

"It would mean an increase per capita of forty per cent. It would be terrific," said the president earnestly. "Your argument is utterly unsound unless by 'gradually' you mean fifty years."

"I certainly don't mean any such thing. Supposing new and enormously rich goldfields were discovered, would that upset the financial equilibrium of the world?"

"It is conceivable that it could easily do so."

"I think that the world would adjust itself to the new conditions very quickly. Just now, the South African mines are not producing. Suppose that a new source of supply should yield one or two hundred millions a year? Or, five hundred, if it were distributed among all the civilized countries? I'd be the last man to make gold as cheap as pig-iron, I can assure you. But —— "

The president's face was livid. Dark rings had appeared, as by a stage trick, suddenly under his eyes. Wrinkles showed about his nostrils, like those seen in invalids after prolonged pain.

"Mr. Dawson, are you ill?" asked Grinnell anxiously.

"No, no," said the president, with a pale smile. "Your views are — er — I mean no offense, Mr. Grinnell, but they show that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

"I have been studying this matter for some weeks, Mr. Dawson," Grinnell said, with a complacency that almost made the president shudder.

"Pray proceed," said Mr. Dawson, with an effort.

"As I was saying, I have been depositing gradually —— "

"Thirty-seven millions in two months!"

"I have not yet enough money to be classed among the really rich men in this country. But I am young," with a smile that set a-shivering the gold-enwrapped soul of Mr. Richard Dawson. "I am keenly alive, I think, to the obligations of really great wealth, and I trust to do as much good in the world as I can. I mean to be a very rich man, Mr. Dawson. Of course, I could live comfortably on the income of forty or fifty millions; but I am going to do more than live comfortably. Man owes certain duties to his fellow-men which are neglected too often. Why," enthusiastically, "the possession of unlimited wealth in worthy hands would mean the realization of the beautiful dreams of those unselfish men whom you, doubtless, call Utopians, and Socialists, and visionaries. They are the men who believe that mankind, at heart, is good. They are the men who will revolutionize the world!"

"Revolutions mean disaster," said Mr. Dawson half angrily.

"Possibly disaster to a few individuals at first, but, in the end, happiness to the community," said the young man, with an inspired air.

"It is a question whether the price paid would not be disproportionate to the good obtained." Mr. Dawson spoke as though he would dissuade the young man, but not too strongly, for fear his words might intensify obstinacy. It was, unwittingly, a subtle admission that he thought the young man did not lack the power to make his dream an actual catastrophe.

"Whatever means the greatest good to the greatest number is necessarily good," retorted Grinnell, in a tone that permitted no contradiction. "A revolution, Mr. Dawson, is achieved by three things: By time, which is too slow; by blood, which is revolting; and by gold, Mr. Dawson, BY GOLD!"

The young man was looking sternly at Mr. Dawson, who stared back so fixedly as to be painful. On the president's brow appeared a microscopic dew; you would have said his brain was shedding tears of agony. He had visioned, not the revolution of mankind, but his own ruin!

"Mr. Grinnell," he said, with a curious, little, indrawn gasp, "I can only pray you to go slow. Don't let your enthusiasm lead you to precipitate an appalling crisis. You can do all the good you wish if you consider carefully all sides of the question. But, as you value the welfare of humanity, go slow, Mr. Grinnell. In God's name, go slow."

"Oh, yes!" said Grinnell. "I'm in no hurry. We will discuss these matters from time to time. In the meanwhile," he took from his pocketbook another check — the same that he had taken out and replaced at the beginning of the interview — "I'll deposit this additional five and one-half millions, making thirty-five in all, and —— "

"Tell me, Mr. Grinnell," interrupted Mr. Dawson, with a calmness unpleasantly suggestive of desperation, "is your secret known to others?"

"Which secret?"

"The source of your gold?" The intensity of Mr. Dawson's gaze had in it something ominous.

"No one knows."

"Ah!" The president drew in his breath sharply. He paused, growing visibly calm, the while.

"If anything happened to you?" he said. He meant his voice to show solicitude. It betrayed merely a strange and not kindly curiosity.

"My sister would know," answered the young man. "I've provided for that, of course. She would continue my plans, with which she is in sympathy, though she does not know the extent of my resources."

"H'm!"

"If I died suddenly, either from natural causes or as the result of some accident or violence, she would devote her life to carrying out my plans. She is really a remarkable woman. If she too should die suddenly, Mr. Dawson," looking unflinchingly at the bank president, "my secret and my history would be given to the world. It would make interesting reading; particularly to financiers, Mr. Dawson. I have written full instructions. The average man could not be trusted with such an opportunity to become enormously wealthy, but I have a friend who is above the temptation of sudden riches, who would be my literary executor" — with a faint smile, as at the hidden humor of the phrase — "*He* is a real socialist. He'd give you trouble, Mr. Dawson. And if he dies, there are three others who would then know the means by which I came to be one of your depositors."

"And your deposits?"

"If I died before I carried out my plans, what need to worry about this gold? If my sister died, she wouldn't care what became of it either. I think, Mr. Dawson," he finished, very slowly, "that the gold we left behind us would do neither good nor harm to the world."

The president sat down.

"Yours is a remarkable story, Mr. Grinnell, which I am compelled to believe. I must see you again."

"Next Thursday?" with a smile.

"Very well. I thank you for your confidence. I beg that you will not speak of your affairs to anyone."

"I'm not likely to. I didn't expect, when I came here, to tell you as much as I have. Good morning, Mr. Dawson," and he walked briskly out of the office.

The president gulped, as though swallowing a dry and obdurate morsel.

"We are undone!" he muttered.

He rose and stood by his desk, supporting himself as though the office floor were unstable and staring unseeingly at a painting on the wall — the portrait of his predecessor. He nodded toward the portrait and muttered drunkenly: "Absolutely at the mercy of one man!"

He nodded again. Then he said to the portrait: "I must see Mellen!"

He blinked his eyes as at a strong light. Of a sudden he pulled himself together, put on his hat, and hastily left the room.

He walked quickly up Wall Street to Broadway, turned southward, and entered the huge home of the International Distributing Syndicate.

"Eighth floor!" he said to the elevator man. The sound of his own voice, husky almost to inaudibleness, startled him.

"Eighth floor," he repeated, very distinctly.

Walking straight to a door at the end of the hall, marked "Private," he entered. The burly man at the gate of a railing said: "Good morning, Mr. Dawson," and obsequiously opened the gate. But Mr. Dawson made no reply; whereat the burly man wondered, for Mr. Dawson was a polite man.

The president passed, unchallenged, through two rooms, in which clerks worked at desks, and finally confronted the head of the syndicate, who sat at a flat desk. Before him was a sheet on which he had been making calculations with a lead-pencil.

"How do you do, Richard?" said the richest man in the world. He was a middle-aged man, quiet-spoken, brown-eyed; a face quietly alert rather than over-shrewd. His head was curiously shapen, broad above the ears and tapering slightly, though notice-

ably, at the top. Phrenologists spoke delightedly of the abnormal development of his bump of acquisitiveness, because they knew who he was; and of the absence of the other bumps, for the same irrefutable reason. But the very shape of it conveyed an impression of an unusual brain within it, though, perhaps, people who did not know who he was might not have been so susceptible to the impression. Great leaders seldom look like their imagined portraits.

"William," said the president of the Metropolitan National Bank, "we are confronted by the greatest crisis in the history of the world!"

Consternation appeared on the face of the richest man in the world, as though it had been flashed upon it by a stereopticon. It was not pleasant to see. His photograph, taken at that moment, would have impressed a stranger as being that of an amateur actor, inartistically expressing dismay — it was so exaggeratedly frightened.

"What has happened, Richard?" he asked tremulously, rising from his chair.

"William," answered Mr. Dawson, as though he expected unbelief: "listen calmly. Ruin stares us in the face — you, and me, and everybody!"

"What have you done?" cried the richest man in the world.

"Listen. Calm yourself."

"Are you — ill?"

"Oh, I'm not crazy! If I were, I'd tell you that a man is manufacturing gold at this very minute. And yet, that is what I think."

"What is the matter, Richard?" There was merely impatience now, in Mr. Mellen's voice.

"There is a man who has discovered an inexhaustible supply of gold. He will not stop until he has a billion dollars. He is a Socialist —— "

"What are you saying?"

"William, the man already has on deposit at the bank thirty-five millions, and he's been only two months at it. He has at least seven millions on deposit at other banks in this city. We must do something," and Mr. Richard Dawson told his friend and associate the entire story of Mr. George K. Grinnell. The richest man in the world listened with his very soul. There was danger of his being no longer the richest man in the world.

"And now," finished Dawson, "we must think, William. What are we to do?"

"It can't be true!" frowned Mellen. Then into his eyes came a frightened look. It passed and he said: "Absurd! It can't be true."

"It *is* true. The gold comes from his house, his laboratory."

"It's some trick, a plot." The richest man in the world had imagination, and was partial to schemes. "We must prevent him from going too far," as though that were the first thing to do before satisfying a merely personal curiosity.

"How?" The president was growing calm. If he was ruined, so was the rest of the world. He did not care for the rest of the world, but the thought braced him.

"Some legal action —— "

"Out of the question. There is no ground. Besides, the less publicity the better. William, we are in his power. But nobody knows it, not even he. Therein lies our safety. In the meanwhile we must — " He paused.

"What?"

"It is, obviously, the only step we can take." There was no one else in the room, but Mr. Dawson drew near and whispered into his friend's ear. His friend nodded from time to time.

"That," said Mellen quietly, with a sort of convictionless acquiescence, as Dawson concluded, "we must not do until we are certain that he can swamp the world with gold!" He picked up the sheet full of lead-penciled figures and began to tear it into small bits.

"Confound him!" said the president angrily.

"Yes, Richard," agreed Mellen, with an air that had a suggestion of conscious guilt. He never swore. It was a sin. He was the richest man in the world.

*(To be continued)*

# THE OLD RED SCHOOL-HOUSE

BY

EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE SWIMMING HOLE," "THE SABBATH-SCHOOL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

Oh, the little old red school-house on the hill,
(*2d bass: On the hill*)
Oh, the *lit*tle old red school-house on the hill,
(*2d bass: On the hi-hi-hi-yull*)
And my heart with joy o'erflows,
Like the dew drop in the rose,*
Thinking of the old red SCHOOL-HOUSE!
o-o-on the hill.
(*2d tenor and 1st bass: The hill, the hill.*)
—THE MALE QUARTET'S COMPENDIUM.

IF the audience will kindly come forward and occupy the vacant seats in the front of the hall, the entertainment will now begin. The male quartet will first render an appropriate selection, and then. . . . Can't you see them from where you are? Let me assist you in the visualization.

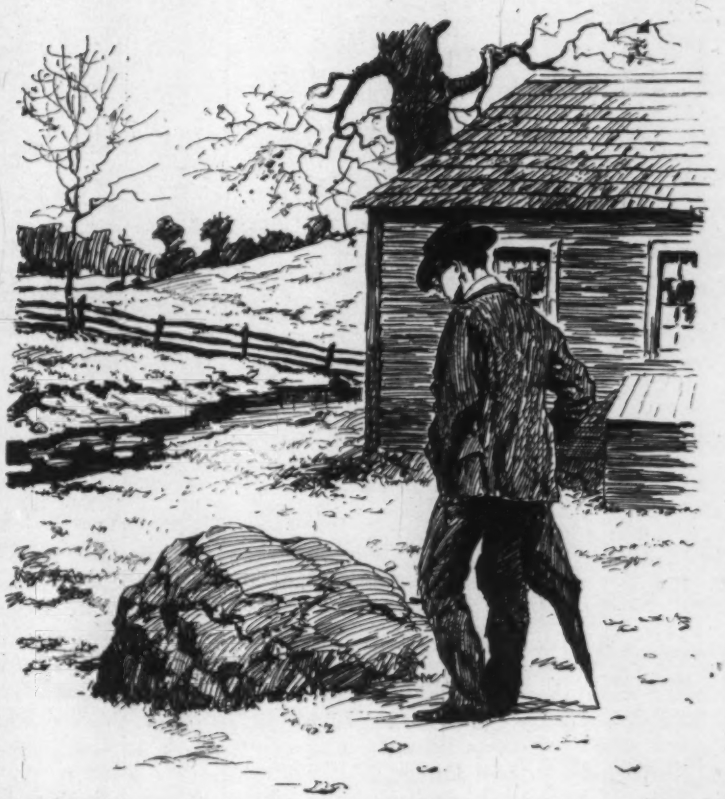
The first tenor, the gentleman on the extreme left, is a stocky little man, with a large chest and short legs conspicuously curving inward. He has plenty of white teeth, ash-blond hair, and goes smooth shaven for purely personal reasons. His round, dough-colored face will never look older (from a distance) than it did when he was nine. The flight of years adds only deeper creases in the multitude of fine wrinkles, and increasing difficulty in hoisting his tiny, patent-leather foot up on his plump knee.

The second tenor leans toward him in a way to make another man anxious about his watch, but the second tenor is as honest as the day. He is only "blending the voices." He works in the bank. He is going to be married in June sometime. Don't look around right away, but she's the one in the pink shirt-waist, the second one from the aisle, the one . . . two . . . three . . . the sixth row back. See her? Say, they've got it bad, those two. What d'ye think? She goes down by the bank every day at noon, so as to walk up with him to luncheon. She lives across the street, and as soon as ever she has finished her luncheon, there she is, out on the front porch hallooing: "Oo-hoo!" How about that? And if he so much as looks at another girl — m-M!

*The second bass*

The first bass is one of these fellows with

*I call your attention to the chaste beauty of this line, and the imperative necessity of the chord of the diminished seventh for the word "rose." Also "school-house" in the last line must be very loud and staccato. Snap it off.



*"the big rock on which we played 'King on the Castle'—the big rock so pitifully shrunken of late years"*

a flutter in his voice. No, I don't mean a *vibrato*. It's a flutter, like a goat's tail. It is considered real operatic.

The second bass has a great, big Adam's apple that slides up and down his throat like a toy monkey on a stick. He is tall, and has eyebrows like clothes-brushes, and he scowls fit to make you run and hide under the bed. He is really a good-hearted fellow, though. Pity he has the dyspepsia so bad. Oh, my, yes! Suffers everything with it, poor man. He generally sings that song about "Drinking! DRINK-ang! Drink-awng!" though he's strictly temperate himself. When he takes that last low note, you hold on to your chair for fear you'll fall in too.

. . . . . .

Doesn't it take you back to your *own* schoolhouse? Perhaps it wasn't little, or old, or red, or on a hill. It might have been big and new, and built of yellow brick, right next to the Second Presbyterian, and hence close to the "branch," so that the spring freshets flooded the playground, and the water lapped the base of the big rock on which we played "King on the Castle"—the big rock so pitifully shrunken of late years. But no matter what the facts are, sing of "The Little Old Red School-house on the Hill," and in everybody's heart a chord trembles in unison—we are brethren knitted together into one living solidarity. And this, if we but sensed it, is the Union of which the federal compact is but the outward seeming. It is a Union in which they have neither art nor part whose parents sent them to private schools, so as not to have them "associate with that class of people." It is the really truly Union.

If you would learn in fact the secret of our nation's greatness, take your stand, some winter's morning just before nine o'clock, where you can overlook a circle of some two or three miles' radius, the center being the Old Red School-house. You will see little figures picking their way along the miry roads, ploughing through the deep drifts, cutting across the fields, all drawing to the school-house, Bub in his wammus

*"Bub in . . . his cap with ear-laps, a knitted comforter about his neck, and his hands glowing in scarlet mittens; and little Sis, in a thick shawl, trudging along behind him"*

and his cowhide boots, his cap with ear-laps, a knitted comforter about his neck, and his hands glowing in scarlet mittens; and little Sis, in a thick shawl, trudging along behind him, stepping in his tracks. They chirrup, "Good morning, sir!" As far as you can see them you have to watch them, and something rises in your throat. Lord love 'em! Lord love the children!

And then it comes to you, and it makes you catch your breath to think of it, that every two or three miles all over this land, wherever there are children at all, there is the Old Red School-house. At this very hour a living tide, upbearing the hopes and prayers of God alone knows how many loving hearts, the tide on which all of our longed-for ships are to come in, is setting to the school-house. Oh, what is martial glory, what is conquest of an empire, what is statecraft alongside of this? Happy is the people that is in such a case!

The city schools are now the pattern for the country schools. But in my day, we still had some kind of a good time, though nothing like the good times they had out at the school near grandpa's, where I sometimes visited. There you could whisper! Yes, sir, you could whisper. So long as you didn't talk out loud, it was all right. And there was no rising at the tap of the bell, forming in line and walking in lock-step. Seemingly it never entered the school-board's heads that anybody would ever be sent to state's prison. They left the scholars unprepared for any such career. They have remedied all that in city schools. Now, when a boy grows up and goes to Sing Sing, he knows exactly what to do and how to behave. It all comes back to him.

But what I call the finest part of going to school in the country was, that you didn't go home to dinner. Grandma had a boy only a few years older than I was, and when I went a-visiting, she fixed us up a "piece." They call it "luncheon" now, I think — a foolish hybrid mongrel of a word, made up of "lump," a piece of bread, and "noon," and "shenk," a pouring or drink. But the right name is "piece." What made this particular "piece" taste so wonderfully good was that it was in a round-bottomed basket woven of splints dyed blue, and black and red, and all in such a funny pattern. It was an Indian basket. My grandma's mother, when she was a little girl, got that from the squaw of old Chief Wiping-Stick.

The "piece" had bread-and-butter (my grandma used to let me churn for her sometimes, when I went out there), and some of the slices had apple-butter on them. (One time she let me stir the cider, when it was boiling down in the big kettle over the chunk-fire out in the yard. The smoke got in my eyes.) Sometimes there was honey from the hives over by the gooseberry bushes — the gooseberries that had stickers on them —

and we had slices of cold, fried ham. (I was out at grandpap's one time when they butchered. They had a chunk-fire then, too, to heat the water to scald the hogs. And say, did your grandma ever roast pig's tails in the ashes for you?) And there were crullers. No, I don't mean "doughnuts." I mean crullers, all twisted up. They go good with cider. (Sometimes my grandma cut out thin, pallid little men of cruller-dough, and dropped them into the hot lard for my uncle Jimmy and me. And when she fished them out, they were all swelled up and "pussy," and golden brown.)

*"The smoke got in my eyes"*

And there was pie. Neither at the school nooning nor at the table did one put a piece of pie upon a plate and haggle at it with a fork. You took the piece of pie up in your hand and pointed the sharp end toward you, and gently crowded it into your face. It didn't require much pressure either.

And there were always apples, real apples. I think they must make apples in factories nowadays. They taste like it. These were real ones, picked off the trees. Out at grandpap's they had bell-flowers, and wine-saps, and seek-no-furthers, and, I think, sheep-noses, and one kind of apple that I can't find any more, though I have sought it carefully. It was the finest apple I ever set a tooth in. It was the juiciest and the spiciest apple. It had sort of a rollicking flavor to it, if you know what I mean. It certainly was the *ne plus ultra* of an apple. And the name of it was the rambo. Dear me, how good it was! I think I'd sooner have one right now than great riches. And all these apples they kept in the apple-hole. You went out and uncovered the earth and there they were, all in a big nest of straw; and such a gush of perfume distilled from that pile of them that just to recollect it makes me dribble at the mouth. Noon-time the girls used to count the seeds:

*One I love, two I love, three my love I say;*
*Four I love with all my heart and five I cast away.*
*Six he loves; seven she loves; eight . . . eight . . .*

I forget what eight is, and all that follows after. And then the others would tease her with, "Aw, Jennie!" knowing who it was she had named the apple for, Wes. Rinehart, or 'Lonzo Curl, or whoever. And you'd be standing there by the stove, kind of grinning and not thinking of anything in particular when somebody would hit you a clout on your back that just about broke you in two, and would tell you to "pass it on," and you'd pass it on, and the next thing was you'd think the house was coming down. Such a chasing around and over benches, and upsetting the water-bucket, and tearing up Jack generally that teacher would say, "Boys! boys! If you can't play quietly, you'll have to go out of doors!" Play quietly! Why, the idea! What kind of play is it when you are right still?

*"gently crowded it into your face"*

Outdoors in the country, you can whoop and holler, and carry on, and nobody complains to the board of health. And there are so many things you can do. If there is just the least little fall of snow you can make a big wheel, with spokes in it, by your tracking. I remember that it was called "fox and geese," but that's all I can remember about it. If there was a little more snow you tried to wash the girls' faces in it, and sometimes got yours washed. If there was a good deal of wet snow you had a snowball fight, which is great fun, unless you get one right smack dab in your ear — oh, but I can't begin to tell you all the fun there is at the noon hour in the country school, that the town children don't know anything about. And when it was time for school to "take up," there wasn't any forming in line, with a monitor to run tell teacher who snatched off Joseph Humphrey's cap and flung it far away, so he had to get out of the line, and who did this, and who did that — no penitentiary business at all. Teacher tapped on the window with a ruler, and the boys and girls came in, red-faced and puffing, careering through the aisles, knocking things off the desks with many a burlesque "oh, exCUSE me!" and falling into their seats, bursting into sniggers, they didn't know what at. They had an hour and a half nooning. Counting that it took five minutes to shovel down even grandma's beautiful "piece," that left an hour and twenty-five minutes for roaring, romping play. If you want to know, I think that is fully as educational and a far better preparation for life than sitting still with your nose stuck in a book.

You must have noticed that almost everybody that amounts to anything spent his early life in the country. The city schools have great educational advantages; they have all the up-to-date methods, but the output of the Old Red School-house compares very favorably with that of the city schools for all that. The two-mile walk morning and evening had something to do with it, not only because it and the long nooning were good exercise, but because it impressed upon the mind that what cost so much effort to get must surely be worth having. But I think I know another reason.

If the city child goes through the arithmetic once, it is as much as ever. In the Old Red School-house those who hadn't gone through the arithmetic at least six times were little thought of. In town, the last subject in the book was "Permutation," to which you gave the mere look that its essentially frivolous nature deserved. It was: "End of the line. All out!" But in the country a very important department followed. It was called "Problems." They were twisters, able to make "How old is Ann?" look like a last year's bird's-nest. They make a big fuss about the psychology of the child's mind nowadays. Well, I tell you they couldn't teach the man that got up that arithmetic a thing about the operation of the child's mind. He knew what was what. *He didn't put down the answers.* He knew that if he did, weak, erring human nature, tortured by suspense, determined to have the agony over, would multiply by four and divide by thirteen, and subtract 127 —

I didn't, either. I didn't say "substract." I guess I know — they'd get the answer somehow, it didn't matter much how.

In the country they ciphered through this part, and handed in their sums to teacher, who said she'd take 'em home and look 'em over; she didn't have time just then. As if that fooled anybody! *She had a key!* And when you had done the very last one on the very last page, and there wasn't anything more except the blank pages, where you had written, "Joe Geiger loves Molly Meyers," and "If my name you wish to see, look on page 103," and all such stuff, then you turned over to the beginning, where it says, "Arithmetic is the science of numbers, and the art of computing by them," and once more considered: "Ann had four apples and her brother gave her two more. How many did she then have?" There were the four apples in a row, and the two apples, and you who had worried over meadows so long and so wide, and men mowing them in so many days and a half, had to think how many apples Ann really did have. Some of the fellows with forked hairs on their chins and uncertain voices — the big fellows in the back seats, where the apple-cores and the spit-balls come from — knew every example in the book by heart.

*"great fun, unless you get one right smack dab in your ear"*

And there is yet another reason why the country school has brought forth men of whom we do well to be proud. At the county-seat, every so often, the school commissioners held an examination. Thither resorted many, for the most part anxious to determine if they really knew as much as they thought they did. If you took that examination and got a "stiff-kit" for eighteen months, you had good cause to hold your head up and step as high as a blind horse. A "stiff-kit" for eighteen months is no small thing, let me tell you. I don't know if there is anything corresponding to a doctor's hood for such as win a certificate to teach school for two years hand-running; but there ought to be. A fellow ought not to be obliged to resort to such tactics as taking out a folded paper and perusing it in the hope that someone will ask him: "What you got there, Calvin?" so as to give him a chance to say, carelessly, "Oh, jist a 'stiff-kit' for two years."

(When you get as far along as that, you simply have to take a term in the Junior Prep. Department at college, not because there is anything left for you to learn, but for the sake of putting a gloss on your education, finishing it off neatly.)

And then if you were going to read law with Mr. Parker, or study medicine with old Doc. Harbaugh, and you kind of run out of clothes, you took that certificate and hunted up a school and taught it. Sometimes they paid you as high as $20 a month and board, lots of board, real buckwheat cakes ("riz" buckwheat, not the prepared kind), and real maple syrup, and real sausage, the kind that has sage in it; the kind that you can't coax your butcher to sell you. The pale, tasteless stuff he gives you for sausage I wouldn't throw out to the chickens. Twenty dollars a month and board! That's $4 a month more than a hired man gets.

But it wasn't alone the demonstration that, strange as it might seem, it was possible for a man to get his living by his wits (though that has done much to produce great men) as it was the actual exercise of teaching. Remember the big boys on the back seats, where the apple-cores and the spit-balls come from? The school-director that hired you gave you a searching look-over and said: "M-well-l-l, I'm afraid you hain't hardly qualified for our school — oh, that's all right, sir; that's all right. Your stiff-kit is first-rate, and you got good recommends, *good* recommends; but I was thinkin' — well, I tell you. Might's well out with it first as last. I d' know's I ort to say so, but this here district No. 34 is a poot' tol'able hard school to teach. Ya-uss. A poot-ty tol'-able hard school to teach. Now, that's jist the plumb facts in the matter. We've had four try it this winter a'ready.

*"Teacher tapped on the window with a ruler"*

One of 'em stuck it out four weeks — I jimminy! he had grit, that feller had. The balance of 'em didn't take so long to make up their minds. Well, now, if you're a mind to try it — I was goin' to say you didn't look to *me* like you had the heft. . . . Like to have you the worst way. Now, if you want to back out. . . . Well, all right. Monday mornin', eh? Well, you got my sympathies."

I believe that some have tried to figure out that St. Martin of Tours ought to be the patron saint of the United States. One of his feast-days falls on July 4, and his colors are red, white and blue. But I rather prefer, myself, the Boanerges, the two sons of Zebedee. When asked: "Are ye able to drink of this cup?" they answered: "We are able." They didn't in the least know what it was; but they knew they were able for anything that anybody else was, and, perhaps, able for a little more. At any rate, they were willing to chance it. That's the United States of America, clear to the bone and back again to the skin.

You ask any really great man: "Have you ever taught a winter term in a country school?" If he says he hasn't, then depend upon it he isn't a really great man. People only think he is. The winter term breeds Boanerges — sons of thunder. Yes, and of lightning, too. Something struck the big boys in the back seats, as sure as you're a foot high; and if it wasn't lightning, what was it? Brute strength for brute strength, they were more than a match for teacher. It was up to him. It was either prove himself the superior power, or slink off home and crawl under the porch.

The curriculum of the Old Red Schoolhouse, which was, until lately, the universal curriculum, consisted in reading, writing, and arithmetic or ciphering. I like the word "ciphering," because it makes me think of slates — slates that were always falling on the floor with a rousing clatter, so that almost always at least one corner was cracked. Some mitigation of the noise was gained by binding the frame with strips of red flannel, thus adding warmth and brightness to the

color scheme. Just as some fertile brain conceived the notion of applying a knob of rubber to each corner, slates went out, and I suppose only doctors buy them nowadays to hang on the doors of their offices. Maybe the teachers' nerves were too highly strung to endure the squeaking of gritty pencils; but I think the real reason for their banishment is, that slates invited too strongly the game of naughts and crosses, or tit-tat-toe, three in a row, the champion of indoor sports, and one entirely inimical to the study of the "joggerfy" lesson. But if slates favored tit-tat-toe, they also favored ciphering, and nothing but good can come from that. Paper is now so cheap that you need not rub out mistakes, but paper and pencil can never surely ground one in "the science of numbers and the art of computing by them." What is written is written, and returns to plague the memory, but if you made a mistake on the slate, you could spit on it and rub it out with your sleeve and leave no trace of the error, either on the writing surface or the tables of the memory. What does the hymn say?

*Forget the steps already trod,*
*And onward urge thy way.*

The girls used to keep a little sponge and some water in a discarded patchouli bottle with a glass stopper, to wash their slates with; but it always seemed to me that the human and whole-hearted way was otherwise.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic — these three; and the greatest of these three is arithmetic. Over against it stands grammar, which may be said to be derived from reading and writing. Show me a man that, as a boy at school, excelled in arithmetic and I will show you a useful citizen — a boss in his own business, a leader of men; show me the boy that preferred grammar, that read expressively, that wrote a beautiful hand and curled his capital S's till their tails looked like mainsprings, and I will show you a dreamer and a sentimentalist — a man that works for other people. While I have breath in me, I will maintain the supereminence of arithmetic. There is no room for disputation in arithmetic, no exceptions to the rule. Twice two is four, and that's all there is about it: but whether there be pronunciations, they shall cease; whether there be rules of grammar, they shall vanish away. Why, look here. It's a rule of grammar, isn't it, that the subject of a sentence must be put in the nominative case? Let it kick and bite, and hang on to the desks all it wants to, in it goes and the door is slammed on it. You think so? What is the word "you?" Second person, plural number, *objective case*. Oh, no; the nominative form is "ye." Don't you remember it says: "Woe unto you, ye lawyers"? Those who fight against: "Him and me went down town," fight against the stars in their courses, for the objective case in every language is bound and determined to be The Whole Thing. Arithmetic alone is founded on a rock. All else is fleeting, all else is futile, chaotic— a waste of

*"weak, erring, human nature"*

time. What is reading but a rival of morphine? There are probably as many men in prison, sent there by Reading, as by Rum.

"Oh, not good Reading!" says the publisher.

"Not good Rum, either," says the publican.

Fight it out! It's an even thing between the two of you; Literature and Liquor, Books and Booze,— which can take a man's mind off his business most effectually.

*"'this here district No. 34 is a poot' tol'able hard school to teach. Ya-uss. A poot-ty tol'-able hard school to teach'"*

Still, merely as a matter of taste, I will defend the quality of McGuffey's School Readers against all comers. I don't know who McGuffey was; but certainly he formed the greatest intellects of our age, present company not excepted. Year by year, until we reached the dizzy height of the Sixth Reader, were presented to us samples of the best English ever written. If you can find, up in the garret, a worn and frayed old reader, take it down and turn its pages over. See if anything in these degenerate days compares in vital strength and beauty with the story of the boy that climbed the Natural Bridge, carving his steps in the soft limestone with his pocket-knife. You cannot read it without a thrill.

Not long ago I walked among the graves in that spot opposite where Wall Street slants away from Broadway, and my feet trod on ground worth, in the market, more than the twenty-dollar gold pieces that would cover it. My eye lighted upon a flaking, brownstone slab, that told me Captain Michael Cresap rested there. Captain Michael Cresap! The intervening years all fled away before me, and once again my boyish heart thrilled with that incomparable oration in McGuffey's Reader, "Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one." Captain Cresap was the man that led the massacre of Logan's family.

And there was more than good literature in those readers. There was one piece that told about a little boy alone upon a country road at night. The black trees groaned and waved their skinny arms at him. The wind-torn clouds fitfully let a pale and watery moonlight stream a little through. It was very lonely. Over his shoulder the boy saw indistinct shapes that followed after, and hid themselves whenever he looked squarely at them. Then, suddenly, he saw before him in the gloom, a gaunt white specter waiting for him — waiting to get him, its arms spread wide out in menace. He was of our breed,

though, this boy. He did not turn and run. With God knows what terror knocking at his ribs, he trudged ahead to meet his fate, and lo! the grisly specter proved to be a friendly guide-post to show the way that he should walk in. Brother (for you are my kin that went with me to public school), in the life that you have lived since you first read the story of Harry and the Guide-post, has it been an idle tale, or have you, too, found that what we dreaded most, what seemed to us so terrible in the future has, after all, been a friendly Guide-post, showing us the way that we should walk in?

McGuffey had a speller, too. It began with simple words in common use, like a-b ab, and e-b eb, and i-b, ib, proceeding by gradual, if not by easy, stages to honorificatudinibility and disproportionableness, with a department at the back devoted to twisters, like phthisic, and mullein-stalk, and diphtheria, and gneiss. We used to have a fine old sport on Friday afternoons, called "choose-up-and-spell-down." I don't know if you ever played it. It was a survival, pure and simple, from the Old Red School-house. There was where it really lived. That was where it flourished as a gladiatorial spectacle. The crack spellers of District Number 34 would challenge the crack spellers of the Sinking Spring School. The whole country-side came to the school-house in wagons at early candle-lighting time, and watched them fight it out. The interest grew as the contest narrowed down, until at last there were the two captains left — big John Rice for District Number 34, and that wiry, nervous, black-haired girl of 'Lias Hoover's, Polly Ann. She married a man by the name of Brubaker. I guess you didn't know him. His folks moved here from Clarke County. Polly Ann's eyes glittered like a snake's, and she kept putting knuckles up to the red spots in her cheeks that burned like fire. Old John, he didn't seem to care a cent. And what do you think Polly Ann missed on? "Feoffment." A simple little word like "feoffment!" She hadn't got further than "pheph —" when she knew that she was wrong, but teacher had said "Next!" and big John took it and spelled it right. She had a fit of nervous crying, and some were for giving her the victory, after all, because she was a lady. But big John said: "She missed, didn't she? Well. And I spelled it right, didn't I? Well. She took her chances same as the rest of us. 'Taint me you got to consider, it's District Number 34."

*"Old John, he didn't seem to care a cent"*

It's quite a thing to be a good speller, but there are people who can spell any word that ever was, and yet if you should ask them right quick how much is seven times eight, they'd hem and haw and say: "Seven tums eight? Why-ah, lemme see now. Seven tums — what was it you said? Oh, seven tums *eight*. Why-ah, seven tums eight is sixty-three — fifty-six I mean." There's nothing really to spelling. It's just an idiosyncrasy. If there was really anything useful in it, you could do it by machinery — just the same as you can add by machinery, or write with a typewriter, or play the piano with one of these things with cut paper in it. Spelling is an old-fashioned, hand-powered process, and as such doomed to disappear with the march of improvement.

One Friday afternoon we chose up and spelled down, and the next Friday afternoon we spoke pieces. Doubtless this accounts for our being a nation of orators. I am far from implying or seeming to imply that this is anything to brag of. Anybody that can be influenced by a man with a big mouth, a loud voice, and a rush of words to the face — well, I've got my opinion of all such. Oratory and poetry — all foolishness, I say. Better far are drawing-lessons, and raffia-work, and clay-modeling than: "I come not here to talk," and "A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers," and "Old Ironsides at anchor lay." (I observe that these lines are more or less familiar to you, and that you are eager to add selections to the list, all of them known to me as well as you.) That children, and especially boys, loathe to speak a piece

is a fact profoundly significant. They know it is nothing in the world but foolishness; and if there is one thing above another that a child hates, it is to be made a fool in public. That's what makes them work their fingers so, and gulp, and stammer, and tremble at the knees. That is what sends them to their seats, after all is over, mad as hornets. This is something that I know about. It happened that, instead of getting funny pieces to recite as I wanted to, discerning that one silly turn deserves another, my parents, well-meaning in their way, taught me solemn things about: "O man immortal, live for something!" and all such, and I had to humiliate myself by disgorging them in public. The consequence was, that not only on Friday afternoons, but whenever anybody came to visit the school, I was butchered to make a Roman holiday. But there is one happy memory of a Friday afternoon. Determined to show my friends and fellow-citizens that I too was born in Arcadia, and was a living, human boy, I announced to teacher: "I got another piece."

"Oh, have you?" cried she, sure of an extra O-man-immortal intellectual treat. "Let us hear it, by all means."

Whereupon I marched up to the platform and declaimed that deathless lyric:

*When I was a boy, I was a bold one.*
*My mammy made me a new shirt out o' dad's*
*old one.*

All of it? Certainly. Isn't that enough? That was the only distinctly popular platform effort I ever made. I am proud of it now. I was proud of it then. But the news of my triumph was coldly received at home.

I don't know whether it has since gone out of date, but in my day and time a very telling feature of school exhibitions was reading in concert. The room was packed as full of everybody's ma as it could be and yet not mash the children out of shape, and a whole lot of young ones would read a piece together. Fine? Finest thing you ever heard. I remember one time teacher must have calculated a leetle mite too close, or else one girl more was in the class than she had reckoned on. They recited together:

*There was a sound of revelry by night*
*And Belgium's capital . . . .*

I forget the rest of it. Well, anyhow, they were supposed to make gestures all together. Teacher had rehearsed the gestures, and they all did it simultaneously, just as if they had been wound up with a spring. But the two end girls had all they could do to keep on the platform, and it takes elbow-room for: "'Tis but the car rrrrattling over the stony street," and one girl—well, she *said* she stepped off on purpose——

We had our laugh. . . . Ah, life was all laughter then. That was before care came to be the shadow at our heel. That was before black Sorrow met us in the way, and would not let us pass unless we gave to her our dearest treasure. That was before we learned that what we covet most is, when we get it, but a poor thing after all, that whatsoever chalice Fortune presses to our lips, a tear is in the bottom of the cup. In those happy days gone by, if the rain fell, 'twas only for a little while, and presently the sky was bright again, and the birds whistled merrily among the wet and shining leaves. Now, "the clouds return after the rain."

It can never be with us again as once it was. For us the bell upon the Old Red School-house calls in vain. We heed it not, we that hearkened for it years ago. The living tide of youth flows toward the school-house, and we are not of it. Never again shall we sit at those old desks, whittled and carved with rude initials, and snap our fingers, eager to tell the answer. Never again shall we experience the thrill of pride when teacher praised us openly. Never again shall we sit trembling while the principal read the note, and then scowled at us fiercely with: "Take off your coat, sir!" Ah, me! Never again, never again.

. . . . . .

Well, who wants it to be that way again? We're men and women now. We've duties and responsibilities. Who wants to be a child again? Not I. Let me stick just at my present age for about a hundred years, and I'll never utter a word of complaint.

*Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.*

AN OFFERING TO THE GODDESS OF LOVES

FROM THE PAINTING BY TITIAN

# ALLEGORIES—PART TWO*

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

IT seems far from the calm balance of the last painting we were looking at — the Arcadian Shepherds of the grave Poussin — to the tumult in Titian's picture, now at the Prado in Spain, the modern name of which is: "An Offering to the Goddess of Loves." One might say that Italy, in which he passed all his working life — like so many others, an exile for love of art — had only a few lessons for the French artist: the lessons of Rome. But he nevertheless studied, with respectful mind, the works of the more living human art, the colorists of Venice. One look at his

* *Part One was published in December, 1904*

portrait in the Louvre, however, decides that the somewhat melancholy right-minded Norman thinker mirrored there, would follow the line of artists whose habits in art would allow slower study, longer reflection, and inculcate a gravity of appearance and a withdrawal from the crowd. Raphael, therefore, and the later Florence and the eclectic painters of his time, filled out the staid Frenchman's line of action. But he neglected nothing, according to Raphael's motto, and his paintings are a full expression of his mind. We have seen that he usually laid aside his more animated, more excited first impression, to refine upon variations which allowed more careful consideration, more choice of adjustment, or balance between the qualities of sculpture and of painting. He was a friend of Salvator Rosa's, and one might fancy the differing results of their secure discussions; for tradition tells us how the Norman painter was in the habit of conversing with a chosen few, fond, like himself, of intellectual contemplation.

How would the austere painter have cared for such a nursery frolic as the great Titian's picture gives it? And yet it is the less severe man who is by far the greater. There go all the babies as if tumbled out of school. But school has never troubled the little things; nor would their wings consent to remain folded on benches for the length of a lesson. For most of these little loves are winged, and those who are not, if any, would soon see them sprout, if needed. So they fly about, those that like, and gather fruit from trees above; the wish that every child must have before the days of climbing is answered at once for them. And others cry: "Come down, come back; there's plenty here, and we have baskets full." So they have and are cramming for dear life. But the fruit still drops down; some catch it cleverly; one big ball has fallen on an astonished baby head; in that land of allegory, fruit is always ripe and soft, and cannot hurt the softest baby. And others cry, "We have found a rabbit;" whereupon they tumble over one another for proper or undivided possession. You can see one winged one plunging from the trees right down on the frightened beast and its little circle of admiring owners. One baby protests at all this selfishness, his little face puts on the only mark of discontent, which would leave it if he too could get into the ring of fine proprietors. No, there is another: he is being choked by another from pure affection or because some one wants his apple as much as he. Two in our near foreground kiss each other — baby boy, perhaps, and baby girl — in that sudden affection we have so often seen. We can even, I think, make out which kisses and which lets itself be kissed.

And there will be a fight soon; a youngster in the foreground is aiming an arrow at another's apple — as in the story of William Tell.

Meanwhile, in all the big tumble, one has had enough, and is down on his back and is soon fast asleep.

Meanwhile, one of Mamma's girls — on the right there — calls to the winged ones above, with an empty basket held far out. Is it a request to fill it or a ruse to get them down out of more mischief? Far off a little circle of cupids dance in a ring with one long scarf to trip them.

On all this picture of baby bliss, of cheerful plenty, the statue of their Divine Mamma looks down.

My description is too trifling and familiar for the essential gravity of this gay scene. One can gauge how serious it is, on what a level of high feeling, of noble habitual expression, by thinking of the many pictures of cupids and babies, and pink flesh, and curly hair, that decorate the walls and ceilings of the eighteenth century; whether they smile in gentlemanly manner through English painters — Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others — or sprawl about in pure artifice through the decorations of French art which made their fashionable appeal a century and a half ago, and still continue that same success, from the very fact of their emptiness and that perfect indifference to real child life. As I said, this is a joyful scene, on a high plane of imaginative feeling. While they are more real, more absorbed in themselves, and less of actors than the little personages of the eighteenth century, whether portraits or imaginary beings, they are also, through the same grace of pure imagination, creations of the realm of poetry. They are what we should have liked to find in some antique painting, not yet discovered, where the habit of the healthy life and the tradition of a definite meaning might keep together, as they do in the statues, in the sculpture which remains. The landscape, of course, is beautiful. It has a Venetian record of charm; but the building or two,

*Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.*

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

FROM THE PAINTING BY POUSSIN

the church-spire far away, has never seen any such picture as that of these winged children. Perhaps some assistant, and one of great talent, put it in; perhaps that essential good nature, which especially marks Titian among the great artists — that indifference to many matters which are smaller — has allowed him to paint it in himself.

But the statue of the Divine Mother may well have been done, or done over, by some heavier hand; she seems hardly worthy of such an imaginary scene; and yet again, that extreme good nature may have put up with the sufficient representation of a statue, at a time when the antique and its remnants were not so easily seen, nor so easily copied.

I have said that the title of the picture, which is a new one, is a misnomer, and it has always been miscalled, as indeed, have most paintings; the *title* being a modern invention — absolutely modern. This is a "Story of Fertility" — of the growth and abundance of fruit, and the birth and abundance of children, and, as we have seen, there is no offering. Those good little winged children are thinking of themselves, and how good fruit is, and that is better than the nonsense of an offering.

It is on that higher plane, within that larger feeling, that the paintings of the Franco-Norman painter, Poussin, are conceived. They have, in that way, ample connection with such a one as this. Thus he is removed by sincerity and his intensity of meaning from the French painters of the time, and so many of his successors in France, who have thought that they kept his lessons. In the picture of his that I give here, we shall see him in his most natural attitude. It will not be as solemn, as defined as his greater works; it will not be, perhaps, a complete expression of himself,— therefore, not one of his own masterpieces, — but as it bears throughout its construction the mark of the first feeling and the first record of the dream, it has the advantage of placing us in the confidence of the painter's mind — as we have said, a fine mind, of grave intelligence, kindness, and serious pride. One of the many French painters who have carefully abstained from the dangerous favors of official patronage.

This is one of the mythological subjects, of which the times were fond; whose character would answer to the aim of Poussin's studies, which were meant to unite the qualities of the Italian Renaissance, just expiring, and the classical antique, recently discovered. In this attempt to be serenely wise, and to gather all together, he has often missed the record of what he also loves, and what he had all about him — Nature itself, in its ease and constant success.

In this picture, however, the story of the allegory of Echo and of Narcissus, we have an impression of Nature so easy, so unthought of, that the picture looks like a note of something seen. A little more clothing on the divine boy — a little more on the nymph — a very little, and this would be a record of something seen in Italy, and one might suppose that these were two shepherds of Southern Europe, each one outstretched at ease, on some day's excursion, but separated by some lovers' quarrel, some indifference on one side or the other; some of those things which spoil the best of days, under skies and landscapes be they ever so beautiful. We know the story:

The story of Narcissus runs on that he was but sixteen, and he might seem to be a boy and a young man as well. There was so stubborn a pride in his youthful beauty, that no girls made any impression on him. Echo, the noisy nymph, beheld Narcissus wandering through the pathless forest, and fell in love with him, stealthily following his steps. They meet, she repeats his words, and they do not understand each other. Believing herself rejected, she lies hid in the woods, and hides her blushing face with green leaves; she from that time lives in lonely caves, but yet her love remains. Care wastes away her miserable body; her voice alone remains; since then she lies concealed in the woods, is never seen in mountain, but is heard; it is her voice alone that stays alive. Thus had Narcissus deceived her, and thus, too, other nymphs that sprung from the water or the mountains. Some one, therefore, thus despised, lifting hands to heaven, said: "Thus, though he should love, let him not enjoy what he loves." Nemesis, the avenger, the goddess of retribution, the daughter of Jupiter, heard the prayer and assented. There was a clear spring, like silver, undisturbed by bird or wild beast, or bough falling from the trees, with grass around it, and a wood. Here the youth, fatigued with the labor of hunting and the heat, lay down, attracted by the spot, and while endeavoring to quench his thirst, pleased with the reflection of his own form seen in water, he fell in love with the thing that had no substance. Nothing

could draw him thence, but, lying along the overshadowed grass, he pined away, wasting by degrees, through a hidden flame; he laid his wearied head upon the green grass, and night closed the eyes that admired the body of their master. His sisters of the water lamented him and laid their hair, cut off, over their brother; his sisters of the trees lamented him, Echo resounding to their lamentations. And now they were preparing the funeral pyre and the torches and the bier, but the body was nowhere to be found; where he lay, they found a yellow flower, with white leaves encompassing it in the middle — the flower of the Narcissus, whose meaning is "to pine away."

The boy stretched out on the bank may be asleep, or may be just passing into the sleep that knows no waking. He frowns in some dream, and has thrown his limbs apart, as sleepers do in unquiet slumbers. Perhaps is he conscious that the nymph, Echo, is waiting for him to return, and that this feeling adds still more to the tedious tension of indifference. She sits in the half shade, below the trees, against the rocks into which she will later melt, and she waits also for a better moment or a better feeling on the part of the disdainful loved one.

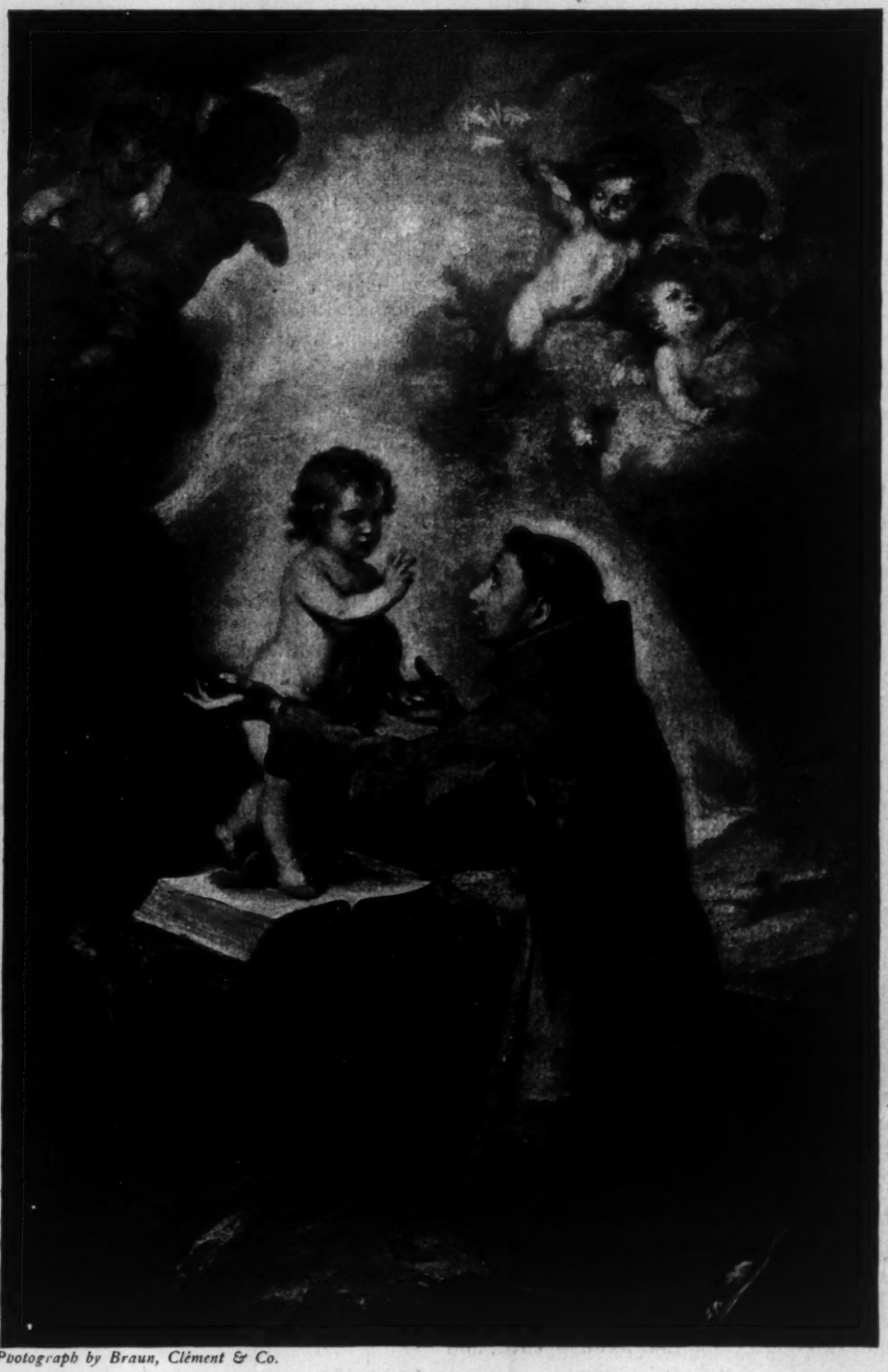
I have read these meanings into the text of the picture, but I believe that they are there, and the picture tells the same accustomed story. Here it is told by the lines of the figures, by whatever there is of expression in their attitudes and faces, in each line of the rocks and trees, and helps to give the look of despondent waiting, the self-abandonment, of drifting according to Fate. Of course, the charming figure of the little Cupid, with the extinguished torch, waiting unconcernedly for the waking up of the shepherd, helps the story, and helps the beautifully balanced composition. But, like the great Titian, and unlike so many paintings and so many compositions of its author, Poussin, it has all the look of the thing that has happened, of a record of life, and not that of a result obtained by giving thought. The note is rare in French art, and more than a century will have passed before another artist, Delacroix, will see again the picture of a story as a thing that has happened, and which he has merely transcribed.

The charm of child life, the physical charm, and its moral influence fill in another way, in the way of Christian devotion, the paintings by Murillo, wherein he used the fanciful legend of St. Anthony of Padua as his theme. He has varied the subject three times, partly because the story admits of various moments, and partly because a slightly different meaning attaches to each variety of treatment. And also, as we must always remember, some pious donor might have dictated the choice or has suggested it.

That romance of religion, the life of St. Francis of Assisi, in its baldest details seems full enough of poetic fancy and abundant allegorical meaning, without the addition of the delightful miraculous doings and the legends of what happened to him and to his follower, St. Anthony, when no one else knew. But whatever they may be, however strange, they are nothing but flowers growing out of the tangled growth of the eccentric reality. That angels should have conversed with them, or the Mother of our Lord, or Christ himself, is not more miraculous than the passage of these men through a world more specially cruel and distressing than its history has shown at any moment of record. The dreams they may have had when alone were nothing but a continuation of the dream they walked in, living again the life of Christ on earth in that form of Christianity they were born into. One of these blossoms of legend is the appearance of our Lord to Anthony in the form of His childhood, and of the Saint having held Him in his arms as had His mother eleven centuries before.

The Christ he worked for could scarcely have been more real at the moment of such a legend than he was to Anthony unseen in the ordinary course of life. For the painter, a Spanish painter in love with reality, and yet led and dominated by the ideals of mystic life, the stories of intercourse between this world and the other, in a tangible form, would be but an expression of the two sides of his nature. Throughout the Spanish art lives this realizing of the subject to the furthest extent that religious emotion has ever shown. To us of different races — even to those that confine with the limits of Spain — much of the result is almost hard to bear. A martyrdom, the Crucifixion of our Lord, the sorrows of the Saints — are represented with a physical participation in the story that is often painful. The Spanish taste, the Spanish intensity, has not only accepted it but has felt the need of it.

In some of the most extravagant forms which sculpture has allowed, the imitation of real tears, of actual blood, marks the faces



*Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.*

SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA

FROM THE PAINTING BY MURILLO

and bodies of the Saints and Martyrs. When on feast days these images, often astounding works of practical art, are dressed in real clothes, satins or ribbons, the addition of fact seems almost natural. So that we shall expect, as we shall see in this painting of the vision of St. Anthony, a real infant Christ, real angels whom we could handle, playing about or caressing the St. Anthony as true to fact as the Spanish mind could translate. For he has been usually translated and passes from a more balanced race to a fiercer and more intense one. Still, if the scope of these essays would allow it, I should add the image of St. Francis, as sculptured by Alonzo Cano, which is the most absolute embodiment of the ascete, oblivious of all but his divine dream. But the Saints of Murillo have not reached such a level. They are, as it were, portraits of the monks that he knew, and though their fervor is evident, their feeling is sincere, a something remains that has not been quite purified perhaps by the higher meaning intended.

And so, the young St. Anthony, with all his sweetness, is still a man whose affections have not yet passed through the fire of experience. Not as in the statue of St. Francis by Alonzo Cano, refined by the persistence of one single idea. But still there is a touching confidence, and a love of the beautiful in the expression of the Saint : he is wrapped up in the little Child, anxious to comprehend Him. Meanwhile the Child, standing on the Book as if that Book were His natural seat and origin, lifts one little hand in blessing ; the other rests for balance in the welcoming palm of St. Anthony. The Child's face is full of serious intention as He addresses His servant Anthony. He is not like the little angels, His companions above, who float in the shadow and light, as a sort of canopy, whose movements as well as forms are more like those of the great Titian, that we have just seen.

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# "THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY"

BY

## JOHN VANCE CHENEY

ONE comes with kind, capacious hold,
But through his fingers slips the gold ;
He with the talons, his the hands
That rake up riches as the sands.

One fats as does the ox unbroke ;
Never on his red neck the yoke.
The pale, stooped thing, with heart and brain,
On him the weight of toil and pain.

One longs, — she with the full warm breast,
But no babe's head does on it rest ;
On some starved slant a fool thought fair
Love's boon is thrust, and suckled there.

THE CONVERSION OF THE SENATOR FROM STACKPOLE

*See page 419*

# MRS. PROTHEROE

BY

BOOTH TARKINGTON

AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" AND "IN THE ARENA: STORIES OF POLITICAL LIFE"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

WHEN Alonzo Rawson took his seat as the Senator from Stackpole in the upper branch of the General Assembly of the State, an expression of pleasure and of greatness appeared to be permanently imprinted upon his countenance. He felt that if he had not quite arrived at all which he meant to make his own, at least he had emerged upon the arena where he was to win it, and he looked about him for a few other strong spirits with whom to construct a focus of power which should control the Senate. The young man had not long to look, for within a week after the beginning of the session these others showed themselves to his view, rising above the general level of mediocrity and timidity, party-leaders and chiefs of faction, men who were on their feet continually, speaking half-a-dozen times a day, freely and loudly. To these, and that house at large, he felt it necessary to introduce himself by a speech which must prove him one of the elect, and he awaited impatiently an opening.

Alonzo had no timidity himself. He was not one of those who first try their voices on motions to adjourn, written in form and handed out to novices by presiding officers and leaders. He was too conscious of his own gifts, and he had been "accustomed to speaking" ever since his days in the Stackpole City Seminary. He was under the impression also that his appearance alone would command attention from his colleagues and the gallery. He was tall; his hair was long, with a rich waviness, rippling over both brow and collar, and he had, by years of endeavor, succeeded in molding his features to present an aspect of stern and thoughtful majesty whenever he "spoke."

The opportunity to show his fellows that new greatness was among them delayed not overlong, and Senator Rawson arose, long and bony in his best clothes, to address the Senate with a huge voice in denunciation of the "Sunday Baseball Bill," then upon second reading. The classical references, which, as a born orator, he felt it necessary to introduce, were received with acclamations which the gavel of the Lieutenant-Governor had no power to still.

"What led to the De-cline and Fall of the Roman Empire?" he exclaimed. "I await an answer from the advocates of this *de*-generate measure! I *demand* an answer from them! Let me hear from them on *that* subject! Why don't they speak up? They can't give one. Not because they ain't familiar with history, no sir! That's not the reason! It's because they *daren't*, because their answer would have to go on record *against* 'em! Don't any of you try to raise it against me that I ain't speaking to the point, for I tell you that when you encourage Sunday Baseball, or any kind of Sabbath-breakin' on Sunday, you're tryin' to start this State on the downward path that beset Rome! *I'll* tell you what ruined it. The Roman Empire started out to be the greatest nation on earth, and they had a good start, too, just like the United States has got to-day. *Then* what happened to 'em? Why, them old ancient fellers got more interested in athletic games and gladiatorial combats and racing and all kinds of out-door sports, and bettin' on 'em, than they was in oratory, or literature, or charitable institutions and good works of all kinds. At first they were moderate and the country was prosperous. But six days in the week wouldn't content 'em, and they went at it all the time, so that at last they gave up the seventh day to their sports, the way this bill wants *us* to do, and from that time on the result was *de*-generacy and *de*-gredation! You better remember

*that* lesson, my friends, and don't try to sink this State to the level of Rome!"

When Alonzo Rawson wiped his dampened brow and dropped into his chair, he was satisfied to the core of his heart with the effect of his maiden effort. There was not one eye in the place that was not fixed upon him and shining with surprise and delight, while the kindly Lieutenant-Governor, his face very red, rapped for order. The young senator across the aisle leaned over and shook Alonzo's hand excitedly.

"That was beautiful, Senator Rawson!" he whispered. "I'm *for* the bill, but I can respect a masterly opponent."

"I thank you, Senator Truslow," Alonzo returned graciously. "I am glad to have your good opinion, Senator."

"You have it, Senator," said Truslow enthusiastically. "I hope you intend to speak often?"

"I do, Senator. I intend to make myself heard," the other answered gravely, "upon all questions of moment."

"You will fill a great place among us, Senator!"

Then Alonzo Rawson wondered if he had not underestimated his neighbor across the aisle; he had formed an opinion of Truslow which held him as one of small account and no power, for he had observed that, although this was Truslow's second term, he had not once demanded recognition nor attempted to take part in a debate. Instead, he seemed to spend most of his time frittering over some desk work, though now and then he walked up and down the aisles talking in a low voice to various senators. How such a man could have been elected at all, Alonzo failed to understand. Also, Truslow was physically inconsequent, in his colleague's estimation — "a little, insignificant, dudish kind of a man," he had thought; one whom he would have darkly suspected of cigarettes had he not been dumfounded to behold Truslow smoking an old black pipe in the lobby. The Senator from Stackpole had looked over the other's clothes with a disapproval that amounted to bitterness. Truslow's attire reminded him of pictures in New York magazines, or the dress of boys newly home from college, he didn't know which, but he did know that it was contemptible. Consequently, after receiving the young man's congratulations, Alonzo was conscious of the keenest surprise at his own feeling that there might be something in him after all.

He decided to look him over again, more carefully to take the measure of one who had shown himself so frankly an admirer. Waiting, therefore, a few moments until he felt sure that Truslow's gaze had ceased to rest upon himself, he turned to bend a surreptitious but piercing scrutiny upon his neighbor. His glance, however, sweeping across Truslow's shoulder toward the face, suddenly encountered another pair of eyes beyond, so intently fixed upon himself that he started. The clash was like two search-lights meeting — but the glorious brown eyes that shot into Alonzo's were not the eyes of Truslow.

Truslow's desk was upon the outer aisle, and along the wall were placed comfortable leather chairs and settees, originally intended for the use of members of the upper house, but nearly always occupied by their wives and daughters, or "lady-lobbyists," or other women spectators. Leaning back, with extraordinary grace, in the chair nearest Truslow, sat the handsomest woman Alonzo had ever seen in his life. Her long coat of soft gray fur was unrecognizable to him in connection with any familiar breed of squirrel; her broad flat hat of the same fur was wound with a gray veil, underneath which her heavy brown hair seemed to exhale a mysterious glow, and never, not even in a lithograph, had he seen features so regular or a skin so clear! And to look into her eyes seemed to Alonzo like diving deep into clear water and turning to stare up at the light.

His own eyes fell first; in the breathless awkwardness that beset him they seemed to stumble shamefully down to his desk, like a country-boy getting back to his seat after a thrashing on the teacher's platform. For the lady's gaze, profoundly liquid as it was, had not been friendly.

Alonzo Rawson had neither the habit of petty analysis, nor the inclination toward it: yet there arose within him a wonder at his own emotion, at its strangeness and the violent reaction of it. A moment ago his soul had been steeped in satisfaction over the figure he had cut with his speech and the extreme enthusiasm which had been accorded it — an extraordinarily pleasant feeling: suddenly this was gone, and in its place he found himself almost choking with a dazed sense of having been scathed, and at the same time understood in a way in which he did not understand himself. And yet — he and this most unusual lady had been so mutually conscious of each other in their mysterious in-

terchange that he felt almost acquainted with her. Why, then, should his head be hot with resentment? Nobody had *said* anything to him!

He seized upon the fattest of the expensive books supplied to him by the State, opened it with emphasis and began not to read it, with abysmal abstraction, tinglingly alert to the circumstance that Truslow was holding a low-toned but lively conversation with the unknown. Her laugh came to him, at once musical, quiet, and of a quality which irritated him into saying bitterly to himself that he guessed there was just as much refinement in Stackpole as there was in the Capital City, and just as many old families! The clerk calling his vote upon the "Baseball Bill" at that moment, he roared "No!" in a tone that was profane. It seemed to him that he was avenging himself upon somebody for something and it gave him a great deal of satisfaction.

He returned immediately to his imitation of Archimedes, only relaxing the intensity of his attention to the text (which blurred into jargon before his fixed gaze) when he heard that light laugh again. He pursed his lips, looked up at the ceiling as if slightly puzzled by some profound question beyond the reach of womankind; solved it almost immediately, and, setting his hand to pen and paper, wrote the capital letter "O" several hundred times on note-paper furnished by the State. So oblivious was he, apparently, to everything but the question of statecraft which occupied him, that he did not even look up when the morning's session was adjourned and the lawmakers began to pass noisily out, until Truslow stretched an arm across the aisle and touched him lightly upon the shoulder.

"In a moment, Senator!" answered Alonzo in his deepest chest tones. He made it a very short moment, indeed, for he had a wild, breath-taking suspicion of what was coming.

"I want you to meet Mrs. Protheroe, Senator," said Truslow, rising, as Rawson, after folding his writings with infinite care, placed them in his breast pocket.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, ma'am," Alonzo said in a loud, firm voice, as he got to his feet, though the place grew vague about him when the lady stretched a charming, slender, gloved hand to him across Truslow's desk. He gave it several solemn shakes.

"We shouldn't have disturbed you, perhaps?" she asked, smiling radiantly upon him. "You were at some important work, I'm afraid."

He met her eyes again, and their beauty and the thoughtful kindliness of them fairly took his breath. "I am the chairman, ma'am," he replied, swallowing, "of the committee on drains and dikes."

"I knew it was something of great moment," she said gravely, "but I was anxious to tell you that I was interested in your speech."

A few minutes later, without knowing how he had got his hat and coat from the cloakroom, Alonzo Rawson found himself walking slowly through the marble vistas of the State-house to the great outer doors with the lady and Truslow. They were talking inconsequently of the weather, and of various legislators, but Alonzo did not know it. He vaguely formed replies to her questions and he hardly realized what the questions were; he was too stirringly conscious of the rich quiet of her voice and of the caress of the gray fur of her cloak when the back of his hand touched it — rather accidentally — now and then, as they moved on together.

It was a cold, quick air to which they emerged and Alonzo, daring to look at her, found that she had pulled the veil down over her face, the color of which, in the keen wind, was like that of June roses seen through morning mists. At the curb a long, low, rakish, black automobile was in waiting, the driver a mere indistinguishable cylinder of fur.

Truslow, opening the little door of the tonneau, offered his hand to the lady. "Come over to the club, Senator, and lunch with me," he said. "Mrs. Protheroe won't mind dropping us there on her way."

That was an eerie ride for Alonzo, whose feet were falling upon strange places. His pulses danced wildly and his eyes swam with the tears of unlawful speed, but his big ungloved hand tingled not with the cold so much as with the touch of that divine gray fur upon his little finger.

"You intend to make many speeches, Mr. Truslow tells me," he heard the rich voice saying.

"Yes ma'am," he summoned himself to answer. "I expect I will. Yes ma'am." He paused, and then repeated, "Yes ma'am."

She looked at him for a moment. "But you will do some work, too, won't you?" she asked slowly.

Her intention in this passed by Alonzo at the time. "Yes ma'am," he answered. "The committee work interests me greatly, especially drains and dikes."

"I have heard," she said, as if searching his opinion, "that almost as much is accomplished in the committee-rooms as on the floor? There — and in the lobby and in the hotels and clubs?"

"I don't have much to do with that!" he returned quickly. "I guess none of them lobbyists will get much out of me! I even sent back all their railroad tickets. They needn't come near me!"

After a pause which she may have filled with unexpressed admiration, she ventured, almost timidly: "Do you remember that it was said that Napoleon once attributed the secret of his power over other men to one quality?"

"I am an admirer of Napoleon," returned the Senator from Stackpole. "I admire all great men."

"He said that he held men by his reserve."

"It can be done," observed Alonzo, and stopped, feeling that it was more reserved to add nothing to the sentence.

"But I suppose that such a policy," she smiled upon him inquiringly, "wouldn't have helped him much with women."

"No," he agreed immediately. "My opinion is that a man ought to tell a *good* woman everything. What is more sacred than —— "

The car, turning a corner much too quickly, performed a gymnastic squirm about an unexpected street-car and the speech ended in a gasp, as Alonzo, not of his own volition, half rose and pressed his cheek closely against hers. Instantaneous as it was, his heart leaped violently, but not with fear. Could all the things of his life that had seemed beautiful have been compressed into one instant, it would not have brought him even the suggestion of the wild shock of joy of that one, wherein he knew the glamorous perfume of Mrs. Protheroe's brown hair and felt her cold cheek firm against his, with only the gray veil between.

"I'm afraid this driver of mine will kill me some day," she said, laughing and composedly straightening her hat. "Do you care for big machines?"

"Yes ma'am," he answered huskily. "I haven't been in many."

"Then I'll take you again," said Mrs. Protheroe. "If you like I'll come down to the State-house and take you out for a run in the country."

"When?" said the lost young man, staring at her with his mouth open. "When?"

"Saturday afternoon if you like. I'll be there at two."

They were in front of the club and Truslow had already jumped out. Mrs. Protheroe gave him her hand and they exchanged a glance significant of something more than a friendly good-by. Indeed, one might have hazarded that there was something almost businesslike about it. The confused Senator from Stackpole, climbing out reluctantly, observed it not, nor could he have understood, even if he had seen, that delicate signal which passed between his two companions.

When he was upon the ground Mrs. Protheroe extended her hand without speaking, but her lips formed the word, "Saturday." Then she was carried away quickly, while Alonzo, his heart hammering, stood looking after her, born into a strange world, the touch of the gray fur upon his little finger, the odor of her hair faintly about him, one side of his face red, the other pale.

"And this is Wednesday," he said, half aloud.

"Come on, Senator." Truslow took his arm and turned him toward the club doors.

The other looked upon his new friend vaguely. "Why, I forgot to thank her for the ride," he said.

"You'll have other chances, Senator," Truslow reassured him. "Mrs. Protheroe has a hobby for studying politics and she expects to come down often. She has plenty of time — she's a widow, you know."

"I hope you didn't think," exclaimed Alonzo indignantly, "that I thought she was a married woman!"

After lunch they walked back to the State-house together, Truslow regarding his thoughtful companion with sidelong whimsicalness. Mrs. Protheroe's question, suggestive of a difference between work and speechmaking, had recurred to Alonzo, and he had determined to make himself felt, off the floor as well as upon it. He set to this with a fine energy, that afternoon, in his committee-room, and the Senator from Stackpole knew his subject. On drains and dikes he had no equal. He spoke convincingly to his colleagues of the committee upon every bill that was before them, and he compelled their humblest respect. He went earnestly at it,

indeed, and sat very late that night, in his small room at a near-by boarding-house, studying bills, trying to keep his mind upon them and not to think of his strange morning and of Saturday. Finally his neighbor in the next room, Senator Ezra Trumbull, long abed, was awakened by his praying and groaned slightly. Trumbull meant to speak to Rawson about his prayers, for he was an early one to bed and they woke him every night. The partition was flimsy and Alonzo addressed his Maker in the loud voice of those accustomed to talking across wide out-of-door spaces. Trumbull considered it especially unnecessary in the city, though, as a citizen of a county which loved but little his neighbor's district, he felt that in Stackpole there was good reason for a person to shout his prayers at the top of his voice and even then have small chance to carry through the distance. Still, it was a delicate matter to mention and he put it off from day to day.

Thursday passed slowly for Alonzo Rawson, nor was his voice lifted in debate. There was little but routine; and the main interest of the chamber was in the lobbying that was being done upon the "Sunday Baseball Bill" which had passed to its third reading and would come up for final disposition within a fortnight. This was the measure which Alonzo had set his heart upon defeating. It was a simple enough bill: it provided, in substance, that baseball might be played on Sunday by professionals in the State capital, which was proud of its league team. Naturally, it was denounced by clergymen, and deputations of ministers and committees from women's religious societies were constantly arriving at the State-house to protest against its passage. The Senator from Stackpole reassured all of these with whom he talked, and he was one of their staunchest allies and supporters. He was active in leading the wavering among his colleagues, or even the inimical, out to meet and face the deputations. It was in this occupation that he was engaged, on Friday afternoon, when he received a shock.

A committeee of women from a church society was waiting in the corridor, and he had rounded-up a reluctant half-dozen senators and led them forth to be interrogated as to their intentions regarding the bill. The committee and the lawmakers soon distributed themselves into little argumentative clumps and Alonzo found himself in the center of these, with one of the ladies who had unfortunately — but, in her enthusiasm, without misgivings — begun a reproachful appeal to an advocate of the bill whose name was Goldstein.

"Senator Goldstein," she exclaimed, "I could not believe it when I heard that you were in favor of this measure! I have heard my husband speak in the highest terms of your old father. May I ask you what *be*thinks of it? If you voted for the desecration of Sunday by a low baseball game, could you dare go home and face that good old man?"

"Yes, madam," said Goldstein mildly; "we are *both* Jews."

A low laugh rippled out from near-by, and Alonzo, turning almost violently, beheld his lady of the furs. She was leaning back against a broad pilaster, her hands sweeping the same big coat behind her, her face turned toward him, but her eyes, sparklingly delighted, resting upon Goldstein. Under the broad fur hat she made a picture as enraging, to Alonzo Rawson, as it was bewitching. She appeared not to see him, to be quite unconscious of him — and he believed it. Truslow and five or six members of both houses were about her, and they all seemed to be bending eagerly toward her. Alonzo was furious with her.

Her laugh lingered upon the air for a moment, then her glance swept round the other way, omitting the Senator from Stackpole, who, immediately putting into practice a reserve which would have astonished Napoleon, swung about and quitted the deputation without a word of farewell or explanation. He turned into the cloakroom and paced the floor for three minutes with a malevolence which awed the colored attendants into not brushing his coat; but, when he returned to the corridor, cautious inquiries addressed to the tobacconist elicited the information that the handsome lady with Senator Truslow had departed.

Truslow himself had not gone. He was lounging in his seat when Alonzo returned and was genially talkative. The latter refrained from replying in kind, not altogether out of reserve, but more because of a dim suspicion (which rose within him, the third time Truslow called him "Senator" in one sentence) that his first opinion of the young man as a light-minded person might have been correct.

There was no session the following afternoon, but Alonzo watched the street from the windows of his committee-room, which overlooked the splendid breadth of stone steps leading down from the great doors to the pavement. There were some big bookcases in the room, whose glass doors served as mirrors in which he more and more sternly regarded the soft image of an entirely new gray satin tie, while the conviction grew within him that (arguing from her behavior of the previous day) she would not come, and that the Stackpole girls were nobler by far at heart than many who might wear a king's-ransom's-worth of jewels round their throats at the opera-house in a large city. This sentiment was heartily confirmed by the clock when it marked half-past two. He faced the bookcase doors and struck his breast, his open hand falling across the gray tie with tragic violence; after which, turning for the last time to the windows, he uttered a loud exclamation and, laying hands upon an ulster and a gray felt hat, each as new as the satin tie, ran hurriedly from the room. The black automobile was waiting.

"I thought it possible you might see me from the windows," said Mrs. Protheroe as he opened the little door.

"I was just coming out," he returned, gasping for breath. "I thought — from yesterday — you'd probably forgotten."

"Why 'from yesterday'?" she asked.

"I thought — I thought — " He faltered to a stop as the full glorious sense of her presence overcame him. She wore the same veil.

"You thought I did not see you yesterday in the corridor?"

"I thought you might have acted more — more —— "

"More cordially?"

"Well," he said, looking down at his hands, "more like you knew we'd been introduced."

At that she sat silent, looking away from him, and he, daring a quick glance at her, found that he might let his eyes remain upon her face. That was a dangerous place for eyes to rest, yet Alonzo Rawson was anxious for the risk. The car flew along the even asphalt on its way to the country, like a wild goose on a long slant of wind, and, with his foolish fury melted inexplicably into honey, Alonzo looked at her — and looked at her — till he would have given an arm to have another quick corner and a street-car send his cheek against that veiled, cold cheek of hers again. It was not until they reached the alternate vacant lots and bleak Queen Anne cottages of the city's ragged edge that she broke the silence.

"You were talking to someone else," she said almost inaudibly.

"Yes ma'am, Goldstein, but —— "

"Oh, no!" She turned toward him, lifting her hand. "You were quite the lion among the ladies."

"I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Protheroe," he said, truthfully.

"What were you talking to all those women about?"

"It was about the 'Sunday Baseball Bill.'"

"Ah! The bill you attacked in your speech, last Wednesday?"

"Yes ma'am."

"I hear you haven't made any speeches since then," she said indifferently.

"No ma'am," he answered gently. "I kind of got the idea that I'd better lay low for a while, at first, and get in some quiet hard work."

"I understand. You are a man of intensely reserved nature."

"With men," said Alonzo, "I am. With ladies I am not so much so. I think a good woman ought to be told —— "

"But you are interested," she interrupted, "in defeating that bill?"

"Yes ma'am," he returned. "It is an iniquitous measure."

"Why?"

"Mrs. Protheroe!" he exclaimed, taken aback. "I thought all the ladies were against it. My own mother wrote to me from Stackpole that she'd rather see me in my grave than voting for such a bill, and I'd rather see myself there!"

"But are you sure that you understand it?"

"I only know it desecrates the Sabbath. That's enough for me!"

She leaned toward him and his breath came quickly.

"No. You're wrong," she said, and rested the tips of her fingers upon his sleeve.

"I don't understand why — why you say that," he faltered. "It sounds kind of — surprising to me —— "

"Listen," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Truslow told you that I am studying such things. I do not want to be an idle woman; I want to be of use to the world, even if it must be only in small ways."

"I think that is a noble ambition!" he exclaimed. "I think all good women ought——"

"Wait," she interrupted gently. "Now that bill is a worthy one, though it astonishes you to hear me say so. Perhaps you don't understand the conditions. Sunday is the laboring-man's only day of recreation — and what recreation is he offered?"

"He ought to go to church," said Alonzo promptly.

"But the fact is that he doesn't — not often — not at *all* in the afternoon. Wouldn't it be well to give him some wholesome way of employing his Sunday afternoons? This bill provides for just that, and it keeps him away from drinking too, for it forbids the sale of liquor on the grounds."

"Yes, I know," said Alonzo plaintively. "But it ain't *right!* I was raised to respect the Sabbath and —— "

"Ah, that's what you should do! You think *I* could believe in anything that wouldn't make it better and more sacred?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" he cried reproachfully. "It's only that I don't see —— "

"I am telling you." She lifted her veil and let him have the full dazzle of her beauty. "Do you know that many thousands of laboring people spend their Sundays in drinking and carousing about the low country road-houses because the game is played at such places on Sunday? They go there because they never get a chance to see it played in the city. And don't you understand that there would be no Sunday liquor trade, no workingmen poisoning themselves every seventh day in the low groggeries, as hundreds of them do now, if they had something to see that would interest them? — something as wholesome and fine as this sport would be, under the conditions of this bill; something to keep them in the open air, something to bring a little gaiety into their dull lives!" Her voice had grown louder and it shook a little, with a rising emotion, though its sweetness was only the more poignant. "Oh, my dear Senator," she cried, "don't you *see* how wrong you are? Don't you want to *help* these poor people?"

Her fingers, which had tightened upon his arm, relaxed and she leaned back, pulling the veil down over her face as if wishing to conceal from him that her lips trembled slightly; then resting her arm upon the leather cushions, she turned her head away from him, staring fixedly into the gaunt beech woods lining the country road along which they were now coursing. For a time she heard nothing from him, and the only sound was the monotonous chug of the machine.

"I suppose you think it rather shocking to hear a woman talking practically of such commonplace things," she said at last, in a cold voice, just loud enough to be heard.

"No ma'am," he said huskily.

"Then what *do* you think?" she cried, turning toward him again with a quick imperious gesture.

"I think I'd better go back to Stackpole," he answered very slowly, "and resign my job. I don't see as I've got any business in the Legislature."

"I don't understand you."

He shook his head mournfully. "It's a simple enough matter. I've studied out a good many bills and talked 'em over and I've picked up some influence and —— "

"I know you have," she interrupted eagerly. "Mr. Truslow says that the members of your drains-and-dikes committee follow your vote on every bill."

"Yes ma'am," said Alonzo Rawson meekly, "but I expect they oughtn't to. I've had a lesson this afternoon."

"You mean to say —— "

"I mean that I didn't know what I was doing about that baseball bill. I was just pig-headedly going ahead against it, not knowing nothing about the conditions, and it took a lady to show me what they were. I would have done a wrong thing if you hadn't stopped me."

"You mean," she cried, her splendid eyes widening with excitement and delight; "you mean that you — that you —— "

"I mean that I'll vote for the bill!" He struck his clenched fist upon his knee. "I come to the Legislature to do *right!*"

"You will, ah, you *will* do right in this!" Mrs. Protheroe thrust up her veil again and her face was flushed and radiant with triumph. "And you'll work, and you'll make a speech for the bill?"

At this the righteous exaltation began rather abruptly to simmer down in the soul of Alonzo Rawson. He saw the consequences of too violently reversing, and knew how difficult they might be to face.

"Well, not — not exactly," he said weakly. "I expect our best plan would be for me to lay kind of low and not say any more about the bill at all. Of course, I'll

quit working against it; and on the roll-call I'll edge up close to the clerk and say 'Aye' so that only him'll hear me. That's done every day — and I — well, I don't just exactly like to come out too publicly for it, after my speech and all I've done against it."

She looked at him sharply for a short second and then, being a woman who thought quickly, offered him her hand and said: "Let's shake hands *now*, on the vote. Think what a triumph it is for me to know that I helped to show you the right."

"Yes ma'am," he answered confusedly, not knowing what he said, being too much occupied with shaking her hand. Then she spoke one word in an undertone to the driver and the machine took the very shortest way back to the city.

Several days passed, after this excursion, before Mrs. Protheroe came to the Statehouse again. Rawson was bending over the desk of Senator Josephus Battle, the white-bearded leader of the opposition to the "Sunday Baseball Bill," and was explaining to him the intricacies of a certain drainage measure, when Battle, whose attention had wandered, plucked his sleeve and whispered:

"If you want to see a mighty pretty woman that's doin' no good here, look behind you, over there in the chair by the big fireplace, at the back of the room."

Alonzo looked. It was she whose counterpart had been in his mind's eye and his dreams every moment of the dragging days which had been vacant of her living presence, and his heart leaped. A number of Alonzo's colleagues were hanging over her almost idiotically; her face was gay and her voice came to his ears, as he turned, with the accent of her cadenced laughter running through her talk like a chime of tiny bells flitting through a strain of music.

"This is the third time she's been here," said Battle; rubbing his beard the wrong way. "She's lobbyin' for that infernal Sabbath-Desecration bill, but we'll beat her, my son."

"Have you made her acquaintance, Senator?" asked Alonzo stiffly.

"No, sir, and I don't want to. But I knew her father — the slickest old beat and the smoothest talker that ever waltzed up the pike. She married rich; her husband left her a lot of real estate around here, but she spends most of her time away. Whatever struck her to come down and lobby for that bill I don't know — yet — but I will! Truslow's helping her to help himself; he's got stock in the company that runs the baseball team, but what she's up to — well, I'll bet there's a nigger in the woodpile *some*where!"

"I expect there's a lot of talk like that!" said Alonzo, red with anger, and taking up his papers abruptly.

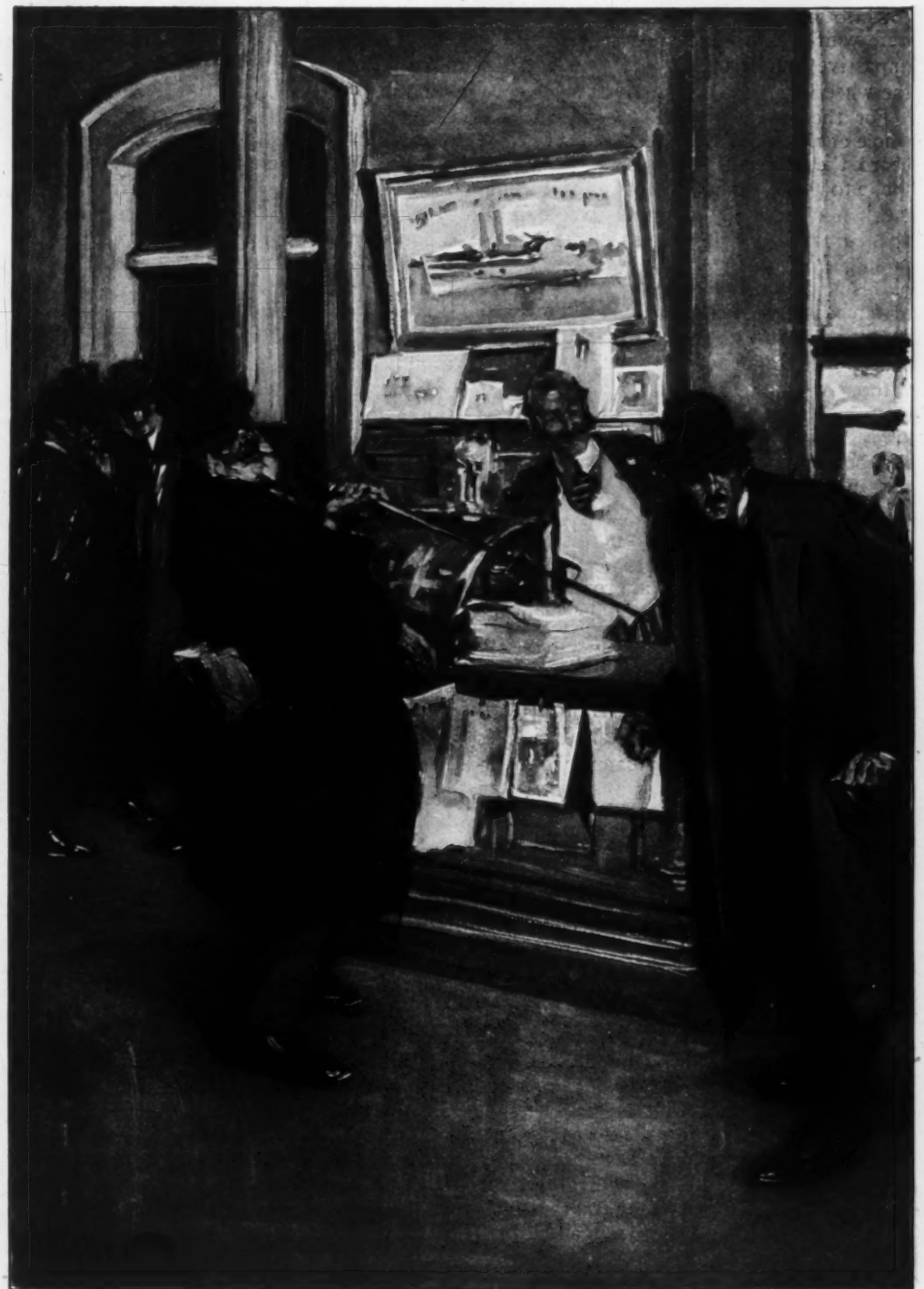
"Yes *sir!*" said Battle emphatically, utterly misunderstanding the other's tone and manner. "Don't you worry, my son. We'll kill that venomous bill right here in this chamber! We'll kill it so dead that it won't make one flop after the axe hits it. You and me and some others 'll tend to *that!* Let her work that pretty face and those eyes of hers all she wants to! I'm keepin' a little lookout, too — and I'll —— "

He broke off, for the angry and perturbed Alonzo had left him and gone to his own desk. Battle, slightly surprised, rubbed his beard the wrong way and sauntered out to the lobby to muse over a cigar. Alonzo, loathing Battle with a great loathing, formed bitter phrases concerning that vicious-minded old gentleman, while for a moment he affected to be setting his desk in order. Then he walked slowly up the aisle, conscious of a roaring in his ears (though not aware how red they were) as he approached the group about her. He paused within three feet of her in a sudden panic of timidity, and then, to his consternation, she looked him squarely in the face, over the shoulders of two of his colleagues, and the only sign of recognition that she exhibited was a slight frown of unmistakable repulsion, which appeared between her handsome eyebrows.

It was very swift; only Alonzo saw it; the others had no eyes for anything but her, and were not aware of his presence behind them, for she did not even pause in what she was saying.

Alonzo walked slowly away with the wormwood in his heart. He had not grown up among the young people of Stackpole without similar experiences, but it had been his youthful boast that no girl had ever "stopped speaking" to him without reason, or "cut a dance" with him and afterward found opportunity to repeat the indignity. "What have I *done* to *her?*" was perhaps the hottest cry of his bruised soul, for the mystery was as great as the sting of it.

It was no balm to his injury to see her pass him at the top of the outer steps, half an hour later, on the arm of that one of his colleagues who had been called the "best-dressed man in the Legislature." She swept



*"'You wild ass of the prairies,' said Battle, 'I saw you last night behind them pams!'"*

by him without a sign, laughing that same laugh at some sally of her escort, and they got into the black automobile together and were whirled away and out of sight by the impassive bundle of furs who manipulated the wheel.

For the rest of that afternoon and the whole of that night no man, woman, or child heard the voice of Alonzo Rawson, for he spoke to none. He came not to the evening meal, nor was he seen by any who had his acquaintance. He entered his room at about midnight, and Trumbull was awakened by his neighbor's overturning a chair. No match was struck, however, and Trumbull was relieved to think that the Senator from Stackpole intended going directly to bed without troubling to light the gas, and that his prayers would soon be over. Such was not the case, for no other sound came from the room, nor were Alonzo's prayers uttered that night, though the unhappy statesman in the next apartment could not get to sleep for several hours on account of his nervous expectancy of them.

After this, as the day approached upon which hung the fate of the bill which Mr. Josephus Battle was fighting, Mrs. Protheroe came to the Senate Chamber nearly every morning and afternoon. Not once did she appear to be conscious of Alonzo Rawson's presence, nor once did he allow his eyes to delay upon her, though it cannot be truthfully said that he did not always know when she came, when she left, and with whom she stood or sat or talked. He evaded all mention or discussion of the bill or of Mrs. Protheroe; avoided Truslow (who, strangely enough, was avoiding him) and, spending upon drains and dikes all the energy that he could manage to concentrate, burned the midnight oil and rubbed salt into his wounds to such marked effect that by the evening of the Governor's Reception — upon the morning following which the mooted bill was to come up — he offered an impression so haggard and worn that an actor might have studied him for a make-up as a young statesman going into a decline.

Nevertheless, he dressed with great care and bitterness, and placed the fragrant blossom of a geranium — taken from a plant belonging to his landlady — in the lapel of his long coat before he set out. And yet, when he came down the Governor's broad stairs, and wandered through the big rooms, with the glare of lights above him and the shouting of the guests ringing in his ears, a sense of emptiness beset him; the crowded place seemed vacant and without meaning. Even the noise sounded hollow and remote — and why had he bothered about the geranium? He hated her and would never look at her again — but why was she not there?

By-and-by, he found himself standing against a wall, where he had been pushed by the press of people. He was wondering drearily what he was to do with a clean plate and a handsome napkin which a courteous negro had handed him, half-an-hour earlier, when he felt a quick jerk at his sleeve. It was Truslow, who had worked his way along the wall and who now, standing on tiptoe, spoke rapidly but cautiously, close to his ear.

"Senator, be quick," he said sharply, at the same time alert to see that they were unobserved. "Mrs. Protheroe wants to speak to you at once. You'll find her near the big palms under the stairway in the hall."

He was gone — he had wormed his way half across the room — before the other, in his simple amazement, could answer. When Alonzo at last found a word it was only a monosyllable, which, with his accompanying action, left a matron of years, who was at the moment being pressed fondly to his side, in a state of mind almost as dumfounded as his own. *"Here!"* was all he said as he pressed the plate and napkin into her hands and departed forcibly for the hall, leaving a spectacular wreckage of trains behind him.

The upward flight of the stairway left a space underneath, upon which, as it was screened (save for a narrow entrance) by a thicket of palms, the crowd had not encroached. Here were placed a divan and a couple of chairs; there was shade from the glare of gas, and the light was dim and cool. Mrs. Protheroe had risen from the divan when Alonzo entered this grotto, and stood waiting for him. He stopped in the green entrance-way with a quick exclamation. She did not seem the same woman who had put such slights upon him, this tall white vision of silk, with the summery scarf falling from her shoulders. His great wrath melted at the sight of her; the pain of his racked pride, which had been so hot in his breast, gave way to a species of fear. She seemed not a human being, but a white spirit of beauty and goodness who stood before him extending two fine arms to him in long white gloves.

She left him to his trance for a moment, then she seized both his hands in hers and cried to him in her rapturous, low voice: "Ah, Senator, you have come! I *knew* you understood!"

"Yes ma'am," he whispered chokily.

She drew him to one of the chairs and sank gracefully down upon the divan near him.

"Mr. Truslow was so afraid you wouldn't," she went on rapidly, "but I was sure. You see I didn't want anybody to suspect that I had had any influence upon you. I didn't want them to know, even, that I'd talked to you. It all came to me after the first day that we met. You see I've believed in you, in your power and in your reserve, from the first. I want all that you do to seem to come from yourself and not from me or any one else. Oh, I *believe* in great, strong men who stand upon their own feet and conquer the world for themselves! That's *your* way, Senator Rawson. So, you see, as they think I'm lobbying for the bill, I wanted them to think that your speech for it to-morrow comes from your own great, strong mind and heart and your sense of right, and not from any suggestion of mine."

"My speech!" he stammered.

"Oh, I know," she cried; "I know you think I don't believe much in speeches, and I don't, ordinarily, but a few simple, straightforward and vigorous words from you, to-morrow, may carry the bill through. You've made such *progress*, you've been so *reserved*, that you'll carry great weight — and there are three votes of the drains-and-dikes that are against us now, but will follow yours absolutely. Do you think I would have 'cut' *you* if it hadn't been *best?*"

"But I ——"

"Oh, I know you didn't actually promise me to speak, that day. But I knew you would when the time came! I knew that a man of power goes over *all* obstacles, once his sense of *right* is aroused! I *knew* — I never doubted it, that once *you* felt a thing to be right you would strike for it, with all your great strength — at all costs — at all ——"

"I can't — I — I — can't!" he whispered nervously. "Don't you see — don't you see — I ——"

She leaned toward him, lifting her face close to his. She was so near him that the faint odor of her hair came to him again, and once more the unfortunate Senator from Stackpole risked a meeting of his eyes with hers, and saw the light shining far down in their depths.

At this moment the shadow of a portly man who was stroking his beard the wrong way was projected upon them from the narrow green entrance to the grotto. Neither of them perceived it. Senator Josephus Battle passed on, but when Alonzo Rawson emerged, a few moments later, he was pledged to utter a few simple, straightforward and vigorous words in favor of the bill. And — let the shame fall upon the head of the scribe who tells it — he had kissed Mrs. Protheroe!

The fight upon the "Sunday Baseball Bill" the next morning was the warmest of that part of the session; however, for a while, the reporters were disappointed. They were waiting for Senator Battle, who was famous among them for the vituperative vigor of his attacks and for the kind of personalities which made valuable copy. And yet, until the debate was almost over, he contented himself with going quietly up and down the aisles, whispering to the occupants of the desks and writing and sending a multitude of notes to his colleagues. Meanwhile, the orators upon both sides harangued their fellows, the lobby, the unpolitical audience, and the patient presiding officer to no effect, so far as votes went. The general impression was that it would be close.

Alonzo Rawson sat, bent over his desk, and his eyes fixed with gentle steadiness upon Mrs. Protheroe, who occupied the chair wherein he had first seen her. A senator of the opposition was finishing his denunciation, when she turned and nodded almost imperceptibly to the young man. He gave her one last look of pathetic tenderness and rose.

"The Senator from Stackpole!"

"I want," Alonzo began, in his big voice: "I want to say a few simple, straightforward but vigorous words about this bill. You may remember I spoke against it on its second reading ——"

"You did *that!*" shouted Senator Battle suddenly.

"I want to say now," the Senator from Stackpole continued, "that at that time I hadn't studied the subject sufficiently. I didn't know the conditions of the case, nor the facts, but since then a great light has broke in upon me ——"

"I should say it had! I saw it break!" was Senator Battle's second violent interruption.

When order was restored, Alonzo, who had turned very pale, summoned his voice again. "I think we'd ought to take into consideration that Sunday is the working-man's only day of recreation and not drive him into low groggeries, but give him a chance in the open air to indulge his love of wholesome sport ——"

"Such as the ancient Romans enjoyed!" interposed Battle vindictively.

"No sir!" Alonzo wheeled upon him, stung to the quick. "Such a sport as free-born Americans and *only* free-born Americans can play in this wide world — the American game of baseball, in which no other nation of the *Earth* is our equal!"

This was a point scored and the cheering lasted three minutes. Then the orator resumed:

"I say: 'Give the working-man a chance!' Is his life a happy one? You know it ain't! Give him his one day. *Don't* spoil it for him with your laws — he's only got one! I'm not going to take up any more of your time, but if there's anybody here who thinks my well-considered opinion worth following I say: '*Vote for this bill.*' It is right and virtuous and ennobling and it ought to be passed! I say: '*Vote for it.*'"

The reporters decided that the Senator from Stackpole had "wakened things up." The gavel rapped a long time before the chamber quieted down, and when it did, Josephus Battle was on his feet and had obtained the recognition of the chair.

"I wish to say, right here," he began, with a rasping leisureliness, "that I hope no member of this honored body will take my remarks as personal or unparliamentary — *but*" — he raised a big forefinger and shook it with menace at the presiding officer, at the same time suddenly lifting his voice to an unprintable shriek —"I say to *you*, sir, that the song of the siren has been *heard* in the land. and the call of Delilah has been answered! When the Senator from Stackpole rose in this chamber, less than three weeks ago, and denounced this iniquitous measure, I heard him with pleasure — we *all* heard him with pleasure — *and* respect! In spite of his youth and the poor quality of his expression, *we* listened to him. *We* knew he was sencere! What has caused the change in him? What *has*, I ask? I shall not tell you, upon this floor, but I've taken mighty good care to let most of you know, during the morning, either by word of mouth or by *note* of hand! Especially those of you of the drains-and-dikes and others who might follow this young Samson, whose locks have been shore! *I've* told you all about that, and more — *I've* told you the inside history of some *facts* about this bill that I will not make public, because I am too confident of our strength to defeat this devilish measure, and prefer to let our vote speak our opinion of it! Let me not detain you longer. *I* thank you!"

Long before he had finished, the Senator from Stackpole was being held down in his chair by Truslow and several senators whose seats were adjacent. The vote was taken amid an uproar of shouting and confusion. When the clerk managed to proclaim the result over all other noises, the bill was shown to be defeated and "killed," by a majority of five votes.

A few minutes later, Alonzo Rawson, his neckwear disordered and his face white with rage, stumbled out of the great doors upon the trail of Battle, who had quietly hurried away to his hotel for lunch as soon as he had voted.

The black automobile was rapidly vanishing around a corner. Truslow was standing upon the edge of the pavement staring after it ruefully.

"Where is Mrs. Protheroe?" gasped the Senator from Stackpole.

"She's gone," said the other.

"Gone where?"

"Gone back to Paris. She sails day after to-morrow. She just had time enough to catch her train for New York after waiting to hear how the vote went. She told me to tell you good-by and that she was sorry. Don't stare at me, Rawson! I guess we're in the same boat! — Where are you going?" he finished abruptly.

Alonzo swung by him and started across the street.

"To find Battle!" the hoarse answer came back.

The conquering Josephus was leaning meditatively upon the counter of the cigar-stand of his hotel when Alonzo found him. He took one look at the latter's face and backed to the wall, tightening his grasp upon the heavy headed ebony cane it was his habit to carry, a habit upon which he now congratulated himself.

But his precautions were needless. Alonzo stopped out of reaching distance.

"You tell me," he said in a breaking voice; "you tell me what you meant about Delilah and sirens and Samsons and inside facts! You tell me!"

"You wild ass of the prairies," said Battle, "I saw you last night behind them pams! But don't you think I told it — or ever will! I just passed the word around that she'd argued you into her way of thinkin,' same as she had a good many others. And as for the rest of it, I found out where the nigger in the woodpile was, and I handed that out too. Don't you take it hard, my son, but I told you her husband left her a good deal of land around here. She owns the ground that they use for the baseball park, and her lease would be worth considerable more if they could have got the right to play on Sundays!"

Senator Trumbull sat up straight, in bed, that night, and, for the first time during his martyrdom, listened with no impatience to the prayer which fell upon his ears through the flimsy partition.

"O Lord Almighty," came the voice of Alonzo Rawson, quaveringly, but with growing strength: "Aid Thou me to see my way more clear! I find it hard to tell right from wrong and I find myself beset with tangled wires. O God, I feel that I am ignorant, and fall into many devices. These are strange paths wherein Thou hast set my feet, but I feel that through Thy help, and through great anguish, I am learning!"

*"'I find it hard to tell right from wrong and I find myself beset with tangled wires'"*

# WHAT IS A LYNCHING?

## A STUDY OF MOB JUSTICE, SOUTH AND NORTH

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

AUTHOR OF "THE LABOR BOSS," "THE REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

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## II—LYNCHING IN THE NORTH

HAVING looked, last month, into two Southern lynching towns, let us now see what a Northern lynching is like. The comparison is highly interesting and illuminating.

Springfield, Ohio, is one of the most prosperous of the smaller cities of the state. It is a beautiful town of about 41,000 people, fine streets, fine buildings, busy factories, churches, an imposing library. Some of the older families have resided here for nearly a century. It is the seat of government of one of the most fertile and attractive counties in the state: an altogether progressive, enlightened city. Of its population, over 6,000 are negroes (about one-seventh), a considerable proportion of whom are recent settlers. It is a highly significant and noteworthy fact that within the last few years large numbers of negroes have been migrating from the South, and crowding into Northern towns located along the Ohio or in those portions of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kansas, and other states, which border on the Old South. Many of the negroes in Springfield have come from Kentucky. We soon discover in these Northern towns, exactly as in the South, the two classes of negroes: the steady, resident class, more or less known to the whites, and a restless, unstable, ignorant class, coming to one neighborhood to-day to help build a bridge, and going elsewhere to-morrow to dig a canal. For years no such thing as race prejudice existed in Springfield; there is not much to-day, although, with the growth of negro population, it is rapidly increasing. For instance, a druggist in Springfield refuses to sell soda-water to a negro college professor, the typesetters in a publishing house compel the discharge of negro workmen, a negro physician visits the high-school, finds the half-dozen negro pupils sitting by themselves and, angrily charging discrimination, orders his child to sit among the white children. This feeling of race repulsion is especially noticeable between the working class of white men and the negroes who come more or less into industrial competition with them. The use of negroes for breaking strikes in the coal-fields and elsewhere has been a fertile source of discord, kindling the fire of race prejudice in places where it never before existed. The nearer the white man comes to the social level of the negro, the more he hates him.

### *How the Negroes Sold Their Votes*

In Springfield there are about 1,500 negro voters, practically every one of whom is bought at every election. The Democrats and the Republicans are so evenly divided that the city administration is Democratic and the county administration Republican. The venal negro vote goes to the highest bidder, carries the elections, and, with the whisky influence, governs the town. This is the vote — both negro vote and saloon vote — which

HARDY H. WHITLOCK

*The "strict" sheriff of Vermilion County, Illinois, who defeated, single-handed, a mob of two thousand men*

the South is rapidly eliminating. Springfield, enlightened, educated, progressive, highly American, has 145 saloons — or one to every 285 people. Before the lynching, nine of these were negro saloons — some of them indescribably vile. A row of houses along the railroad tracks, not three blocks from the heart of the city, was known as the Levee. It was a negro row composed of saloons and disorderly houses, where the lowest of the low, negro men and both negro and white women, made a general rendezvous. Just back of it was one of the foremost Catholic churches in town; hardly a block away were the post-office, the public library, and the foremost club of the city, and within three or four hundred yards were the back doors of some of the city's most aristocratic residences. For years, the ineffective good citizen has protested against these abominable resorts, but when the Republicans wanted to win they needed the votes from these places, and when the Democrats wanted to win *they* needed them. Burnett, the Democratic boss, said in a tone of real injury to a gentleman — a Democrat — who protested against the protection of the Levee:

"Don't you want the party to win? We've got to have those 60 or 80 votes from Hurley" — Hurley being the notorious negro proprietor of a dive called the Honky Tonk.

## *Corrupt Politics and the Negro Question*

So these vile places remained open, protected by the police, breeding crime, and encouraging arrogance, idleness, and vice among the negroes.

And yet one will hear good citizens of Springfield complaining that the negroes make themselves conspicuous and obnoxious at primaries and elections, standing around, waiting, and refusing to vote until they receive money in hand.

"To my mind," one of these citizens said to me, "the conspicuousness of the negro at elections is one of the chief causes of race prejudice."

But who is to blame? The negro who accepts the bribe, or the white politician who is eager to give it, or the white business man

who, desiring special privileges, stands behind the white politician, or the ordinary citizen who doesn't care? Talk with these politicians on the one hand, and the impractical reformers on the other, and they will tell you in all seriousness of the sins of the South in disfranchising the negro. Such talk makes fine ammunition for the politician, and the impractical reformer, knowing more of books than of life, supports the politician.

"Every negro in Springfield," I was told, "exercises his right to vote."

If you were to tell these men that the negroes of Springfield are disfranchised as absolutely as they are anywhere in the South, they would stare at you in amazement. But a purchased voter is a disfranchised voter. The negroes have no more real voice in the government of Springfield than they have in the government of Savannah or New Orleans. In the South the negro has been disfranchised by law or by intimidation: in the North by cash. Which is worse?

J. W. KEESLAR

*Prosecuting Attorney of Vermilion County, who helped send thirteen lynchers to the state's prison*

### *Story of the Crime that Led to the Lynching*

Last winter a negro named Dixon arrived in Springfield from Kentucky. He was one of the illiterate, idle, floating sort. He could not get "political equality" in Kentucky, so he was seeking it in the North. He had with him a woman not his wife, with whom he quarreled. He was arrested and brought into court.

I am profoundly conscious of the seriousness of any charge which touches upon our courts, the last resort of justice, and yet it was a matter of common report that "justice was easy" in Clark County, that laws were not enforced, that criminals were allowed to escape on suspended sentence. I heard this talk everywhere, often coupled with personal accusations against the judges, but I could not discover that the judges were more remiss than other officials. They were afflicted with no other disease.

Even in a serious recent sociological study of Clark County by Prof. E. S. Todd, I find this statement:

"In Springfield, one of the chief faults of the municipal system has been and is the laxity and discrimination in the enforcement of the law. Many of the Municipal Ordinances have been shelved for years. The saloon closing ordinances are enforced intermittently, as are those concerning gambling."

When the negro Dixon was brought into court he was convicted and let out on suspended sentence. He got drunk immediately and was again arrested, this time serving several weeks in jail. The moment he was free he began quarreling with his "wife," in a house directly across the street from police headquarters. An officer named Collis tried to make peace and Dixon deliberately shot him through the stomach, also wounding the woman.

This was on Sunday. Dixon was immediately placed in the county jail. Collis died the next morning.

### *Human Life Cheap in Clark County*

I have called attention to the fact that the lynching town nearly always has a previous bad record of homicide. Disregard for the sacredness of human life seems to be in the air of these places. Springfield was no exception. Between January 1, 1902, and March 7, 1904, the day of the lynching, a little more than two years, no fewer than ten homicides were committed in the city of Springfield — and there have been two since then. White men committed five of these crimes and negroes five. Three of the cases were decided within a short time before the

lynching and the punishment administered was widely criticised. Bishop, a colored man who had killed a colored man, was fined $200 and sentenced to six months in the workhouse. This was for *killing a man!* O'Brien, a white man, who killed a white man, got one year in the penitentiary. And only a week before the lynching, Schocknessy, a white man who killed a white man, but who had influential political friends, went scot-free!

On the morning after the Collis murder, the *Daily Sun* published a list of the recent homicides in Springfield in big type on its first page and asked editorially:

"What are you going to do about it?"

It then answered its own question:

"Nothing."

The following morning, after the lynching, the same paper printed in its headlines:

**AWFUL REBUKE TO THE COURTS**

**They Have Temporized With the Criminal Classes Until Patience Was Exhausted**

I cite these facts to show the underlying conditions in Springfield; a soil richly prepared for an outbreak of mob law — with corrupt politics, vile saloons, the law paralyzed by non-enforcement against vice, a large venal negro vote, lax courts of justice.

### *Gathering of the Lynching Mob*

Well, on Monday afternoon the mob began to gather. At first it was an absurd, ineffectual crowd, made up largely of lawless boys of sixteen to twenty — a pronounced feature of every mob — with a wide fringe of more respectable citizens, their hands in their pockets and no convictions in their souls, looking on curiously, helplessly. They gathered hooting around the jail, cowardly at first, as all mobs are, but growing bolder as darkness came on and no move was made to check them. The murder of Collis was not a horrible, soul-rending crime like that at Statesboro, Georgia; these men in the mob were not personal friends of the murdered man; it was a mob from the back rooms of the swarming saloons of Springfield; and it included also the sort of idle boys "who hang around cigar stores," as one observer told me. The newspaper reports are fond of describing lynching mobs as "made up of the foremost citizens of the town." In no case that I know of, either South or North, has a mob been made up of the best citizens; but the best citizens have often stood afar off "decrying the mob" — as a Springfield man told me piously — and letting it go on. A mob is the method by which good citizens turn over the law and the government to the criminal or irresponsible classes.

And no official in direct authority in Springfield that evening, apparently, had so much as an ounce of grit within him. The sheriff came out and made a weak speech in which he said he "didn't want to hurt anybody." They threw stones at him and broke his windows. The chief of police sent eighteen men to the jail but did not go near himself. All of these policemen undoubtedly sympathized with the mob in its efforts to get at the slayer of their brother officer; at least, they did nothing effective to prevent the lynching. An appeal was made to the Mayor to order out the engine companies that water might be turned on the mob. He said he didn't like to; *the hose might be cut!* The local militia company was called to its barracks, but the officer in charge hesitated, vacillated, doubted his authority, and objected finally because he had no ammunition *except* Krag-Jorgensen cartridges, which, if fired into a mob, would kill too many people! The soldiers did not stir that night from the safe and comfortable precincts of their armory.

A sort of dry rot, a moral paralysis, seems to strike the administrators of law in a town like Springfield. What can be expected of officers who are not accustomed to enforce the law, or of a people not accustomed to obey it — or who make reservations and exceptions when they do enforce it or obey it?

### *Threats to Lynch the Judges*

When the sheriff made his speech to the mob, urging them to let the law take its course they jeered him. The law! When, in the past, had the law taken its proper course in Clark County? Some one shouted, referring to Dixon:

"He'll only get fined for shooting in the city limits."

"He'll get ten days in jail and suspended sentence."

Then there were voices:

"Let's go hang Mower and Miller" — the two judges.

This threat, indeed, was frequently repeated both on the night of the lynching and on the day following.

So the mob came finally, and cracked the

door of the jail with a railroad rail. This jail is said to be the strongest in Ohio, and having seen it, I can well believe that the report is true. But steel bars have never yet kept out a mob; it takes something a good deal stronger: human courage backed up by the consciousness of being right.

They murdered the negro in cold blood in the jail doorway; then they dragged him to the principal business street and hung him to a telegraph-pole, afterwards riddling his lifeless body with revolver shots.

### *Lesson of a Hanging Negro*

That was the end of that! Mob justice administered! And there the negro hung until daylight the next morning — an unspeakably grisly, dangling horror, advertising the shame of the town. His head was shockingly crooked to one side, his ragged clothing, cut for souvenirs, exposed in places his bare body: he dripped blood. And, with the crowds of men both here and at the morgue where the body was publicly exhibited, came young boys in knickerbockers, and little girls and women by scores, horrified but curious. They came even with baby carriages! Men made jokes: "A dead nigger is a good nigger." And the purblind, dollars-and-cents man, most despicable of all, was congratulating the public:

"It'll save the county a lot of money!"

Significant lessons, these, for the young!

But the mob wasn't through with its work. Easy people imagine that, having hanged a negro, the mob goes quietly about its business; but that is never the way of the mob. Once released, the spirit of anarchy spreads and spreads, not subsiding until it has accomplished its full measure of evil.

### *Mob Burning of Negro Saloons*

All the following day a rumbling, angry crowd filled the streets of Springfield, threatening to burn out the notorious Levee, threatening Judges Mower and Miller, threatening the "niggers." The local troops — to say nothing of the police force — which might easily have broken up the mob, remained sedulously in their armories, vacillating, doubtful of authority, knowing that there were threats to burn and destroy, and making not one move toward the protection of the public. One of the captains was even permitted to go to a neighboring city to a dance! At the very same time the panic-stricken officials were summoning troops from other towns. So night came on, the mob gathered around the notorious dives, some one touched a match, and the places of crime suddenly disgorged their foul inhabitants. Black and white, they came pouring out and vanished into the darkness where they belonged — and whence they have not yet returned. Eight buildings went up in smoke, the fire department deliberating — intentionally, it is said — until the flames could not be controlled. The troops, almost driven out by the county prosecutor, McGrew, appeared after the mob had completed its work.

Good work, badly done, a living demonstration of the inevitability of law — if not orderly, decent law, then of mob-law.

For days following the troops filled Springfield, costing the state large sums of money, costing the county large sums of money. They chiefly guarded the public fountain; the mob had gone home — until next time.

### *Efforts to Punish the Mob*

What happened after that? A perfunctory court-martial, that did absolutely nothing. A grand jury of really good citizens that sat for weeks, off and on; and like the mountain that was in travail and brought forth a mouse, they indicted two boys and two men out of all that mob, not for murder, but for "breaking into jail." And, curiously enough, it developed — how do such things develop? — that every man on the grand jury was a Republican, chosen by Republican county officers, and in their report they severely censured the police force (Democratic), and the mayor (Democratic), and had not one word of disapproval for the sheriff (Republican). Curiously enough, also, the public did not become enthusiastic over the report of that grand jury. Every one knows, of course, that the boys and men indicted are perfectly safe: they will never be punished.

But the worst feature of all in this Springfield lynching was the apathy of the public. No one really seemed to care. A "nigger" had been hanged: what of it? But the law itself had been lynched. What of that? I had just come from the South, where I had found the people of several lynching towns in a state of deep excitement — moral excitement if you like, thinking about this problem, quarreling about it, expelling men from the church, impeaching sheriffs, dishonorably discharging whole militia companies. Here in Springfield, I found cold apathy, except for

a few fine citizens, one of whom, City Solicitor Stewart L. Tatum, promptly offered his services to the sheriff and assisted in a vain effort to remove the negro in a closed carriage and afterwards at the risk of personal assault earnestly attempted to defeat the purposes of the mob. Another of these citizens, the Rev. Father Cogan, pleaded with the mob on the second night of the rioting at risk to himself; another withdrew from the militia company because it had not done its duty. And afterwards the city officials were stirred by the faintest of faint spasms of righteousness: some of the negro saloons were closed up, but within a month, the most notorious of all the dive-keepers, Hurley, the negro political boss, was permitted to open an establishment — through the medium of a brother-in-law!

### *Good Citizenship Flat on Its Back*

If there was ever an example of good citizenship lying flat on its back with political corruption squatting on its neck, that example may be found in Springfield, Ohio. And the worst feature of all is that good citizenship there is apparently well satisfied and comfortable where it lies.

I turn with pleasure from the story of this lynching to another Northern town, where I found as satisfying an example of how to deal with a mob as this country has known.

In Springfield we had an exhibition of nearly complete supineness and apathy before the mob; in Statesboro, Georgia, we discovered a decided law-and-order element, not strong enough, however, to do much; in Huntsville, Alabama, we had a tremendous moral awakening. In Danville, Illinois, we find an example of law vindicated, magnificently and completely, through the heroism of a single man, backed up later by wholesome public opinion.

### *Character of Danville, Illinois*

Danville presents many of the characteristics of Springfield, Ohio. It has had a growing negro population and there has been an awakening race prejudice between the white workingmen and the negroes, especially in the neighboring coal mines. Indeed, there are everywhere evidences that the negro problem is creeping Northward, not slowly, and that as the proportion of colored population increases, the Northern states will be compelled to meet exactly the questions with which the South is now struggling — disfranchisement of the negro, lynching, and "social equality" in all its various forms. And the Northerner, with little understanding of the negro character, is not likely to be as patient as the Southerner has been.

As in other places where lynchings have occurred, we find that Vermilion County, of which Danville is the seat, has also a heavy record of homicide and other crime. They count there on a homicide every sixty days; at the term of court preceding the lynching seven murder trials were on the docket; and in all its history the county never had a legal hanging, though it has had two lynchings. The criminal record of Vermilion County is exceeded only by Cook County (Chicago), and St. Clair County (East St. Louis), where the horrible lynching of a negro schoolmaster took place (at Belleville) last summer.

### *Story of a Starved Negro*

The crime which caused the rioting was committed by the familiar vagrant negro from the South — in this case a Kentucky negro named Wilson — a miserable, illiterate, half-starved creature who had been following a circus. He had begged along the road in Indiana and no one would feed him. He came across the line into Illinois, found a farmhouse door open, saw food on the table, and darted in to steal it. As he was leaving, the woman of the house appeared. In an animal-like panic, the negro darted for the door, knocking the woman down as he escaped. Immediately the cry went up that there had been an attempted criminal assault, but the sheriff told me that the woman never made any such charge and the negro bore all the evidence of the truthfulness of the assertion that he was starving; he was so emaciated with hunger that even after his arrest the sheriff dared not allow him a full meal.

### *Hot Weather and Mobs*

But it was enough to stir up the mob spirit. It was Saturday night, July 25th, and the usual crowd from all over the county had gathered in the town. Among the crowd were many coal miners, who had just been paid off and were drinking. As in Springfield, the town had a very large number of saloons, ninety-one within a radius of five miles, to a population of some 25,000. Most Northern towns are far worse in this respect than the average Southern town. It was a

hot night; mobs work best in hot weather. Statistics, indeed, show that the great majority of lynchings take place in the summer, particularly in July and August.

It was known that the sheriff had brought his negro prisoner to the jail, and the crime was widely discussed. The whole city was a sort of human tinder-box, ready to flare up at a spark of violence.

Well, the spark came — in a saloon. Metcalf, a negro, had words with a well-known white butcher named Henry Gatterman. Both had been drinking. The negro drew a revolver and shot Gatterman dead. Instantly the city was in a furor of excitement. The police appeared and arrested Metcalf, and got him finally with great difficulty to the police station, where he was locked up. A mob formed instantly. It was led, at first, by a crowd of lawless boys from sixteen to eighteen years old. Rapidly gathering strength, it rushed into the city hall, and although the mayor, the chief of police, and nearly the entire police force were present. they got the negro out and hanged him to a telegraph-pole in the main street of the town, afterwards shooting his body full of holes.

Intoxicated by their swift success and, mob-like, growing in recklessness and bloodthirstiness, they now turned upon the jail determined to lynch the negro Wilson. It was a much uglier mob than any I have hitherto described; it was a drunken mob, and it had already tasted blood. It swarmed around the jail, yelling, shooting, and breaking the windows with stones.

## *A "Strict" Sheriff*

Sheriff Hardy H. Whitlock of Vermilion County had never been looked upon as an especially remarkable man — except, as I was told everywhere, he had a record as *a strict sheriff*, as a man who did his best to enforce the law in times of peace. He and the state's attorney were so industrious that they caught and punished four times as many criminals in proportion to population as were convicted in Chicago. The sheriff is a big, solid, deliberate man with gray eyes. He was born in Tennessee. His father was an itinerant Presbyterian preacher, always poor, doing good for everybody but himself, and stern in his conceptions of right and wrong. His mother, as the sheriff relates, made him obey the law with peach-tree switches. His history has been the commonest of the common; not much education, had to make his living, worked in a livery stable. He was faithful at that, temperate, friendly. They elected him constable, an office that he held for seven years. He was faithful at that. They elected him sheriff of the county. He went at the new task as he had at all his other work, with no especial brilliancy, but steadily, doing his duty, catching criminals. He found a great deal to learn and he learned. The extradition laws of the states troubled him when he wanted to bring prisoners home. There was no compilation of the laws on the subject. Here was work to be done. Although no lawyer, he went at it laboriously and compiled a book of 500 pages, containing all the extradition laws of the country, and had it published at his own expense.

## *Defending a Jail With a Riot-Gun*

And when the crisis came that night with the mob howling around his jail, Hardy Whitlock had become so accustomed to doing his duty that he didn't know how to do anything else. Here was the jail to be protected: he intended to protect it. He sent for no troops — there was no time anyhow — nor for the police. He had a couple of deputies and his wife. Though the mob was breaking the windows of the house and the children were there, his wife said:

"Give me a gun, Hardy, and I'll stay by you."

The sheriff went out on the porch, unarmed, in his shirt-sleeves, and made them a little speech. They yelled at him, threw stones, fired revolvers. They brought a railroad rail to break in the door. He went out among them, called them Bill, and Jim, and Dick, and persuaded them to put it down; but others took it up willingly.

"Are you going to open the door?" they yelled.

"No!" said the sheriff.

Then he went in and got his riot-gun, well loaded with duck-shot. He was one man against two thousand. They began battering on the iron door, yelling and shooting. It was not an especially strong door, and it began to give at the bottom, and finally bent inward enough to admit a man's body. The crucial moment had come: and the sheriff was there to meet it. He stuck his riot-gun out of the opening and began firing. The mob fell back but came charging forward again, wild with passion. The sheriff fired

again, seven times in all, and one of his deputies opened with a revolver. For a time pandemonium reigned; they attempted the house entrance of the jail; the sheriff was there also with his riot-gun; they threatened dynamite and fire. They cut down the negro, Metcalf, brought him in front of the jail, piled straw on the body and attempted to burn it. Part of the time they were incited to greater violence by a woman who stood in a wagon-box across the street. So they raged all night, firing at the jail, but not daring to come too near the man with the riot-gun.

"On Sunday," the sheriff told me, "I realized I was up against it. I knew the tough element in town had it in for me."

### *How a Real Sheriff Punished a Mob*

They even threatened him on the street. A large number of men had been wounded by the firing, some dangerously, though no one, fortunately, was killed. The sheriff stood alone in the town. A lesser man might still have failed ignominiously. But Whitlock went about the nearest duty: punishing the rioters. He had warrants issued and arrested every man he could find who was streaked or speckled with shot — indubitable evidence of his presence in the mob at the jail door. Many fled the city, but he got twenty or thirty.

Vermilion County also had a prosecuting attorney who knew his duty — J. W. Keeslar. Judge Thompson called a grand jury, Attorney Keeslar pushed the cases with great vigor, and this was the result: thirteen men and one woman (the disorderly woman of the wagon-box) were sent to the penitentiary, eight others were heavily fined. At the same time the negro, Wilson, came up for trial, pleaded guilty, and was legally punished by a term in the penitentiary.

There will never be another mob in Vermilion County, at least while Whitlock is sheriff.

And the people came strongly to the support of their officers. Hardy Whitlock today is one of the most popular men in the county. Keeslar, coming up for reëlection the following fall, with mob-law for the essential issue, was returned to his office with an overwhelming majority. The sheriff told me that, in his opinion, the success of the officers in convicting the lynchers was due largely to a thoroughly awakened public opinion, the strong attitude of the newspapers, especially those of Chicago, the help of the governor, and the feeling, somehow, that the best sentiment of the county was behind them.

### *Conclusions Regarding Lynching in This Country*

And finally, we may, perhaps, form a few general conclusions.

Lynching in this country is peculiarly the white man's burden. The white man has taken all the responsibility of government; he really governs in the North as well as in the South, in the North disfranchising the negro with cash, in the South by law or by intimidation. All the machinery of justice is in his hands, and will continue to be; the negro, indeed, brought here originally against his will, is even yet the all but helpless charge of the white man. How keen is the need, then, of calmness and strict justice in dealing with him! The idea of equality is hateful to many white men, but nothing more surely tends to bring the white man down to the lowest level of the criminal negro than yielding to those blind instincts of savagery which find expression in the mob. The man who joins a mob, by his very acts, puts himself on a level with the negro criminal: both have given way wholly to brute passion. For, if civilization means anything, it means self-restraint; casting away self-restraint the white man becomes as savage as the negro.

If the white man sets an example of non-obedience to law, of non-enforcement of law, and of unequal justice, what can be expected of the negro? A criminal father is a poor preacher of homilies to a wayward son. The negro does not reason. He sees a man, white or black, commit murder and go free, over and over again in all these lynching counties. Why should he fear to murder? Every passion of the white man is reflected and emphasized in the imitative negro.

### *Lynching a Symptom*

Lynching is not so much a disease in itself as it is the symptom of a disease. It is a symptom of lawlessness, of the failure of justice, of political corruption. It is an attempt of nature to throw off disease — as she sometimes throws off the humors of the blood in the human body — by violent eruptions.

And this disease — the failure of law — is not essentially a Southern disease, though it is complicated and emphasized there by an ignorant, inferior, defenseless, often criminal

negro population. No Southern manifestation of mob-law has equaled in downright anarchy the conditions in Colorado last year. In the North, as our negro population increases — and it is increasing rapidly — we shall lynch negroes with the same utter brutality that we find in the South : we have done it already, and repeatedly, in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kansas, Delaware, and in other Northern states. No Southern lynching was ever more barbarous than that of Wilmington, Delaware.

We would think it the height of absurdity, in this day of science, to doctor the outward symptom of a physical ill. We treat the disease itself. Yet several states, notably Ohio, have passed laws to prevent lynching — which have not stopped mob violence, and never will stop it.

The only remedy is a strict enforcement of all the laws, all along the line, all the time, so that no man, rich or poor, white or black, can escape. That is the remedy, and the only remedy ; and, like most real remedies, not patent nostrums, it is simplicity itself — if lived up to. It gets back, after all, like every one of these great questions, to us, personally. We, the people, are the government, we execute the law, and if we are too bad or too lazy to do our work properly, let us in all honesty take the blame — and not shoulder it on the irresponsible negro.

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# PURPLE CROCUSES IN THE VAL BREGAGLIA

BY

## FLORENCE WILKINSON

YOU dear dim flowers of the spring
Purpling this autumn valley,
Like singing thoughts that come in dreams
You flutter musically.

The quick and water-loving bird,
A winged mote, darkly dances
Where Marcio's mist-blown cataract
Has carved its wayward fancies.

Dazzling Bondasca lifts sky-high
Her white unflinching splendor
Above your little laughing tribes,
Undaunted, brief and tender.

On wild Bregaglia's rugged slopes,
A-blossoming miracle,
You kiss the shore by Maira's roar
In silence lyrical.

# WILD ANIMAL TRAPPING

BY

A. W. ROLKER

AUTHOR OF "BABIES OF THE ZOO," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

THE business of the modern wild animal dealer is much like that of a stock-raiser or a seeds merchant or dry-goods man or any other tradesman — he takes his orders from the thirty-two points of the compass, and sends his agents, or trappers, to the ends of the four quarters of the globe to fill the commissions. These sturdy, courageous hunters, braving fevers and privations and unafraid of man, beast, or devil, penetrate lands and wildernesses where no white man's foot has stood before. They reach into Nature's storehouse of forest, swamp, and jungle, snaring, hunting, trapping and kidnapping the strange wild captives seen in our menageries. The work of these adventurous men, who sometimes enlist entire villages of savages to aid, is an interesting chapter, being an account of the earliest history of the different species of our wild beast friends.

Among the easiest victims of the wild animal trapper of to-day are the very species commonly supposed the most dangerous — those most fascinating of all ferocious beasts, the big cat animals. Time was when even those miracles of strength and agility, the tawny lion and his faithful mate, were betrayed into pitfalls and, snarling and broken-hearted, were ignominiously jounced from the interior toward the coast, hundreds of miles over ruts and stones, in rude wagons drawn by scores of howling, yelling Kaffirs.

But in these days the experienced trapper rarely tries for adult beasts. Like the stock-raiser he looks upon a grown pair of lions as his assets — not to be slaughtered unless in the necessity of self-defense, nor to be taken at risk of death in captivity — but to supply him at intervals with fine young whelps, strong, sturdy, and with all the hardiness, intelligence, and inborn grandeur that as a rule make the forest-bred lion a more valuable brute than his captive-born brother. In fact, so impertinent are some of these trappers that, when they learn of evidences of the stork hovering over a lion home, they calmly settle themselves at the nearest village and await not only the coming of the fuzzy princes, but even the time when experience tells they may be kidnapped. With but little chance of failure these cubs may be reared. Neither wagons nor hosts of savages are required to transport them. Cuddling close, sleeping much and consulting goat's milk through rubber-nippled bottles, they may be carried in arms or in baskets throughout an overland journey of a thousand miles or more, whither destroying civilization has driven the noble beasts during recent years of inroad.

To steal a litter of lion cubs is not so difficult a feat as might be supposed. In the heart of the deepest, darkest tangle of cane, thorn, and bushrope the lion mother has worked a clearing and scratched and gathered a nest of leaves and grass upon which to bed her young. Here the yellow babies lie, huddled and mewing, or sprawling over one another in kitten play, while the anxious mother, fawning close beside her magnificent lord and master, lies, chin on forepaws, eyes closed and ears alert and twitching. Not in the wide world, it would seem, was family ever so protected. And yet, safely hidden in a thicket to leeward, where no wind can carry the strong, human scent recognizable almost to every warm-blooded creature except man himself, the trapper is hard at work. Beside him is a pair of Kaffir hunters with his guns and repeating rifles, and hour after hour the men sit silently until the lion parents, unsuspicious of impending danger, depart to hunt their meal. Often, as a prelim-

inary, the male lion lowers his nose toward the ground and emits that terrifying, reverberating bass roar that strikes panic to the hearts of all living things within ear-shot and startles them to a betraying flight — the very object of the roar, it is supposed. The crack of a dried twig sounds sharply ; scarcely more than as if wafted by a sudden breeze the brush and bushes rustle and part, and with kingly head uplifted and nostrils scenting, the magnificent monarch steps, soft-padded and noiseless, through the thicket, followed by his regal spouse.

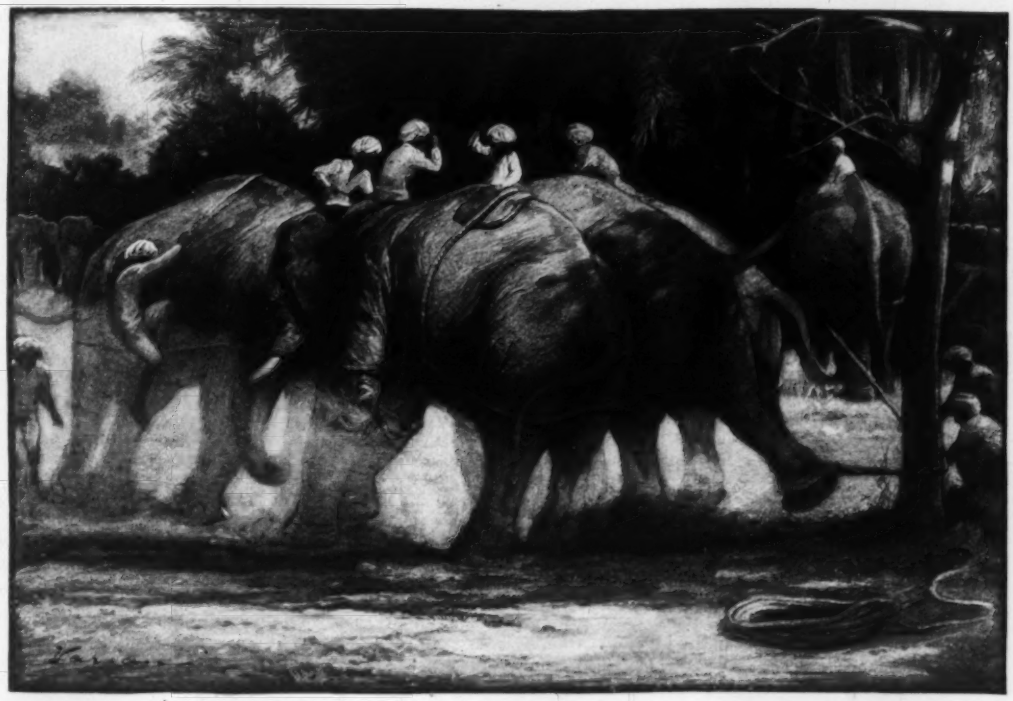
One hour, two, and even three may pass before the lions have struck down their buck ; and the kidnappers, making sure only that the formidable beasts have gone, move to their robbery. On hands and knees, creeping and crawling as only experienced hunters can, noiseless and ever ready for sudden attack, the men progress through the maze of cane and vine and bush until they come to the thicket where the young ones lie asleep. They may be kittens, with eyes scarcely more than open, and may be picked up and bagged before they can stagger away on tiny legs. Or, they may be four-weeks-old whelps, lively and frisky, showing their inborn hatred of man by spitting and trying to scratch when picked up in arms. Four, five, even six young lions may be gathered up in this way to be borne to the nearest station and raised in captivity, while out of the depths of the jungle, deep into the night, roll the rumbling challenges of the bereaved parents.

Frequently it happens that the cubs are grown so tall that the family has left its lair, and the lithe, yellow mother, at this stage often deserted by her mate and more alert and ferocious than ever, emerges, grim, gaunt, and sinewy, her sturdy cubs playing and tumbling about her. If such a family is located, unless the mother is trapped by pitfall, she must be killed either by the white man's bullet or by a hurricane of the Kaffirs' assagais before a desecrating hand may rest upon her babes, who, the protectress dead, are easily run down and roped or snared.

How a lion is caught by pitfall is best told in connection with the trapping of tigers, those magnificent, huge, orange-black-striped felines that equal the lion in size, strength, and agility, and certainly excel him in ferocity, elegance of form, grace of movement, and splendor of skin. Infinitely more blood-thirsty and daring than the lion, the adult-caught tiger is less proud and sensitive than his magnificent half-brother and less apt to die owing to captivity. For this reason, and because of facilities for safely transporting these heavy, mighty beasts to nearby seaports, the monarch of India is frequently trapped even when full-grown.

Into the heart of the tiger district the intrepid hunter plunges, news of his coming mysteriously flying ahead of him from village to village, where natives are only too anxious to decry the cattle-killing marauder. But how to capture one of these suspicious, treacherous, seven-hundred-pound cats and cage him or else lead him through a hundred or more miles of jungle, is a problem that might puzzle any one but an East Indian or a wild animal trapper. The trap, known as a "pitfall", is excavated within convenient distance of the tiger lair, and near a watering-place, where footprints betray where the animal drinks. Not far from here, in the densest tangle of cane and creeper thicket, where no sun-ray ever pierces, lies the culprit in his forbidding home. The dry, brown grass is pressed and matted where he has stretched himself. Dark orange hairs, short and shiny, shed from the gorgeous coat, lie thickly here and there. Skulls and bones, delicate and thin, stout and heavy, are strewn about. In a corner is the rust-red mark where the most recent victim — a bullock, judging by the horns — was dragged. The trapper sits, rifle across knees and eyes and ears strained for a surprise, while two brown men sink the "pitfall" wherein the beast will be decoyed to hurl himself. Down goes the huge, bottle-shaped hole, ten feet deep, ten feet in diameter at the base and seven feet across at the surface, while a third native weaves cane and bamboo into network to cover the gaping mouth of the trap. A kid with a stone tied to an ear is secured to the middle of the frail cover, which is then shoved across the opening.

Tortured by the weight of the dangling stone and frightened because of loneliness, the unfortunate kid bleats piteously as the men withdraw. Far into the jungle the mournful sound penetrates almost incessantly — for hours, sometimes for several days before the lazy slayer stirs. Then he comes, noiseless as a shadow. The thickest cane, through which it seems only a hare could squirm, the lithe, magnificent beast pierces without the rustling of a leaf. Guided by sound and scent he approaches nearer and



*"Every inch is contested by the herculean fighters"*

nearer, white belly to the ground. Whether attacking man or beast, his attack is a surprise and a spring. He could advance in the open and outdistance even the fleetest buck in a few bounds; but this is not the nature of the beast, even when attacking a tethered kid. Crouching low, nervous quivers running across his specklessly groomed skin, and eyes gleaming, he aims. A crash — the great body describes a long, wide arc, and with a snarl he lands on his prey, dashing headlong, kid, network and all, into the dark pit. Surprised, frightened, and maddened, the trapped brute unreasonably fights right and left, tearing the kid, splintering the fatal network and attacking the walls of the pit. When his first fury is expended he espies the opening overhead. With all the experience and cuteness and wonderful agility of the beasts of his family, he estimates and tries to spring out of the hole; but the overhanging walls lend no foothold, the feat being even more difficult that that of a man jumping out of a hogshead. Again and again the animal springs, bringing down clawfuls of dirt and stone, until he begins to be exhausted, and, snarling, paces his narrow prison, seeking an exit.

But a tiger in a pitfall is a tiger only half-caught. The problem is to pull him out of his predicament and to market him. Often, especially in pitfalls dug for lions, a gigantic mouse-trap is placed in the pit, so the animal falls directly into the stout cage, when the doors relentlessly snap after him. In that case, trap, captive, and all are simply pulled out of the pit, the animal having caged itself. But the East Indian prefers a more spectacular method for noosing his tiger. A net of rattan ropes, stout beyond all tearing and ten feet square, is thrown into the pit, and the tiger, frenzied with the sound of voices and the mysterious thing thrown at him in semi-darkness, attacks it furiously, biting and tearing. One after another his paws poke through the meshes and he rolls and tosses and jumps and squirms, amid ear-splitting snarls and angered cat-cries, becoming more and more tangled with every attack, and fighting more desperately as the coils tighten about him, until he lies still, having bound himself head and paw. Then the tiger trapper descends into the pit and passes ropes and slings around the splendid body, which is hauled to the surface and, oftenest, lifted into a cage on wheels. Generally, the net is then severed and the tiger unbound, while the cage trundles to market. If the captive

*"she must be killed . . . by a hurricane of the Kaffirs' assagais before a desecrating hand may rest upon her babes"*

is an extraordinarily vicious beast, however, he remains fettered until locked in a permanent cage. Frequently a tiger is actually *led* to market. A rattan collar having been woven around the beast's neck, a pair of twenty-foot ropes are attached to the opposite sides of this. Then each rope is manned by hunters who while proceeding pull against each other in a continual tug-of-war, the tiger being as powerless as if riveted to the middle of an iron bar.

Nearly every device for trapping the lion and the tiger is used in catching the other cat animals — that most treacherous and cunning of all night prowlers, the black panther, pitch-dark, sleek, smooth, glossy, and yellow-eyed — his near relative, the soft-padded, stealthy, yellow, black-spotted leopard of Asia and Africa — and his taller, more powerful and more dangerous counterpart of South America, the jaguar. Most jaguars are caught while babies by the natives, either by

kidnapping, or by killing their mother in the midst of her cubs. But in one respect, at least, the trapping of a half or three-quarter grown jaguar presents even more difficulty than the capture of a lion or a tiger. Less powerful and formidable and daring than those great brutes, the jaguar makes up this deficiency with the most surprising caution and cunning. In Dutch Guiana, S. A., in the midst of a profusion of deer and tapir and game-birds of all description, I have known these royal beasts to hunt only when at a distance of miles from their lairs, presumably to prevent tracking to their strongholds.

To capture a jaguar an even simpler contrivance than the pitfall is employed. This is the huge live-mouse-trap before mentioned for use in catching lions and tigers. Young trees four or five inches in diameter are felled, trimmed, and cut into six-foot lengths, then sharpened and driven two feet into the ground to form the bars of the trap, which when completed will form a cage just wide enough for the animal to stand up in. Then the bars are notched and secured with cross-bars and roof-bars. A gate, weighted with one or two hundred pounds of rocks and boulders, is suspended so that when the jaguar grasps the bait — a monkey or a small dog — a catch is released and the beast has caged itself.

Caught in the narrow prison, where the captive barely finds room to turn or to raise a paw, he is incapable of fight, and ears thrown back, lips drawn upward and snarling, he crouches in an attitude of fury, raking with a paw through the bars to grasp his tormentors with outstretched, dagger-like talons. The transfer into a permanent cage of steel is simple. The cage, door open, is set and lashed against one side of the trap, the bars of which are afterwards pulled out; so the jaguar, scenting liberty, darts into his new home, which is loaded on a bullock or donkey cart.

Interesting though the work of the wild animal trapper is while hunting the big felines, at best it is retail compared to hunting expeditions when white men enlist entire Kaffir villages to scour the deserts and jungles of Africa for one of the big "drives," by which are caught zebra, giraffe, buffalo, antelope, and many species of deer often seen in our menageries. Preliminaries to this extensive hunt, in which from 1,500 to 2,000 Kaffirs participate, often require weeks of preparation. An enormous circular stockade, ten feet high and a mile in diameter and equipped with a huge, V-shaped entrance, opening one or two miles across from point to point, is erected. Like an endless blacksnake, the regiment of hunters threads through the wilderness, traveling hours into the heart of the hunting-ground, where the line of men is turned to a gigantic horseshoe, four or five miles across the open ends. Stumbling, breaking, and crashing through the thicket the human drag-net advances, sweeping everything in front into the stockade. So dense is the vegetation that only now and then a glimpse of the startled game may be seen. Fragile and graceful, a herd of a hundred antelope appears in the distance, dashing for dear life over a knoll in the fateful direction. The long, slim necks of giraffes may be discerned towering high above the cane and grass, the fleet-footed animals racing at breakneck speed with a herd of startled zebras trampling a wide swath, mown like a road. Everywhere, as if pursued by fire, the wild creatures flee at the mysterious, terrifying din from 2,000 savage throats and the clanking of shields and spears by as many pairs of knotty arms. And, finally, as the van of the drive enters the arms of the V and the fleeing beasts may be seen, the racket is increased a hundredfold. Antelope, eland, deer, buffalo, giraffe, zebra, ostrich, and even a rhinoceros or two may be seen running in panicky fright amid hyenas, jackals, leopards, and even lions, the beasts forgetting common enemies in the flight for life which is upon all.

Running at top speed, swinging shields and spears and yelling like demons, the Kaffirs close in, driving the laggards into the opening, while the animals behind crowd those in front into the huge circle, where there is a Noah's ark of confusion. On and on drive the Kaffirs. Here a buffalo or a jaguar realizes the trap ahead and turns on his pursuers but a shower of assagais or the crack of a white man's rifle ends the dispute, and the ebony drivers, panting and dripping sweat, rush onward, leaping over beasts crushed or maimed, until the last is in the stockade.

Time was when the Kaffir killed every creature so trapped. But in these days the white man has taught his black brother to be provident, and those beasts required by the trappers are only lassoed, while the largest ones of use to the Kaffir are speared or shot, the rest of the captives being released.

As might be expected, among the most dangerous animals to capture are those huge beasts, the pachyderms; and one of the most difficult of these to get is that three-ton, waddle-legged picture of stumpy awkwardness, the hippopotamus, or river horse. To capture, cage, and transport one of these giants up and down hill, over rocks and stones and fallen tree trunks, through hundreds of miles of virgin forest, is manifestly impracticable. It is the baby "hippo", the chubby, pink, bumpy-faced little calf which the trapper kidnaps after a momentous duel with its anxious, solicitous mother.

About the surest way of catching one of these calves is by the spectacular native method of harpooning the colossal parent, which, aroused and in its element, is one of the most formidable antagonists among wild animals. The expedition consists of five or six canoes each containing two hunters and a harpooner, the former to propel the vessel and to guide and look after the rope once the man with the lance, standing in the bow, has hurled his murderous weapon. The harpoon is a ponderous thing. The shaft, of hardwood, is ten or twelve feet long, terminating in a one-foot, iron, spear-shaped head supplied with a cruel barb.

Not a word is whispered; not even the swish of a paddle is heard as the fleet drifts toward the unsuspicious animals. The sounds of the grunting, snorting, and splashing giants come from ahead. Like so many water-rounded rocks the wet, dark backs of the beasts become visible, and ever and anon one of these disappears to rise at a considerable distance.

Diving from the broad neck of a big cow, a queer little caricature of a hippopotamus may be seen as, frightened, it jumps into the water. The mother is a marked victim. On glide the canoes, their naked, black crews worked to the highest pitch of excitement. The boats enter the midst of the herd which, heads submerged, is still unconscious of danger. Steadily the nearest canoe bears down on the cow. The harpooner arises cautiously, tall and sinewy, and steadies his lance. Not until the frail craft almost touches the thick skin does he let drive. Then with every ounce of might he sinks the point of the forty-pound lance deep into the beast's back and drops into his seat to paddle. A rush, a splash, and up comes the huge, dripping head of the wounded hippopotamus with a squeal of pain and fright, while the water reddens and the shouts and yells of the men mingle with the startled cries of the other "hippos", as splashing they flee in alarm. The cow dives to the river bottom, darting right and left to free herself of the iron so relentlessly fastened in her thick hide, and like whalingmen playing a whale the blacks pay out rope or haul in slack in the long-drawn fight of tiring out the immense creature.

Rarely at this stage does the cow attack. With a snort of fright she darts off, churning the dark water white, emitting squeals of pain and towing the boat at a surprising pace in a vain effort to escape. Not until after an hour or more of bleeding and the most violent exertion does strength fail and fight begin. With bloodshot eyes, mouth wide open, head uplifted, and the great forefeet churning the water like paddle-wheels of a small steamer, the cow suddenly turns short to the attack. One root of the frightful head or a single thrust with a tusk, and a canoe is upset, side torn out, bottom stove in or broken into halves, while the infuriated animal seizes the floundering men, crunching them to pulp between the dull, broad grinders of its tremendous jaws — a frightful death which overtook Gustave Hagenbeck, brother of the well-known animal dealer and trainer. Often the attack is so vicious that the rope, fastened to a buoy, must be thrown overboard while the men flee, picking up the buoy only after the beast has exhausted herself, darting back and forth, diving, and bleeding, bleeding, bleeding.

As the beast fails the end of the rope is taken ashore, a "turn" is taken around a tree, and slack is hauled in on the struggling animal until it is brought into shallow water where, for the first time exposing a vital shoulder, a well-aimed shot or a shower of assagais brings the fine cow down. Then the baby which, frightened out of its wits, has been floundering and squealing in its mother's wake, is picked up, caged, and borne to the hunter's headquarters, where for six or eight months it is fed on goat's milk until old enough to be sent oversea, the idol of hundreds of thousands of sight-seers.

Strange though it may seem, one of the easiest trapped animals is the largest, most powerful, and most intelligent of them all — the elephant. In India, the home of the elephants seen in our menageries, as many as one hundred and twenty of those ponderous, gray, lumbering beasts have been

*with a snarl he lands on his prey, dashing headlong, kid, network and all, into the dark pit"*

trapped at the same time; while captured herds, numbering forty, sixty, and even eighty — bulls, cows, and calves — are the rule rather than the exception.

The most spectacular and ingenious method of hunting elephants is by *kheddah* or stockade, used by the government elephant catching stations in India. The sight of a hunting party from one of these stations is an inspiring one, even as an army moving to the front. In the van are the dozen or score of *koomkies* — those biggest, tallest, and most majestic high-caste elephants, on whom will fall the brunt of the battle. Stripped of every superfluous strand, the fine beasts lumber through the jungle, trunks swaying, tusks glistening, white-turbaned mahouts sitting astride the ponderous necks. Behind the *koomkies* follow as many low-caste elephants — beasts of burden, laden with ropes, axes, shovels, picks, and the hundred and one implements needful to an army of 1,200 or 2,000 brown beaters who follow afoot, armed with horns, tom-toms, matchlock guns, and other ear-splitting instruments. And yet this extraordinary gathering is not all. Miles ahead, in the maze of jungle, a hundred of the most skilful trackers have been at work for weeks locating a herd to notify the chief elephant catcher where to set out. At the appointed place the head tracker and the catcher meet, and as the expedition nears the game all is silence. For the time even the *koomkies* and the pack elephants are left behind, and only the beaters are led to the front.

Cautiously, with hardly a betraying sound and as only East Indian bushmen can tread

*"One root of the frightful head or a single thrust with a tusk, and a canoe is upset, side torn out, bottom stove in"*

their way through thicket, the men, armed with their horns and tom-toms, press forward through cane and creeper and underbrush, jumping rocks and fallen tree trunks, and traveling in a mile-diameter circle until the herd of scrawny, ill-fed, grass and mud plastered giants has been surrounded. So silently and quickly do these trained men work that not until almost the last link in the chain has closed do the huge, shy brutes scent trouble, become restive, lumber right and left, and rend the stillness with their scalp-raising trumpet screams. Thoroughly startled, the animals investigate and the herd of hillocks forges ahead, drawing nearer and nearer a point in the circle, when suddenly, as though sprung out of the ground, an unearthly din of howls and yells and cries, accompanied by the racket of horns and tom-toms, sends the beasts scurrying in the opposite direction, where presently they meet the same experience. Absurd though it may seem, this aggregation of might and strength, which could override an enemy ten times as strong as the puny tormentors, is held in check by a circle of fear. Again and again the line is assailed, the fine, naturally docile brutes becoming more and more puzzled with each repulse until after hours of fruitless effort they huddle close in the center of the circle, an excited, frightened, animated avalanche, requiring the most careful nursing for fifty or sixty miles through the broad forests to prevent stampeding over the human chaff.

If a herd happens near a former *kheddah* the elephants are carefully driven into the big stockade, where they are overwhelmed by the *koomkies*, one after another. But oftenest the stockade is built around the encircled animals, the sounds of picks, shovels, axes, saws, and fallen trees enduring day and night by the weird orange flames of the beaters' fires, who thus hold the beasts within the circle until the monstrous fence of tree trunks rears ten feet or more high. Even this protection would be as nothing were one of the beasts left to try his strength; but outside the stockade a line of beaters is maintained to keep watch with the terrifying din of blank charges and tom-toms so soon as a point in the stockade is threatened.

Only when the last spile has been driven or set, the real capture begins with the *koomkies*, those splendid rascals who once roamed the jungle themselves, and who take visible delight in pushing, shoving, butting, prodding and bullying their former colleagues into submission. Tall, majestic, and self-reliant, the fine animals stride into the arena guided by their mahouts, each beast bearing from six to ten native elephant catchers, who cling to the backs of their mounts by a network of ropes which enables them to descend to work or to ascend out of danger, like so many monkeys. For it is a curious fact that only rarely will an elephant attack a man mounted on another elephant. Generally, the *koomkies* are made to work in pairs. The sight of six pairs of elephants simultaneously at work capturing a half-dozen struggling, trumpeting mates is an imposing one. Like a pair of animal policemen arresting a prisoner, the great beasts sidle alongside a victim, take him between them, and jostle and squeeze and worry him, tail first, toward a tree. Through a cloud of dust the huge bodies of the hunters and the hunted are made out. Grunting, trumpeting and squealing, bulls, cows, and calves lumber in endless confusion. Into the thick of the fight the *koomkies* thrust themselves, encouraged by shouts and cries of their mahouts. Above this babel of noises, the splintering of the stockade, a volley of shot and savage yells of the beaters tell of an attempted escape. Yet in the midst of this apparent chaos all is order. Every man is at his post. Here, a big bull has turned at bay, prodding with tusks and wildly lashing with python trunk; there, a cow is being pushed and jostled and shoved backward, while her frantic calf waddles, trying to help the unfortunate mother. If two elephants are not enough to crowd her, a third butts her into direction with his forehead. Every inch is contested by the herculean fighters, until nearing a stout tree or stump the little brown elephant catchers slide from their mounts to the ground, crawl under the ponderous bellies and shuffling, kicking feet, slip cable slings about a hind foot and take a turn around a tree. Back staggers the victim, butted, prodded, and bullied farther and farther, the men taking up slack until the great, gray leg is tied hard and fast against the tree where the captive is left, struggling and panting in despair, to see the herd fettered, one after another.

The taming of these animals, naturally so docile and intelligent, is comparatively a simple matter. For a week the big prisoners are left night and day with the tame elephants, and with native keepers who water

*" Like down in a gale the men scatter, some knocked prone as the mighty body brushes by"*

the strangers, feed them, befriend them with sugar cane, fan the flies off their thick and yet sensitive hides, and talk and even sing to them, as only East Indians can work themselves into the grace of elephants. At the end of that time the fine beasts are ready to be led home, chained between two other animals, to begin life anew, to imbibe the first principles of civilization, and to live happy ever afterward.

The capture of only one other species belonging to the big pachyderms remains to be described — that of the ponderous yet fleet and agile savage of viciousness, the rhinoceros. As in the case of its near relative, the hippopotamus, it is impracticable to transport this active 5,000-pound beast through virgin wilderness to the sea-coast — at least, until some railroad opens the heart of the continent. It is the mother with a little calf that is wanted, and that, unfortunately, must be killed before the baby may be stolen. How, occasionally, a "rhino" is rounded up has been described, but nowadays the beasts are becoming too scarce, even in Abyssinia, the favorite home of the animals, to figure on supplying the market, unless by direct hunt. In fact, so rare are these interesting creatures, that some species are supposed extinct. However, in Abyssinia, as well as in many other countries, natives have learned to anticipate the coming of the white trappers, and frequently this ferocious beast, capable of impaling a horse with a single blow, is laid low and robbed of her calf by the crude weapons of the savage.

Three hundred dusky hunters, armed only with assagais and huge two-handed swords,

take part in the hunt. Deep into the wilderness, skirting rivers and swamps where the "rhino" loves to wallow in mud, the trapping expedition penetrates until recent spoors and the deep, wide track of the big beast and the footmarks of her calf are struck. Stealing forward the hunters advance, stealthily inclosing the two animals in a circle. The snapping of twigs marks the spot where the cow is plodding beside her calf, and the breaking of cane and brush is heard as the little one moves about noisily, while with a grunt of contentment the cow splashes into a wallow, only to struggle to her feet with incredible speed. The tiny rhinoceros-birds, those faithful little feathered guardians who, sitting on the backs of these pachyderms, feed on parasites and in return give alarms of danger, are fluttering uneasily. And now the wonderful scent of the poor-sighted cow forewarns. Down goes the big, overhanging lip toward the ground. The dangerous horns are tilted forward. Brush, cane, and bushes crack and with remarkable agility and frightful impact the beast charges doggedly, snorting and grunting with rage, and tearing all in her path. Straight to the nearest hunter she charges. The trained savage jumps aside, and with yells and cries of excitement the hunters bear down as the cow turns to charge, this time at a group of men who draw the beast's attention. Like down in a gale the men scatter, some knocked prone as the mighty body brushes by. But another group of tantalizers is ahead, and as the fierce cow charges — "hough!" — a sword strikes against a hind leg just above the foot, and with a snap a tendon parts, making the limb useless. Limping on three legs, the cow turns like lightning but — "hough!" — a second snap and the crippled animal stands rooted to the spot, at the mercy of her enemies, who a little later track the frightened calf and transport it to captivity to await the coming of the white man, the wild animal agent, who pays in silver, in glass beads, in gaudy calicoes and copper wire.

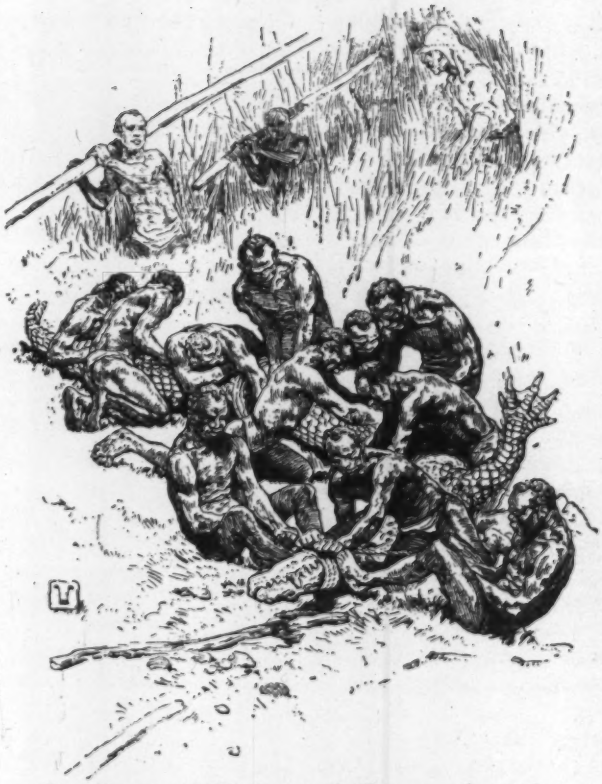
One of the most interesting captures the wild animal trapper makes is that of the crocodile — that dreaded, voracious, man-eating river hyena which infests Asia and Africa. In North Africa, where this long, squatty, black, horn-hided creature of mouth and teeth attains a length of twenty-two feet, native hunters catch the frightful antagonist with their bare hands.

During the cold season, when the tepid waters of the blue-gray rivers have been nipped with the chill of night, the long, yellow-eyed faces of the monsters appear on the surface of the water and lazily the endless, knotty-skinned animals drag themselves high up on the sand-hills to sleep and bask in the warm sun. Sprawling over one another in heaps, like tangled tree trunks, the saurians lie for hours without the least sign of life — ready victims for the trapper; for on land this beast is but a timid, cowardly creature until attacked. Only then the vicious, mighty animal, handicapped by fighting out of its own element, develops a mine of boundless fury. Impelled by the lowest order of intelligence, which once aroused knows no fear, the animal flings itself at the enemy, never ceasing attack until the last breath of its wonderfully tenacious life has been exhausted.

Drifting down river on rafts, the crocodile trapper and a score of native hunters noiselessly approach the shore to intercept the flight of the slumbering reptiles into the river. From afar, by means of field-glasses, the victim has been singled out. Not until the rafts grate upon the sand are the semi-torpid beasts aroused. Wild, fierce squirming, the shuffle of scurrying feet and dragging bodies, and with mouths wide open, squatty legs scraping and long tails dragging, each is in flight, scrambling and sprawling and splashing in full retreat headlong over embankments into the river. Only the flight of the victim has been intercepted. Armed with long poles the hunters prod and beat the crocodile, which realizing that its only safety is in the river refuses to be driven inland, while the men aim simply to goad the reptile to attack.

Sweeping wide arcs with its monstrous, death-dealing tail, the infuriated saurian darts forward, only to meet a blow across the nose that would fell a bull. But life takes hold of every bone and shred and fiber in the monster's body, and the injury but maddens to further attack, while the hunters fight in what seems a most reckless manner. Still, always barring the threshing, ten-foot tail that would bring down an ox like a trip-hammer, there is little danger from the crocodile ashore. A man could outrun the reptile and its frightful battery of conical, needle-pointed teeth that would snap one in halves like a pipe-stem. Prodding, butting, and beating, the unequal fight is continued for a half hour or an hour — until, with the first

show of exhaustion, a terrific blow across the broad, hideous head momentarily stuns the fighter. In an instant, then, the hunters are on top of the beast, sitting astride the body, lying across its tail, and pinning every inch of the herculean frame to the ground, while in a twinkling the trapper has slipped ropes about each ankle, draws the legs back, and secures them around the body, rendering the reptile practically helpless. A rope is slung around the wide open jaws and these are drawn together and tied shut, while with every lash of the big tail the unfooted monster rolls over and over until, self-exhausted, he lies still. Then the poles are stretched alongside the animal and its two-hundred-and-fifty or three-hundred-pound body rolled upon them and lashed around and around and — there lies one of the fiercest of all menagerie captives, trapped and harmless as a baby.



*"there lies one of the fiercest of all menagerie captives, trapped and harmless as a baby"*

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# FAILURE

BY

## GELETT BURGESS

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WHEN, left for dead upon the field,
The foe, victorious, passed me by —
This was my curse: that I must yield,
Who could not win and might not die!

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# HOW TO SAVE THE CORPORATION

BY

PETER S. GROSSCUP

JUDGE OF THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS

*This article, written at a time when there is so much public discussion regarding the exact status of the great railroad corporations and trusts in this country, possesses a peculiar significance, force, and finality as coming from a federal judge so distinguished as Judge Grosscup. All of Judge Grosscup's decisions and public addresses have been marked, not only by a breadth of knowledge of the law, but by a keen sensitiveness to all the immediate problems and conditions of American life. He is more than a judge; he is a statesman. When the Rapid Transit problem in Chicago came before him, he considered not only its strict legal bearings, but made a thorough study of the whole subject of municipal transit, of its physical, financial, and civic aspects. One of his earliest decisions as a federal judge was his dissenting opinion, afterward sustained by the Circuit Court of Appeals, upon the application to close the World's Columbian Exposition on Sunday; one of his latest was a decision enjoining the Beef Trust from combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade. At the time of the Northern Securities litigation Judge Grosscup was offered a large retainer — several times his judicial salary — to become attorney for the railroad combine. He refused, with the assertion that he must continue to protect the interests committed to his care. Judge Grosscup comes of old Dutch stock. He was born, 1852, in Ashland, Ohio; educated at Wittenberg College and the Boston Law School; practised his profession at Ashland, Ohio, and in Chicago; was appointed United States Judge of the northern district of Illinois, 1892, and Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, 1899.* —THE EDITOR.

IF, by national prosperity, we mean what the American people, in the mass, are achieving, in the way of increased material output, and power of productivity; if, by national prosperity, we mean that in the mass, our people are richer than in any previous period; that our territory and dominion have been pushed forward, and our influence in the councils of the nations established, as never before; if these things, relating to the people as a whole, constitute national prosperity, then, as never before, we are in a time of the very greatest prosperity. But is there not with a nation, as with an individual, apart from the mere outward life, an inner spirit or soul? *And what shall it profit our country if it gain the world, and lose its soul?*

## *Loss of Individual Hope*

The soul of republican America is not in our ambition, as a people, to be great commercially and politically; nor our ambition for increased national territory, national power, or national wealth. The soul of republican America, as a civil government ordained to promote the welfare and happiness of its people, is individual opportunity — the opportunity and encouragement given to each individual to build up, by his own effort, and for himself and those dependent upon him, some measure of dominion and independence all his own. In that one phrase — measurable individual independence, and the opportunity to measurably exercise individual dominion — is comprised the civil history of the Anglo-Saxon race. In that one phrase is expressed the dominant instinct of the race. Our commercial greatness as a people is not in danger of being lost; nor is our increasing national power and prosperity. *The loss that republican America now confronts is the loss of individual hope and prospect* — the suppression of the instinct

that heretofore coming into the American boy's first grasp of the idea of individual career, and stimulating him ever afterwards, has made us a nation of individually independent and prosperous people. We are, I believe, in the first stage of a sweep of events, that unless turned to a purpose widely different from that now served, will carry us, eventually, to a time when the acquisition of property, by the individuals who constitute the bulk of our people, will cease to be one of the opening and controlling purposes of their lives. This means that, as a republican political institution, America will have lost the spirit which alone promises it life. *It means social and, eventually, political revolution.*

The thing at which I point is no apparition. It is an approaching fact — a fact that the people of this country have already intuitively discerned. On what theory, other than that of the existence of deep-seated popular apprehension, can be explained the widespread popular movement that brought about the Sherman Anti-Trust Act; the anti-trust acts of the several states; the movements against large corporations, based on no better reason, in most instances, than that the corporations were large; the disposition manifest in every quarter, not to accept, but to combat, the rising forms of modern industrial activity? This popular apprehension does not rise solely from anxiety about prices. It grows out of the intuitive perception that, somewhere, something is wrong — that in the face of the future there is a disturbing, even sinister look. To test this intuition by the facts — to turn the feeling, so far as I can, into a correct perception of the facts — is one of the purposes of this article.

Let me preface it by saying that against corporations, as corporations, I have no enmity. Modern civilization requires that capital shall be wielded in large masses. The corporation is civilization's method of wielding capital in large masses. On that account the corporation is here to stay. The big corporation is here to stay. The only institution in sight to supplant it is state socialism; and state socialism is revolution accomplished.

## *"Private Property" the Foundation of Civilization*

But the fundamental basis of the corporation is the institution of private property and the guaranties our government gives to private property. Now, it so happens that the fundamental basis of the thing I have called measurable individual independence, and the opportunity to measurably exercise individual dominion, is also this institution of private property.

Around the institution of private property, therefore, more distinctively than anywhere else, center those changes, in our social and national life, that have been brought about by the appearance of the corporation as the great industrial, modern agent, and that the corporation is destined, I believe, to still more radically bring about. What, then, is this institution of private property, and what is the distinctive transformation it is undergoing as the result of corporate dominion?

In the beginning the Creator so conditioned mankind, that always underneath him would be the earth; always about him the air; always above him the sky. On this, as a dowry, He started us. In the earth He placed the seed, and the powers of motherhood that transform the seed into the full ear. In the bowels of the earth He stored the minerals. In the upper air He leashed the lightnings. And in the earth and air He left them all to wait — to wait for mankind to put forth *its* hands.

The seeds flowered and bore fruit; but in primitive inadequacy. In course of time mankind discovered that, by intelligence and industry, the flower could be beautified and the fruits sweetened. The minerals were alive, but with energies imprisoned. In course of time mankind found the key to the prison door; and the prisoners, liberated, have built the material structures of civilization. The lightnings glowed and zigzagged, calling out to us unceasingly, at times startling us, determined, like sentient beings, that their capacity for usefulness should not be overlooked.

In course of time the yoke was found that, adding these energies of the air to the forces of earth, brighten and strengthen our possession of the earth. The distance thus traveled, from primitive man to the man of to-day, has been a long one. But every mile was made under the spur, and governed by the rein, of private property. It was the institution of private property that, more than any other secular agency, brought us to civilization; and on this institution, as on a rock, the civilization of the world, and the

world's republican institutions, must continue to rest.

### *The Foundation is Shifting*

Now, it is just this institution of private property that is undergoing, at this time, a strain never put on it before. The weight producing the strain is the corporation. Not because the corporation, in essence, is retrogressive and unrepublican; but because, in fact, it is unrepublican, and for that reason retrogressive also. Not because the corporation is big and growing bigger; but because, in all this growth of superstructure, the base is narrowing — *the proprietorship of the private property of the country, by the bulk of the people of the country, is radically narrowing.*

A generation ago, the artisans of the country lived in the country towns. In the country towns were made the shoes we wore, the wagons and carriages, the stoves, the saddlery we used — all the appliances of life; and over the door of each shop hung the sign of the proprietor within. A generation ago, the farm work was done by men living on the farms.

All this is now changed. Nearly one-half of the population of the United States — twelve million active workers, supporting as dependents twenty-four millions more — are now connected with the mechanical trades. The men who, in the time of which I have just spoken, with their own hands did the planting and cultivating and harvesting, are now in the manufacturing centers, making the machines that plant and cultivate and harvest. The artisan proprietors in the towns have been succeeded by artisan employees in the great factories. The whole scene of industrial activity has been shifted from town and country to the cities; from the numerous small dominions exercised by individuals, to colossal corporate dominions.

The extent of this shift is told in the census figures. In 1900, according to the census of that year, the whole value of all the farms, the farming utensils, horses, reapers and binders, plows and farm products on hand unsold — that which on a single day would have constituted an inventory of all the agricultural interests from Maine to California — amounted to between eighteen and nineteen billions of dollars; while the capital invested in corporations, including railroads, factories of all kinds, and their products on hand unsold, amounted to twenty-two billions of dollars. Thus corporate dominion has, within thirty years, beginning with almost nothing, outstripped agricultural ownership by more than three billions of dollars; and, barring city real estate, comprises now nearly one-half of the whole wealth of the country.

In the swing of the industrial system, the corporation has come to be the gravitating force that holds the activities in their orbits. Is it much wonder that, in the eyes of those who look upon the corporation as an interloper, it has come to be regarded as a usurper also — the usurper of what the labor of individual men has created; or, that in the eyes of those who, with clearer vision, look upon it as an indispensable phase of industrial evolution, *the way in which the corporation shall hereafter be organized, and the bounds given to its dominion, are coming to be the paramount political problems of our time?*

### *Banks and Bonds Starve Small Enterprises*

Now, the shift in dominion over private property, from the individual of a generation or so ago, to the corporation of to-day, would have little significance comparatively, if the corporation were only this age's new way of unifying, massing, individual ownerships — leaving the people of the country, generally, though under this new form, the ultimate real owners. But such, unhappily, is not the case. The effect of the corporation, under the prevailing policy of the free, go-as-you-please method of organization and management, has been to drive the bulk of our people, other than farmers, out of property ownership; and, if allowed to go on as at present, it will keep them out. When the individual proprietor of the past sells out his business to the corporation, he does not reinvest his capital in his old line of business. He puts it in the bank, or in some bond. When the workman has got together some savings, he does not become a proprietor or part proprietor. He spends it, or puts it in the bank. To men like these no kind of active investment, practically considered, is left open. The industries are now dominated by the corporation, and proprietorship in the corporation has come to be for those only who are experienced in corporate ways, or who are willing to take a chance at the corporate wheel. And thus it happens, that just at this moment, we are in the midst of a sweep of events, that unless arrested and turned to a different account, will transform this country from a

nation whose property is within the proprietorship of the people at large, to a nation whose industrial property, so far as active proprietorship goes, will be largely in the hands of a few skilled or fortunate so-called captains of industry, and their lieutenants.

Let me set out some of the proofs of the case I have thus undertaken. I might appeal, and with convincing success, too, to the memory of my readers. But I do not rest my case there. I call as witness the figures gathered from the Treasury Department of the United States, and distributed as a part of its official publications. These figures show that the deposits in the banks of the United States in 1880 — national, state, and savings — amounted to a little over two billion and a quarter dollars. The same deposits, in 1904, had grown to about eleven billions. In these figures are included no redeposits. The figures represent the actual bank credits for the years named. Now bank credits, outside the sums that constitute the mere fluid working capital of the country, represent the capital that one class of people are withholding or withdrawing from other forms of investment, that another class of people may borrow and utilize it to push forward their own investments. Would we know who are the people who are withholding and withdrawing from other forms of investment the capital thus deposited, we must inquire who are the depositors; and would we know whether these people are withholding and withdrawing from other investments in a ratio greatly disproportionate to the growth of the general property, we must compare the ratio of deposits with the general growth of property.

### *Hoards of the Working People*

Now, in the main, the depositors in our banks and savings societies are not people whom we call the rich. The deposits are gathered largely from the working people and from other people of moderate means. The bulk of the deposits are in the money centers, but their source, like the sources of a great river, are not in the volume of the river itself, nor its larger branches, but in the little springs and raindrops that, unnoticed, form the rivulets; these in turn uniting to form the branches and finally the river itself. To test this my reader need but go to the savings and other banks of his own town. I know of one county with a population of less than twenty-five thousand — an agricultural county without a millionaire in it — whose deposits are well upward of a million. I know another county with a population of perhaps fifty thousand — one-third of whom are connected with the mechanical trades — whose deposits are three and one-half millions. This means, then, that the people who are withholding or withdrawing from active proprietorship the capital thus represented by bank credits, are not the rich, but the people of ordinary means; and it brings us to the next inquiry, What is the disproportion, if any, between the growth in general wealth and this growth of bank credits?

From 1880 to 1904, the population of the country (estimated since 1900) has grown a little over fifty per cent. From 1880 to 1904 (estimated again since 1900), the general wealth of the country — farms, farm implements, city real estate, corporate ownership, bank deposits, everything of every kind and nature — has grown as much perhaps as sixty per cent. In 1900 it was estimated by the government that an equal distribution of the wealth of the United States among its people in 1880, would have yielded to each about one thousand dollars, while such distribution in 1900 would have yielded about eleven hundred dollars. The growth of wealth per capita, therefore, during these two decades, was about ten per cent.

Now mark! During this same period, the amounts invested by our wage-workers and people of ordinary means, in bank deposits — that is, the amount withheld or withdrawn by them from active proprietorship, and left with the banking institutions to loan out to those skilled in the ways of corporations — have grown over five hundred per cent.

To illustrate: suppose a community in 1880 possessed a million dollars, one hundred thousand of which was in bank credits, and the balance in other forms of property; suppose this same community is found in 1904 to have five hundred thousand dollars in bank deposits alone, or five times the former amount. One of two things is apparent: either the community's population and general wealth have grown proportionately — that is five hundred per cent — or the growth of the bank credits has been at the expense of proprietorship in other forms of active property. Now, what conclusion would be forced upon us if in that community the growth and general wealth was, not five hundred per cent, but only fifty per cent; or, taking the per capita growth as a nearer

guide, only ten per cent? Could any one doubt, on such a state of affairs, what was taking place in the community? Can any one doubt, then, on the figures I have named, what is taking place respecting the proprietorship of the active properties of the country by the bulk of the people of the country?

It should be borne in mind, too, that the transformation indicated is not a mere pin speck on an otherwise spotless sheet of paper. Were it so, it could perhaps, in the wider vision that makes up judgment on great questions, be safely overlooked. But it cannot be safely overlooked; for the transformation relates to the whole area of property that makes up, almost entirely, the last quarter of a century's addition to our national wealth; to just that property, too, that attracts and fills most completely the public eye.

Nor, viewed purely as a question of economics, can the transformation be ignored. The industrial complaint that has greatest voice to-day is the danger of monopoly. Corporations owned widely by the people might, perhaps, become monopolies; though I know of no actual instance of a monopoly widely owned. *But the antidote of monopoly is competition;* and let it come about that corporations be made reasonably safe, and therefore desirable, investments — let it come about that the corporation shall no longer be regarded as a mere financial sinkhole, except for those skilled in its ways — and there will be abundance of capital at hand, as the bank deposits show, to put in the field a competitive corporation, whenever in that field monopoly seems to have established itself. Indeed, the chief reason why any monopoly can now maintain itself is, that besides having a grasp on all the physical sources of productivity within a given field, it has a large grasp, also, on all the financial resources that would otherwise go into the building up of competitors.

## *A Nation of Dependents*

But the transformation strikes deeper than mere economic conditions, or the natural laws that govern monopoly and competition. The transformation of the ownership of a country's industrial property, from its people generally, to a few of its people only, reaches the bed-rock of social and moral forces on which, alone, the whole structure of republican institutions rests; for, under such conditions, instead of depending, each on himself and his own intelligence chiefly for success, the great bulk of our people, increasingly, will become dependents upon others. Those who possess investible means will come to rely solely upon the great financial institutions; and those who possess nothing but capacity for labor, upon the great organizations of labor. That is paternalism; paternalism in almost its final form; the paternalism that will eventually divide the country into two hostile camps, the camp of those who have, and the camp of those who have not; the paternalism that speedily descends into actual state socialism; or a dry-rotted citizenship as nerveless and squalid as state socialism.

Here, then, in our own day, and at this early hour of the day, is the parting of the ways. Ahead lies the road to paternalism. To the left is the open road to state socialism. They look now like distinct ways, these two roads, over bogs and precipices all their own. But a little way ahead, within the distance that any clear eye can carry, the two roads meet. For let it not be forgotten by those who preach the so-called rights of "industrial liberty," that the out and out socialists and radical labor men are not the only influences that are pushing our country to the edge of the socialistic precipice. These have allies; and the ally on which they most rely, and justifiably rely, are just those men who, regardless of all considerations other than those of money and power greed, are launching the dishonest corporate contrivances, that, under our existing corporation policy, obtain without hindrance the credit and sanction of the government's great seal.

## *The Safe Road to Individual Proprietorship*

It is only by a turn to the right, by what may seem to some a sharp turn, that our one safe pathway forward will be found. That way lies over high ground, *Individual Opportunity — the opportunity, actual as well as in theory, to each individual to participate in the proprietorship of the country.* That ground is, in its best and highest sense, republican ground. To gain that ground, the paramount problem is not how to stop the growth of property, and the building up of wealth; but how to manage it so that every species of property, like a healthful growing tree, will spread its roots deeply and widely in the soil of a popular proprietorship. The

paramount problem is not how to crush, or hawk at, or hamper the corporation, merely because it is a corporation; but how to make this new form of property ownership a workable agent toward *repeopleizing the proprietorship of the country's industries.*

The first step in the solution of that problem is, that the government obtain a full grasp of the whole subject matter; and this, in my judgment, can adequately be done only by putting aside the five-and-forty bewildering state hands, for the one great national hand.

The second step, the step for which the first is taken, is to take care upon what kind of corporate proposal the government's great seal is set — to cut out the stock-jobbing corporation; the water-logged corporation; the mere vision of visionaries; the labyrinthian corporation whose stock and bond issues are so purposely tangled that no mind, not an expert's, can follow their sinuosities. In short, to *regenerate the corporation.*

The third step is to *open to the wage-earner of the country the road to proprietorship.* The basis of every successful enterprise is the command: Go forth, increase, and multiply; and to no enterprise can rightfully be denied the fruits of that command. But capital is not the sole thing that enters into enterprise. The skill that puts the ship together, or that subsequently pilots her, is not the sole thing. The men who drive the bolts, and feed the fires, contribute; and to them, as to the capitalist, and to the captains and lieutenants of industry, should go a part of the increment; not as gratuity, but as their proper allotment out of the combined forces that have made the enterprise successful. Of course, to make such partnership between capital and labor a thing that *ought* to be done, is the work of the big hearts and big brains in the industrial field. But to make such partnership a thing that *can* be done, is the work of those who shall recast and regenerate the country's corporation policy.

### *Will Democrats or Republicans Enlist?*

Whether either of the present great political parties will be found willing to undertake this work of regeneration, I do not know. The main body of the Democratic party would, I believe, enlist. But on one of its wings are the influences of semi-socialism, and on the other a band of so-called conservatives, so conservative, that a single utterance against the sanctity of the present go-as-you-please corporation license is looked upon as political profanity.

The main body of the Republican party would enlist. It was the early Republican party that, through the Homestead and Preëmption laws, peopleized the proprietorship of the public domain. But the Republican party, too, has wings; and it cannot yet be said that the wings may not, on this vital issue, hold back the main body.

But the day of regeneration will come — the day when some party of the people will cease to minimize, to compromise, to hide behind promises and looks; but, going to the root of the matter — the depeopleization of industrial ownership under present policies — will build from that point upward. That day will come, because higher and higher within the heart of our country is rising the voice, *What shall it profit us if we gain the world, and lose our soul?*